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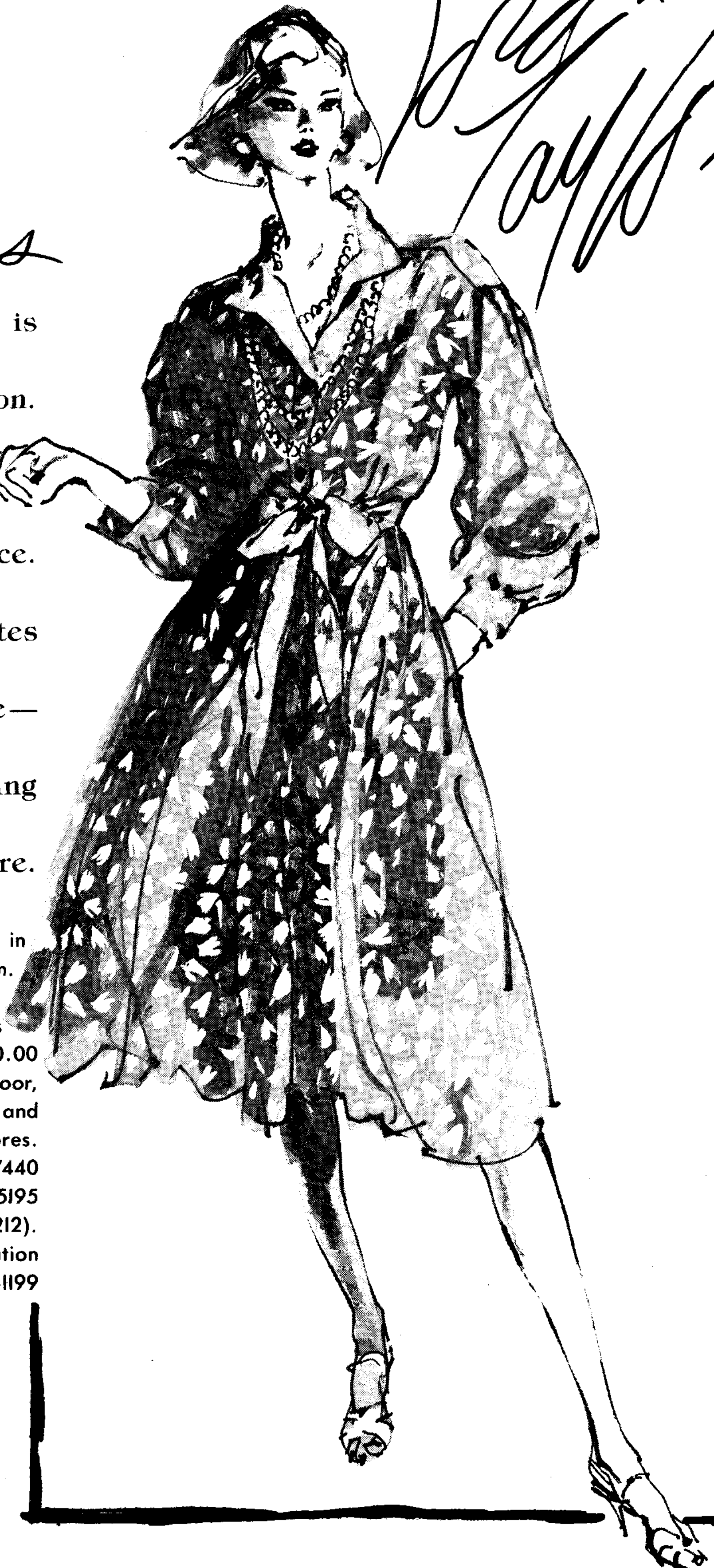

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Adam—A musical based on the life of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., with a book by June Tansey and music and lyrics by Richard Ahlert. Opens Thursday, Jan. 20, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Angels Fall—Lanford Wilson's play about six people who are temporarily detained at a mission in New Mexico by an explosion in a nearby uranium mine is deftly written. It is flawlessly performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, by Barnard Hughes, Fritz Weaver, Danton Stone, Nancy Snyder, Brian Tarantina, and Tanya Berezin. John Lee Beatty designed the exceptionally good setting. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/1/82.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats under that name, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Company—Frederick Neumann in a monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Thursday and Sunday at 3. Closes at the American Place on Sunday, Jan. 23, and will reopen at Town Hall, 869-4731, on Saturday, Jan. 29.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A sentimental valentine of a non-play about two nice people—a New York writer and a London bookseller—who carry on an affectionate correspondence about secondhand books and, at second hand, about themselves. With Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Entertainer—Nicol Williamson in a revival of the John Osborne play. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 20. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1976 musical **THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**, based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman), is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are at the top of their form in this rather ramshackle little play about life in the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. The authors of the play are Susan Cooper and Mr. Cronyn. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—A melodrama about two Germans, one a Christian and the other a Jew, and what befalls them under Hitler. The Christian German believes himself to be a good man, and isn't; that is the critical failing upon which the plot turns. Admirably enacted by, among others, Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn, under the direction of Howard Davies. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is un-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misanthrope—Brian Bedford, Carole Shelley, and Mary Beth Hurt in the Molière play, translated by Richard Wilbur into English verse. Stephen Porter is the director. Previews through Wednesday Jan. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 27. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Ray Aranha's play **sons and fathers of sons** opens Friday, Jan. 21, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

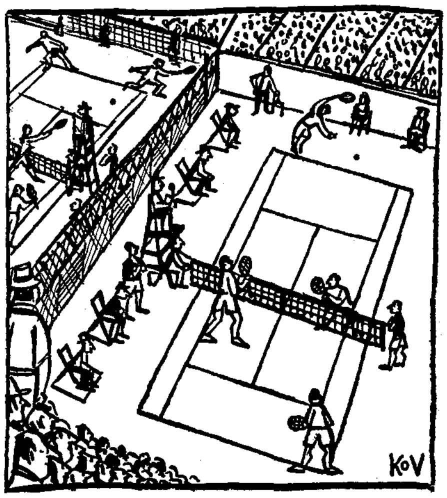
Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, music, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its black and colored citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 489-2420. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Skirmishes—A tedious exercise about two middle-aged sisters who bicker and squabble at the bedside of their dying mother. Catherine Hayes is the English playwright. (1/10/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Snoopy—David Garrison in a musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speakeasy, An Evening Out with Dorothy Parker—Kit Flanagan and W. H. Macy in a play based on short stories by Dorothy Parker. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Friday and Saturday at 10 and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Steaming—Nell Dunn's rather belated description of consciousness-raising among half a dozen women in a London Turkish bath. Judith Ivey gives a sensationally attractive performance as an amateur tart with aspirations to gentility. (12/20/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Top Girls—An import from England's Royal Court Theatre. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. The play, by the adventurous Caryl Churchill, lacks the high spirits and humor of her larky "Cloud 9," but it has its good points, all the same. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Twice Around the Park—A pair of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal, made to seem far funnier than they are by the strenuous caperings of Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. (11/5/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A graceless and laborious parody of an old-fashioned Agatha Christie English-country-house murder mystery. Only the setting, by Andrew Jackness, is worthy of praise. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

Long Runs—**agnes of god:** Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **amadeus:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Dukes plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Pankow plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cloud 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **crimes of the heart:** The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a remarkable young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the dining room:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **evita:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,456 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **joseph and the amazing technicolor dreamcoat:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nine:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Bert Convy is filling in for Raul Julia, who will return on Monday, Jan. 24. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of

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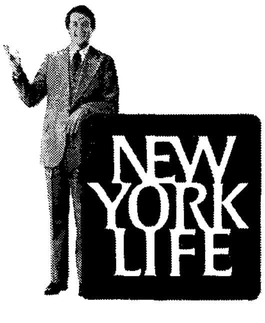

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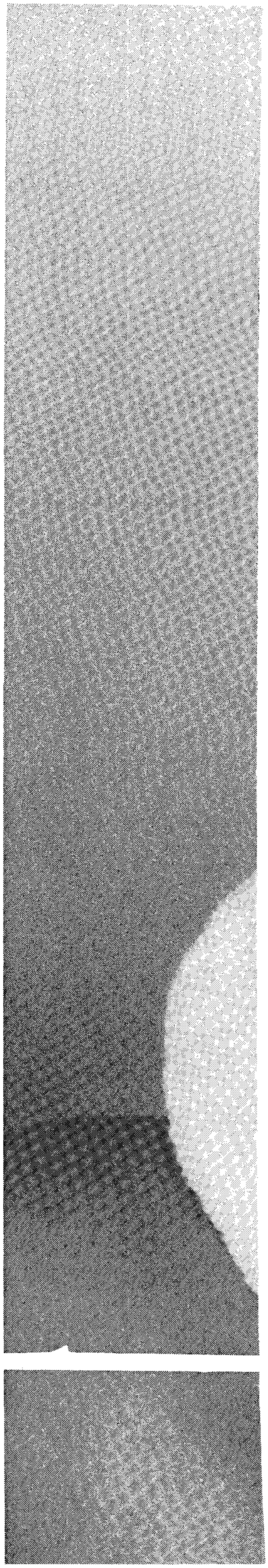

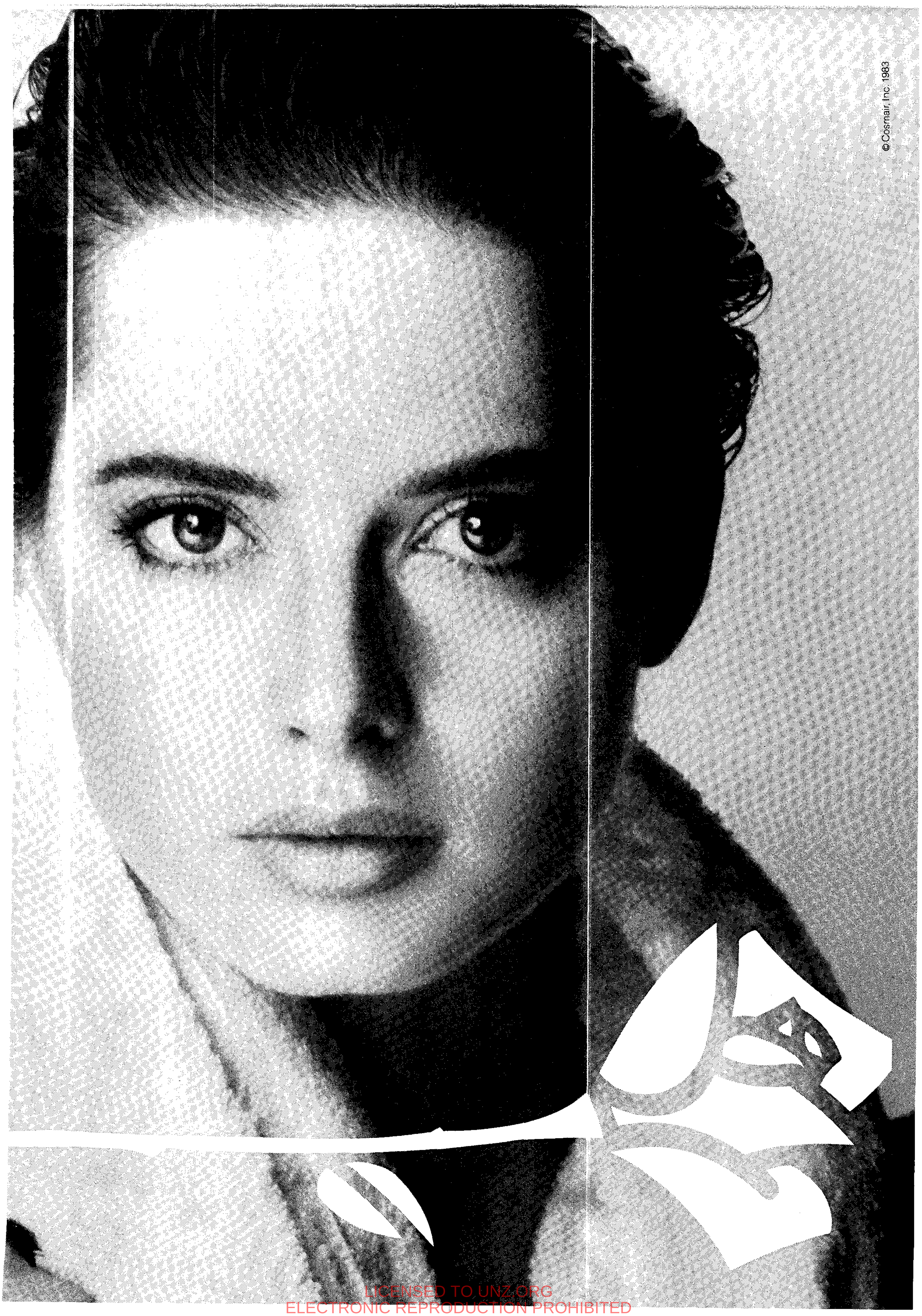
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sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs are written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A ten-day engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1 and 7; Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Jan. 27, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 1 and 7.)

MANTEO SICILIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE and **WESTERN WIND**—The life-size marionettes will appear in an episode from Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," in Italian, with an English introduction, and Western Wind will perform a program of Ariosto's madrigals. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 3 and 7:30.)

DANCE

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NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Apollo," "Celebration" (preview), and "Ballo della Regina." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Donizetti Variations," "Celebration" (première), and "Histoire du Soldat Suite." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Apollo," "The Magic Flute," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Apollo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Variations," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Donizetti Variations," "Celebration," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 23: "Donizetti Variations," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 23: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Ballade," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Variations," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 25: "Orpheus," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Variations," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Apollo," "The Magic Flute," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "Swan Lake," "Mozartiana," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Ballo della Regina," "Serenade en La," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Celebration," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Ballo della Regina," "Serenade en La," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 27—Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Jan. 26, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Pas de Dix" (company première), "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 27-28, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Les Biches" (company première), and "Schéhérazade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NUREYEV AND THE BOSTON BALLET—A three-week engagement of "Don Quixote." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 6.)

BASEL BALLET—A one-week engagement by this company from Switzerland, appearing here for the first time—Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Dead End," "Preludes," "Transfigured Night," and "Cheese." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 27-28, at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2: "Dead End," "Four Songs for Women's Chorus," "Transfigured Night," and "Cheese." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Three performances of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 8.)

BETH SOLL AND COMPANY—"Jazz Dance," "Sonata and Variations," "Blue Dance," and "Dance for Four Women." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

JOHANNA BOYCE AND PERFORMANCE GROUP—In the first of two programs, this one consisting of a full-length work, "With Longings to Realize." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 26-29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3.)

RACHEL LAMPERT AND DANCERS—"The Distance Between," "On the Way to Flight . . . A Child's Dream," "Cui Bono?," and "Strategy." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 27-29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, will belong to pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his trio, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, **JAKI BYARD,** the free-stride pianist, will be present with *his* trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)— **TAL FARLOW'S** beautiful, rippling, sinuous, swinging guitar work can be heard here through Sunday, Jan. 23; on Monday, Jan. 24, Scott Villiger and Kent Eanes will perform in the jazz showcase; and on Tuesday, Jan. 25, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will bring in his jazz-funk combo. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 19, out-there jazz-funk with guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, Texas blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist who sometimes sounds even sweeter than B. B. King; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, rock guitarist **DICKEY BETTS** & Friends. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Sunday, Jan. 23; on Monday, Jan. 24, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will take over. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is now headquarters for pianist, composer, and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN,** who sings his hit "Oh! Look at Me Now!" and other numbers with his quartet. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who in the past has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other

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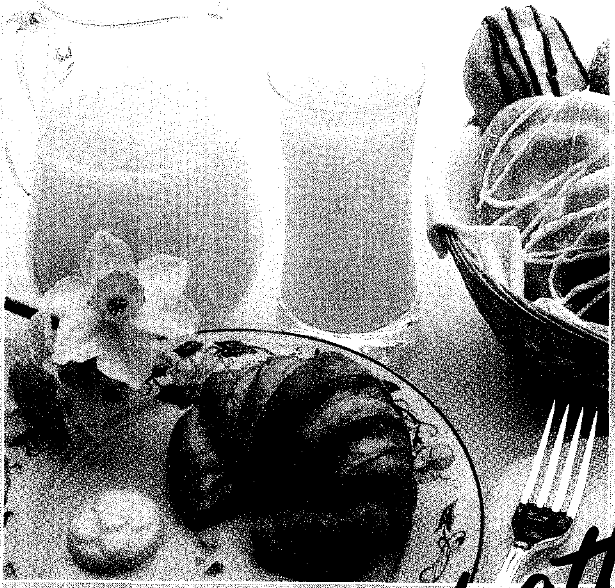

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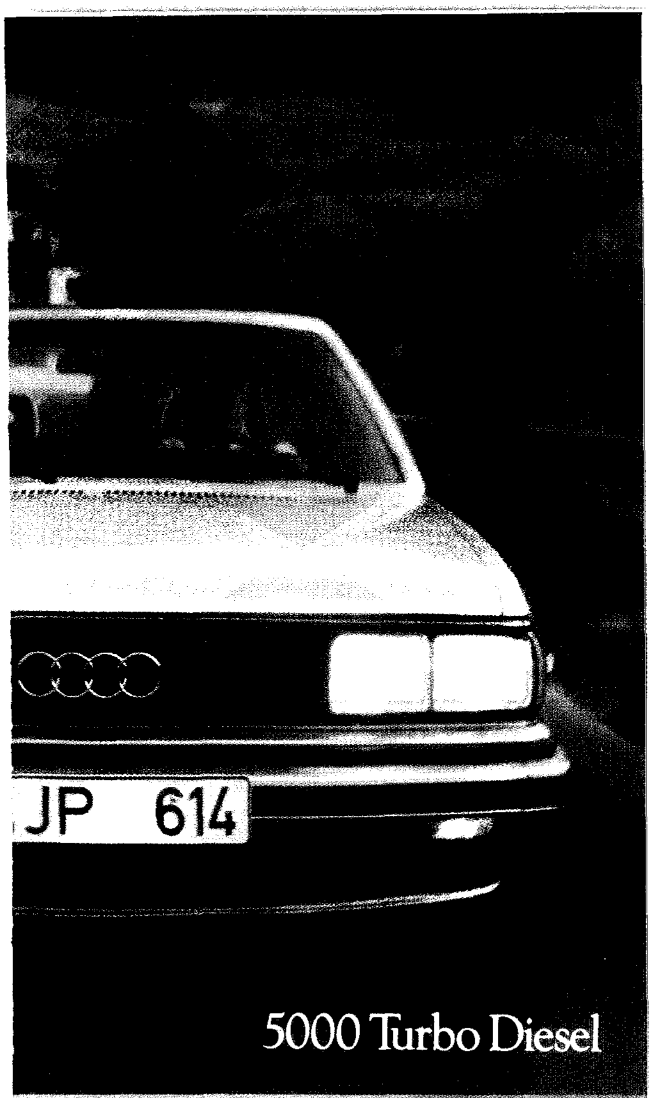
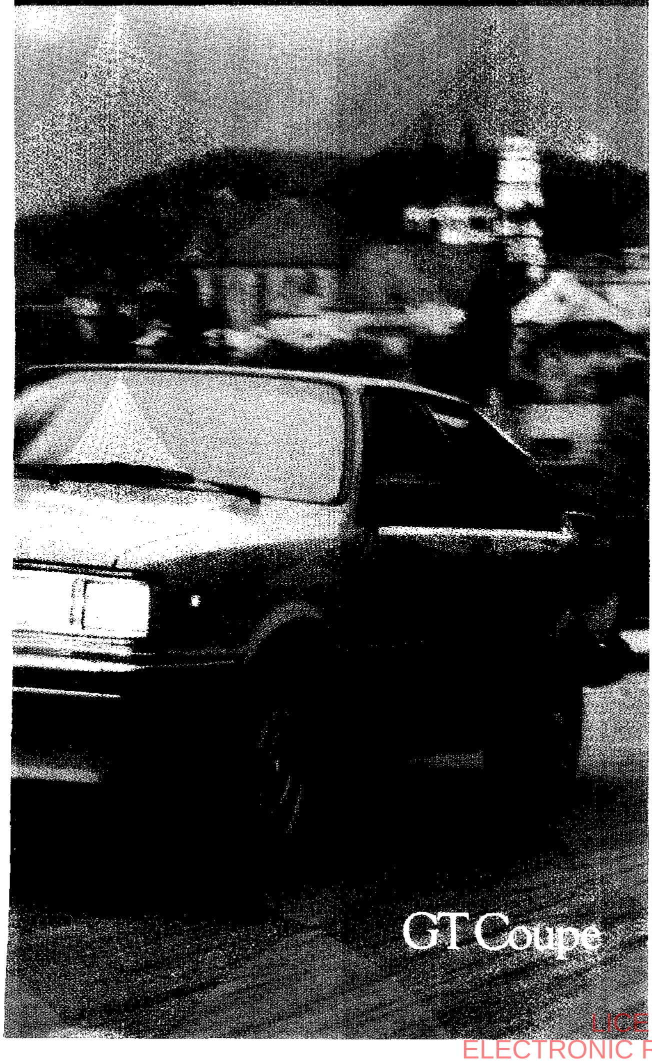


5000 Turbo Diesel



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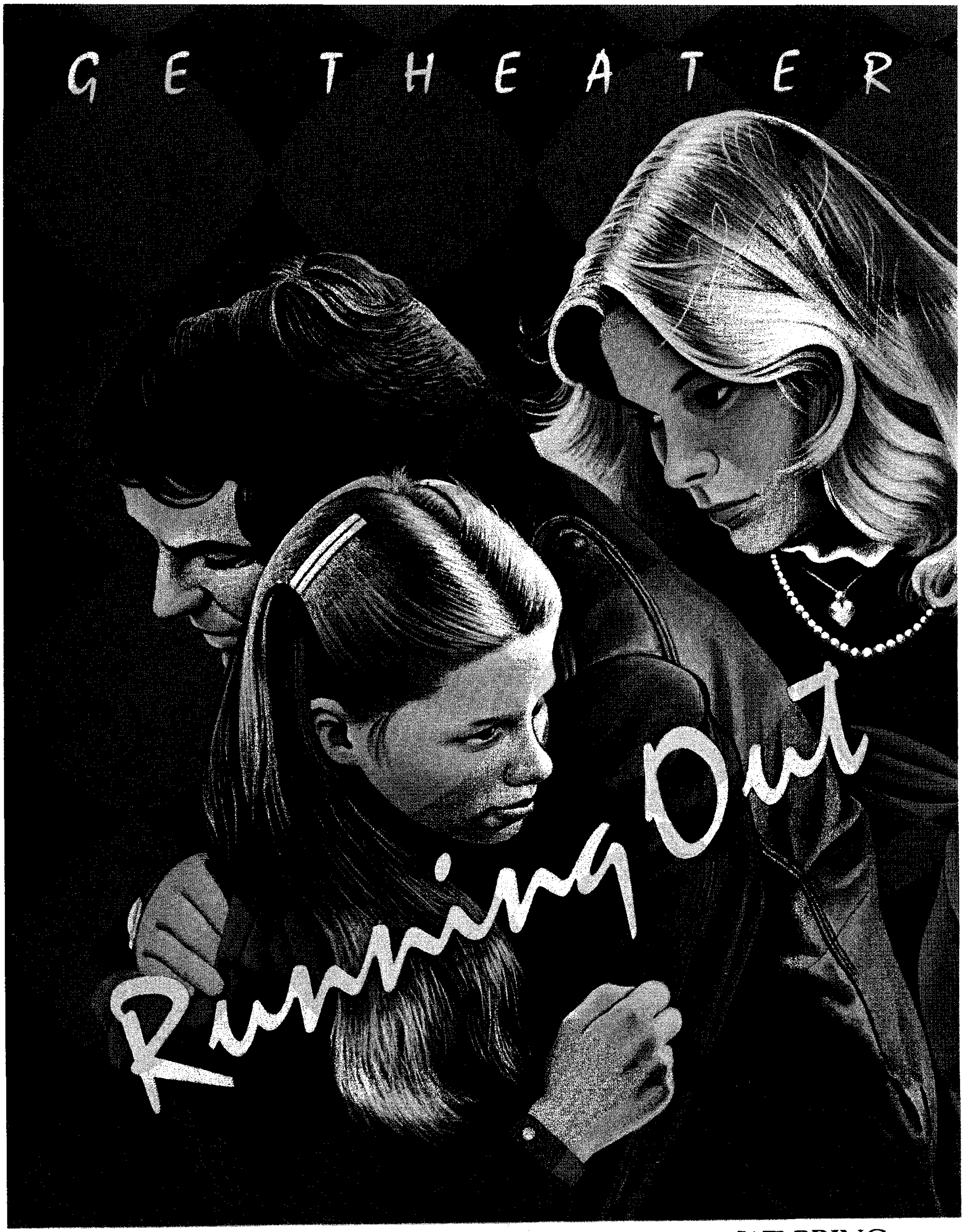

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singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, Jan. 19, Soviet Threat, New Toys, and Strate A's; Thursday, Jan. 20, Airheads, Health Hen, Dark Ages, and One Times One; Friday, Jan. 21, Mission of Burma and Certain Generals; and Tuesday, Jan. 25, Painted Water, Penetrators, and Blue Fyre. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Billie Holiday and Benny Goodman several decades ago and who is still pretty wonderful, is at the keyboard nightly, except Sundays, for a whole new generation to discover (and older generations to rediscover). On Sundays, pianist **ROSE MURPHY** performs, singing "Button Up Your Chichichi" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichichi." Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** can be found in the Aquarium Lounge, playing piano and singing songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never even have heard of. He is assisted by bassist **FRANK TATE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Jan. 19, Maureen Barrett and Caesar Pacifici; Thursday, Jan. 20, a jam session; Saturday, Jan. 22, the Lewis Brothers Bluegrass Band; Wednesday, Jan. 26, John and Maureen Fitzpatrick and Mary McDonagh; Thursday, Jan. 27, Danny Weiss, Barry Mitterhoff, and Larry Cohen; and Saturday, Jan. 29, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** and friends. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays at eight-fifteen and Saturdays at nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band—which will be substituted by a sextet led by cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-29—works out Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two; soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER'S BECHET LEGACY** performs from eight-thirty on Mondays; and Wednesdays Bill and George Simon's quintet has the floor from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 23, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will head up a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** inspired by Tatum and Chopin, leads his trio through Sunday, Jan. 23; on Tuesday, Jan. 25, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will begin co-piloting their quintet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Jan. 20, C'est What!; Friday, Jan. 21, the Tom Intondi band and Martha P Hogan; Saturday, Jan. 22, Aztec Two-Step; Sunday, Jan. 23, the Mark Elber band; Wednesday, Jan. 26 (at ten), the Morrells; Friday, Jan. 28, Texas beatnik-folkie **TOWNES VAN ZANDT;** and Saturday, Jan. 29, the Tannahill Weavers. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 19-20, pianist **MAL WALDRON** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; Monday, Jan. 24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and guitarist **ERIC JOHNSON;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 25-26, pianist **DANNY MIXON;** and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 27-29, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

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GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist Richard Sussman leads a trio Wednesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, singer-pianist Graham Forbes is on the stand, and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio. All these groups play from ten. Sundays from five to ten are claimed by pianist Ram Ramirez.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—An open-air terrace wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. Pianist **MIKE LONGO** performs with a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 22; on Tuesday, Jan. 25, **ALBERT DAILEY** and **GEORGE MRAZ** will take over the piano-bass duties. Sets begin at nine. Sundays and Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven until eleven.

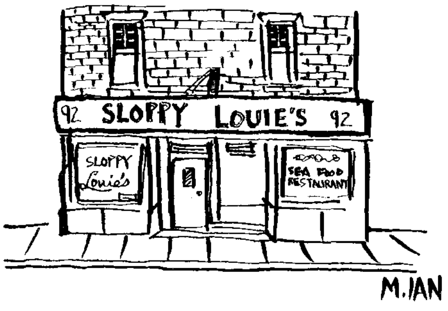
HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**RALPH SUTTON,** who plays early-jazz numbers with buoyant single-note lines, oscillating blues chords, obeisant quotes from Fats Waller, and a good deal of enthusiasm, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Jan. 23-24, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will be present, and he'll be joined by soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** on Monday. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A big, airy space with tables and chairs, couches, and a diminutive bar. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, **TANIA MARIA,** an exciting Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist, will perform with her combo, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, a Latin-jazz outfit called Tropical will be on hand. The music begins at eight-thirty. On Fridays, a jam session runs from one to three A.M.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. The good listeners get to hear pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** through Saturday, Jan. 22; pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** beginning Tuesday, Jan. 25; and the regular Sunday-and-Monday men, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 19-20, Delbert McClinton, Evan Johns & the H-Bombs, and **BIG JOE TURNER,** the Kansas City blues and jazz legend and early rock-and-roll singer; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 23-24, the **LEGENDARY BLUES BAND,** an outfit that used to back up Muddy Waters and that features pianist **PINETOP PERKINS;** and Tuesday, Jan. 25, folk-rock singer Ronee Blakley. Dining.



LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his exuberant, macho Latin-jazz quintet are here through Sunday, Jan. 23; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 24-25, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA'S** band, **SPACE STATION,** will be on the bandstand; and on Wednesday, Jan. 26, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will come in with bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS.** Sets start at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** a melodist always and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is present along with **DON THOMPSON** on bass and second piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band is on the stand from nine to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 19, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Jan. 20, Lee Genesis; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, trumpeter Tom Browne; Monday, Jan. 24, the Starship Orchestra; Tuesday, Jan. 25, Sam Burtis and a twelve-piece band; Wednesday, Jan. 26, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Jan. 27, singer Carmen Lundy; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, guitarist **ERIC GALE** and an R. & B. quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Jan. 19, Pacific Orchestra; Thursday, Jan. 20, Blue Emotions and Johnnie & Joe; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and Diane Ponzio; Wednesday, Jan. 26, **ROSALIE SORRELS** and Tony Bird; Thursday, Jan. 27, Randy & the Rainbows and the Revelations; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, Chicago blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH.** Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

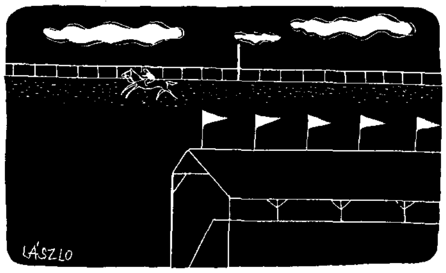
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** have moved in to play uplifting, irresistible music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Jan. 19, Slow Burn; Friday, Jan. 21, Gypsy Cats; Saturday, Jan. 22, Scandal; Tuesday, Jan. 25, the Nails; Wednesday, Jan. 26, Beatrix; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 27-29, **TINA TURNER.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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19-20, bassist **WILL LEE** and drummer **CHRIS PARKER** and their R. & B. band, Joe Cool, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, this very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or a lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes) is a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Thursday, Jan. 20, the Ritualistics, an all-percussion band; and Tuesday, Jan. 25, flutist **JEREMY STEIG.** Wednesdays belong to flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL,** and Fridays and Saturdays to **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, will be devoted to a combo headed up by **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, Val Eley will sing with pianist Loni Berry. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine room. **LESTER BOWIE,** his talking, squawking trumpet, and his quintet perform "It's Howdy Doody Time," "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," a dramatic "The Great Pretender," and other tunes through Saturday, Jan. 22; on Tuesday, Jan. 25, South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND)** will bring in his quartet. On Sundays, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON** perform Brazilian jazz, and Mondays trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads a quintet (which will feature **FRANK WESS** on Jan. 24). Shows from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, Jan. 19, Adult Music and the Jimmy Powers band; Thursday, Jan. 20, the Drongos; Friday, Jan. 21, Exhibit A and Knucklehead Smith; Saturday, Jan. 22, Laura Kaye and the Privates; Thursday, Jan. 27, Leslie Chase & the Chase Manhattan Band and Mode I. Q.; Friday, Jan. 28, Ernie & the Imports and Messenger; and Saturday, Jan. 29, Mike Cotter and the Masterbeats. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Monday, Jan. 24.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine; on Jan. 24, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and the Santiago Ceron orchestra will perform, along with guest soloist alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Houston's own **ARNETT COBB,** a breathy, looping, satisfyingly old-fashioned, R. & B.-honking tenor saxophonist, fronts a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 23; on Monday, Jan. 24, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP'S SUPERBAND** will take over for a night; and on Tuesday, Jan. 25, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** (he plays trumpet, flugelhorn, saxophone, and flute) will arrive with their quintet. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **BARNEY KESSEL** plays guitar solos through Sunday, Jan. 23, and on Tuesday, Jan. 25, Boston singer-pianist Meredith D'Ambrosio will come in. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 19-22, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON;** Sunday, Jan. 23, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ;** Tuesday, Jan. 25, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY;** and starting Wednesday, Jan. 26, **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS.** Mondays are claimed by the Shelbo Jump Band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The lineup: guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Saturday, Jan. 22, and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** beginning Monday, Jan. 24. The Sunday music is provided by the piano-bass team of **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Chaka Khan—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.

Randy Weston's African Rhythms and the **L. Sharon Freeman Trio**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8 and 10:30.

Tiny Grimes Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

String Fever—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Steve Grossman quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 10 and midnight: Judy Niemack. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1: John Hicks band. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21: Thiago de Mello & Amazon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22: Divine Monochord, with Iris Lord and Bern Nix. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28: Daniel Poncé, Paquito d'Rivera, Chico O'Farrell, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29: Puntilla and Nueva Generacion. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

Benefit Concerts—"Bluegrass & Country Music Tribute to Kathy Kaplan." (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1 and 4:30. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . ¶ Frank Sinatra and Victor Borge in a benefit performance for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Count Basie and his orchestra, Tony Bennett, Carmen McRae, and the Henry Street Settlement Symphony Orchestra. The beneficiary is the Henry Street Settlement's Louis Abrons Arts for Living Center. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Luis Benedit—Recent watercolors and three toylike, painted-wood sculptures by this Argentine artist. Through Feb. 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—Oil paintings of Blue Ridge Mountain landscapes, done in a modified Pointillist style. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

André Dunoyer de Segonzac (1884-1974)—Landscapes and still-lifes in oil paintings, wash drawings, and prints. Through Feb. 5. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Textured acrylic pattern paintings with a rich, metallic-looking scaly surface and, here and there, snakes worked into the design. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864-1916)—A sketch for this Danish artist's best-known painting, "Five Portraits," and several interiors are among the more than sixty paintings and drawings on view. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Paintings. Through Feb. 19. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Helen Meyrowitz—"Compositions from the Bed Series," realist drawings in conté crayon and in charcoal. Through Feb. 12. (Payson-Weisberg, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jack Roth—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Laura Shechter—Small, carefully executed still-lifes of vases and pots and bowls and the tables they sit on. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Leonard Stokes and Robert Ohnigian—Delicate collages pieced together from snippets of type, old engravings, and antique papers by each of these artists, whose works have a certain similarity. Through Feb. 5. (Cordier & Eckstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Big abstract paintings, early bronze nudes, and drawings related to his sculptures, among other works by this early modernist. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Marjorie Strider—Sculptures and prints dated 1970 to 1980. Through Feb. 8. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.) . . . ¶ Recent sculptures inspired by the mottoes, flowers, birds, and other symbols of the fifty states. Through Feb. 12. (P.M. & Stein, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Large oils on canvas, smaller ones on wood, and a few works on paper. Through Feb. 26. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Feb. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ilya Bolotowsky (1907-81)—A two-part exhibition of his geometric abstractions at the Washburn galleries: Paintings dated from the fifties at 42 E. 57th St., and others done in his last two years at the downtown branch, at 113 Greene St. Both shows through Feb. 23.

Stephen Buckley / Richard Smith—Abstract reliefs consisting of either doubled-over or woven strips of painted canvas held by stretchers of varying shapes. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter / Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Colored translucent fibre-glass-and-resin sculptures. / Nine watercolors painted in Havana when Davis was twenty-five. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Arthur Cady—A triptych of the Watch Hill Channel is among his new acrylic paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi / Joe Shannon—Monotypes of downtown Manhattan and pastels of the Maine countryside. / Paintings of erotic fantasies inspired by Picasso's Minotaur drawings. Through Feb. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Collages on canvas and paper. Through Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jackie Ferrara / Betty Woodman—New sculptures: Maquettes for two gazebos, plus five large works in wood. / Ceramic works. Through Feb. 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—New paintings on canvas and on paper, including a large triptych and diptych. / Paintings in oil on paper executed in the last eight years of his life. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elga Heinzen—Canvases in the shapes of bathrobes, trousers, and such are filled in with acrylic trompe-l'oeil drapery folds appropriate to them. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract works done on canvas covered with fibre glass (both surfaces are painted), plus works on handmade paper in which the design was dyed into the pulp. Through Feb. 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Himmelfarb—Large canvases crowded with small black-and-white drawings, sometimes abstractions in rows and sometimes of people swamped in a sea of everyday impedimenta—clocks, briefcases, tableware, stepladders. Through Feb. 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez—Large, vigorous Expressionist paintings of urban street life, in which Mexican-Indian figures recur. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Kienbusch (1914-80)—A memorial show of the abstractions of New England landscapes for which he was known. Through Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sidney Laufman—Recent Expressionist paintings and drawings by an artist who uses a dry brush. Through Feb. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Louis Lozowick (1892-1973)—Lithographs dated 1928-73. Through Feb. 12. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Loren Madsen—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Seven freestanding iron-and-steel spheres whose surfaces consist of found machine parts that have been welded together. Through Feb. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mock / Tom Otterness—Large, cheerful-looking abstract paintings in which isolated figurative elements (an eye, an arm, a foot) are parts of the over-all designs. / Sculptural works, including a frieze of small figures depicting the rise and fall of a comic royal family. Through Feb. 5. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—A show of paintings and drawings by this artist who specialized in machine parts includes an atypical study of a pineapple. Through Feb. 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—New sculptures, about half of them columns incorporating pieces of a church organ salvaged from the 1978 fire at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. Through Feb. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sassona Sakel Norton—Vastly enlarged studies of paired human hands, done in charcoal and low-key acrylic colors by an Israeli artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Fred Sandback—Six Minimalist constructions "drawn" on the gallery walls and floor in taut lengths of colored wool yarn, plus related graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—A single sculpture consisting of a curved wall of inch-thick Corten steel. Through Feb. 12. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joan Snyder / Mia Westerlund Roosen—New abstract paintings, utilizing a stronger and richer palette than before, plus a group of late-sixties paintings. / Abstract sculptures, one of them a six-foot-high concrete arch sheathed in copper. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harry Soviak—Watercolors with motifs reminiscent of Matisse and Sonia Delaunay; and painted stainless-steel sculptures derived from vase shapes. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marianne Stikas—Oils and drawings in which still-life subjects are positioned at strange angles in murky landscapes. Through Feb. 12. (Baskerville & Watson, a new gallery at 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stout—Acrylic paintings, each divided in half, with an abstract image on one side and its reverse on the other. Through Feb. 5. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—An eightieth-birthday show of new paintings. Through Feb. 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jo Warner—Still-lifes in oil. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman / Lee Friedlander and Harry Callahan—Figurative painted-aluminum wall reliefs whose subjects range from New York City cops to Daedalus. / Formal and informal portraits by these two photographers, including a study by Mr. Friedlander of a bridesmaid at a topless wedding. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **bellman,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and some drawings and prints by Heckel, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Pechstein, and other artists associated with German Expressionism. Through Feb. 19. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Capricious self-portraits by fifteen contemporary artists, including Joan Brown, who has painted herself split down the middle, half cat and half woman; and Robert Arneson, who combines his own head and a dog's body in a bronze sculpture. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Recent works by longtime gallery associates Isabel Bishop, Emlen Etting, Julien Binford, Margit Varga, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **odyssia,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent paintings by Robert Birmelin and Marjorie Portnow, and pastels by Wolf Kahn; all but two of the works are landscapes. Through Feb. 5.

Sculpture—Wall sculptures and a few freestanding pieces, some in wrapped wire, some in painted wood, by Fritz Buehner, Stanley Snyder, and Thomas Watcke. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

James Biederman—Wall sculptures that consist of geometric cutouts of bright-painted wood radiating from a central point, like a sunburst, plus large related drawings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Natalie Edgar—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Brian Eno—Two video installations, both containing views filmed from the rooftop of the building that houses the Concord Gallery, and both accompanied by music composed by the artist. Through Feb. 5. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

George Green—Mural-size trompe-l'oeil paintings of what appear to be constructions of plywood cutouts interspersed with thick swirls of impasto. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Large, more or less abstract landscapes painted in bright colors, mostly with a squeegee. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Morris—Two related exhibits at 420 West Broadway: Large black-and-white drawings at Castelli (second floor); and plaster reliefs and drawings (the latter, called "Firestorm Series," on apocalyptic themes) at Sonnabend (third floor). Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

Doug Ohlson—Recent paintings by a colorist. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Judy Pfaff—A colorful, kaleidoscopic installation in numerous mediums (sheet metal, wood, Plexiglas, wire, acrylic, enamel), plus smaller works in the same spirit. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent works by the prolific artist are at three Greene Street addresses: 142 (a Leo Castelli gallery) has, for instance, paper works executed in China (others from this series are now at the Museum of Modern Art), and a hundred-foot photograph; and 135 and 112 (sponsored by Ileana Sonnabend) have a series of his combine paintings, several of them three-dimensional, whose title is "Kabal American Zephyr." Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

Gerhard Richter—A dozen paintings in two distinct styles—eight wholly abstract works and four realistic studies of burning candles. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Curtis Ripley—A pair of ceramic urns and drawings of them are among new works. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

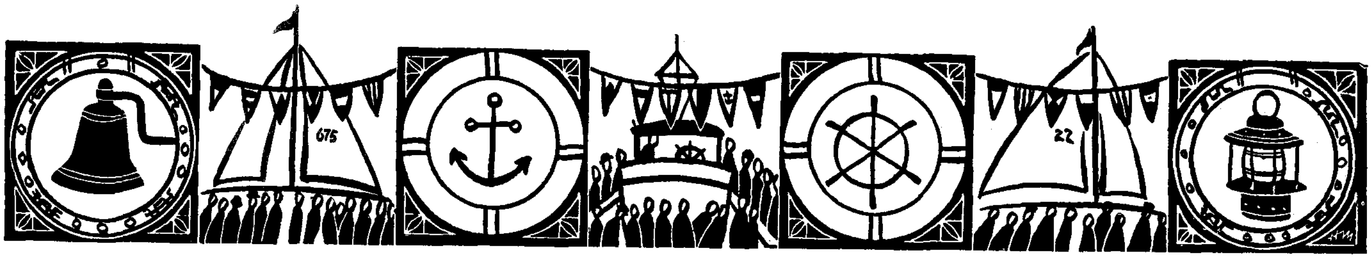
Mario Schifano—New paintings—abstract landscapes, mostly—by an Italian who was painting Pop Art over there in the sixties and who remains better known abroad than here. Through Feb. 11. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gary Stephan—Large acrylic paintings, done on panels of muslin, linen, canvas, or wood and grouped together as one composition, plus two bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Fumio Yoshimura / Nina Raginsky—Tomato plants, tulips, fish skeletons, and other subjects carved in raw lindenwood. / Hand-painted photographs of people from the artist's native British Columbia. Through Feb. 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Tino Zago/Eric Staller—Huge Impressionist paintings of swampy ponds. / Brilliantly colored abstractions worked out in pinpoint electric lights, shown in a darkened room. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Paintings by Jasper Johns, Elizabeth Murray, Robert Ryman, others. Through Feb. 23. . . . **55 mercer street gallery:** A twelfth-anniversary show of one work apiece by most of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the forty-plus gallery artists who have shown their work here, from original members Alice Adams and Donald Cole to current associates Elfi Schuselka and Jerilea Zempel. Through Feb. 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—A drawing retrospective of nearly a hundred works (five sculptures complete the show) by the sculptor. Through Feb. 19. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and reliefs dated 1963-66. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Metro Pictures,169 Mercer St.)

Children's Book Illustrations—More than two hundred original illustrations for children's books published in 1982. Some of the illustrators are William Steig, James Stevenson, and Lee Lorenz. Through Feb. 10. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Roger Cutforth—New photographs: still-lifes and Western landscapes. Through Feb. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Roy DeCarava—The Studio Museum in Harlem will have an exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five of his silver prints of jazz musicians; most of them show the subjects performing, but a few (of Lena Horne, of Count Basie) are portraits. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Thomas Eakins (1844-1916) / **Jean-Louis Durieu** (1800-74)—Seventy photographs from a single collection. / Nude studies the photographer made for Delacroix, who used them *for his paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 29.* (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernard Faucon—Fresson-color prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Father Flye—Photographs taken fifty years ago (and recently printed), most of them at St. Andrew's School, in Sewanee, Tennessee, by the ninety-seven-year-old Episcopal priest and correspondent of James Agee. Through March 2. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Jan Henle—Silver prints that are topographical studies of a field and a beach in St. Croix and of stones in Ireland. Through Feb. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Helena Kolda—Photo-collages, some of which combine color photographs with black-and-whites. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Duane Michals—Recent work: Painted photographs, multiple exposures, and portraits. Through Feb. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cervin Robinson—Photographs of buildings of architectural and historical note in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island which are being considered for landmark status. Through Feb. 19. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Linn Sage—Photographs representing ten years of work; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Photographs from Scandinavia—The first half of a two-part exhibit has works dating from the mid-nineteenth century to the First World War: landscapes, images from a fateful 1897 Swedish expedition to the North Pole, studies of the Lapps, urban scenes, and portraits (including a dozen by Edvard Munch which served as studies for his works). Through Feb. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Photographs dictated by the principles of Constructivism. The more than thirty works are by Man Ray (two 1924 luminographs), Victor Vasarely (a 1938 photogram with collage), Florence Henri, and others Through Feb. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

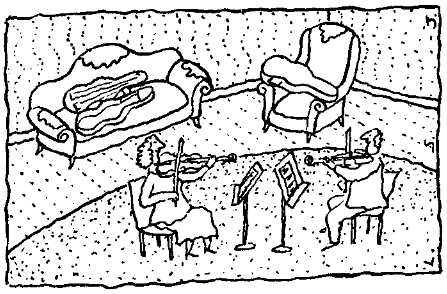
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"La Belle Epoque" is the title for the Costume Institute's eleventh annual exhibit, consisting of a hundred and fifty examples of men's and women's turn-of-the-century clothing (primarily from Europe but with a couple of nods to America) displayed in period settings: Décor evoking Maxim's, Edwardian green-flocked wallpaper, and numerous portraits preside over a promenade of outfits both informal and formal, including ball gowns and court dresses—four from the wardrobe of Queen Alexandra of England. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—in the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A show of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of abstract sculptures by Louise Bourgeois. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who *spent a month in China devising them.* Through Feb. 1. For an itinerary of concurrent shows, see R.R. under "Galleries—SoHo." (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—*A small exhibit marking Joan Miró's nine*tieth birthday combines paintings and two large ceramic works—one, a multipart mural of a hundred and ninety individual plaques; the other, a freestanding eight-foot-high arch. Starts Friday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Yves Tanguy retrospective: More than a hundred and twenty-five paintings and works on paper by the French-American Surrealist. Starts Friday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A show of approximately thirty paintings by the Eight marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of their show (from which the prescient Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney purchased four, all on view). Through March 20. . . . ¶ A Frank Stella print retrospective. Through March 13. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," *or how the moon and stars* governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Tiffany Studio designs: An exhibit of decorative desk sets, lamp bases, and jewelry which points out the shop's trademark combinations of bronze, copper, and silver with favrile glass and enamel. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A loan show from Harvard's Houghton Library gives a sample of the library's acquisitions of the past fifteen years. *Prominent among the manuscripts and* books are the three-foot-high black-leather coronation book (1856) of Czar Alexander II, a twenty-five-page telegram (1917) from John Reed to the *New York Call*, and James Fenimore Cooper's three-volume "Water Witch" (1830) in its original bindings. Through Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of *medieval French illuminated manuscripts* which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A folk-sculpture show presented in two parts: Functional pieces, including five weathervanes and eight carved-wood *santos*, produced in the nineteenth century; and entirely fanciful pieces that document four environmental-scale works by contemporary folk artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through March 13. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Roy DeCarava's series on jazz musicians. Starts Thursday, Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Installations (with music composed by Charlie Roth) by Kazuko, Charles Abramson, and others. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Artists' books, periodicals, and posters on subjects of a political nature. Through Feb. 5.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—John Malpede (performance), Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Des Refusés (performance), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30; Jerry Hunt (music), Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Don Pullen (music), Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Paintings by Gordon Voisey. Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—"Abstract Painting: 1960-69," with works by Al Held, Brice Marden, and Doug Ohlson, is one of the many shows here devoted to art from the sixties. Through March 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée Jan. 22: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 24: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 1:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting performances of Donizetti's "Caterina Cornaro," staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a program that includes the New York première of Bruno Maderna's "Biogramma," as well as works by Mozart and Schumann Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 20-22, and Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Schönberg-Elgar program on Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Thomas Stewart and Eric Halfvarson, bass-baritones; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 26-27, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: The New York première of William Schuman's "American Hymn," as well as works by Hindemith and Prokofieff. With Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: A Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program, with Emanuel Ax, piano.

Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Jaime Laredo conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8, an all-Mozart program, with John Tunnell, also violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3, a varied program, with Sharon Robinson, cello.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by Joji Yuasa, Toru Takemitsu, Arthur Paxton, Diamanda Galas, and Randolph Coleman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music—Oscar Shumsky conducting an all-Beethoven program and acting as violin soloist, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the American première of Richard Strauss's "Guntram" in concert form, with Iolona Tokody, soprano, and Reiner Goldberg, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Laurine Fox conducting an all-Mozart program, with Joyce Guyer-Hiller, soprano. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Ensemble—Raffael Adler conducting, with Michael Rudiakov, cello; Robert Johnson, horn; Mary Helen Ewing, viola; and Menahem Pressler, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—A program of baroque French orchestral opera excerpts and ballet suites by Jean Philippe Rameau and his contemporaries. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing, with Benita Valente, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; and David Owen, boy soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Cantatas and arias of J. S. Bach. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

Anne Chamberlain and Patricia Spencer—Piano and flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Peinemann-Hanani-Auer Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Music from Oberlin—Katherine Harris, soprano; Julie Leven, violin; and Tim Mikesell, piano. (All Saints Church, 230 E. 60th St. Friday, Jan. 21, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Dennis Koster—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin program (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Delcina Stevenson, Gervase de Peyer, and Michael Cave—Soprano, clarinet, and piano, in a Schubert–Michael Cave program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program called "Masquerade," involving dance, songs, and scenes from Renaissance court life. With the

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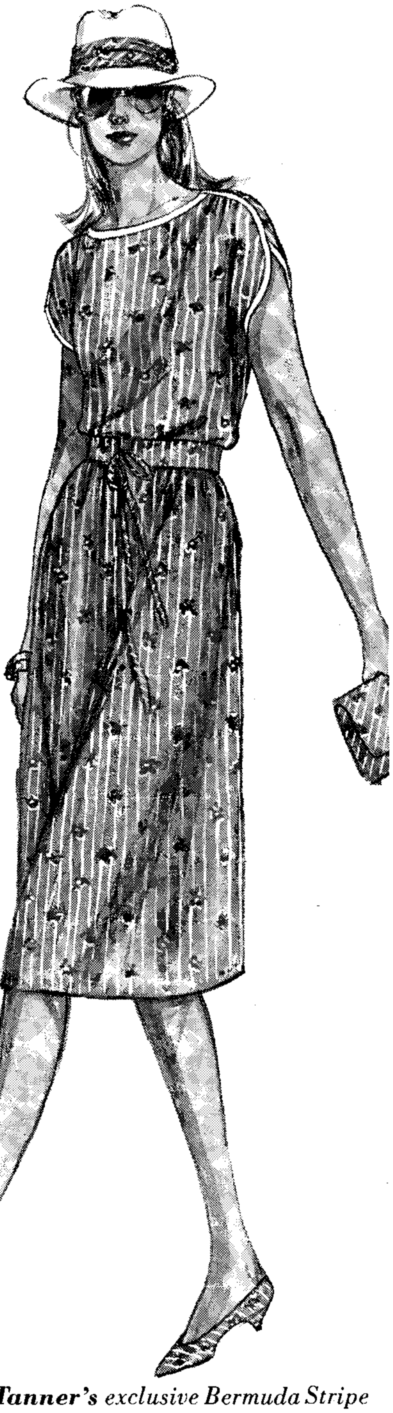

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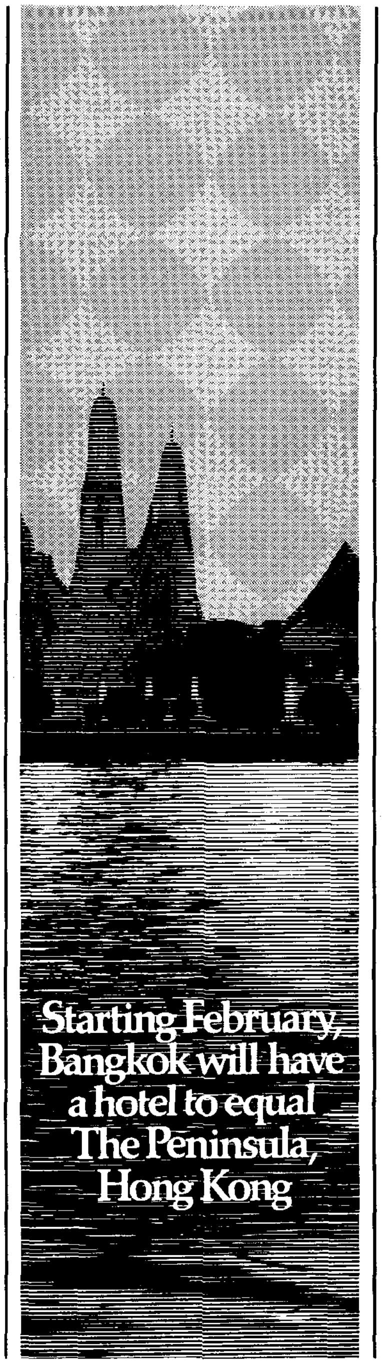
T H E · P E N I N S U L A · G R O U P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Court Dance Company of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

BAROQUE CHAMBER MUSIC—Beverly Hoch, soprano; Stephen Burns, trumpet; Daniel and Todd Phillips, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2.)

OMEGA ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:15. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

CONSTANTINE CASSOLAS AND FRANK HOFFMEISTER—Tenors, in a program of early baroque music, with Louise Basbas, harpsichord and organ, and Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

SUSAN GREGORY—Soprano, in a program of songs and operatic arias. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

ANN ZALKIND—Piano, with assisting artists. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

IRIS HISKEY—Soprano, in a program featuring a new Philip Glass work, "Hevebe Song." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

NORTH / SOUTH CONSONANCE—With Bertram Turetzky, double bass, in a program of American and Latin-American music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, with Julius Baker, also flute, and a flute choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

MARTTI TALVELA—Bass, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

SYLVAN WIND QUINTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

FAITH ESHAM—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

BERNARD YANNOTTA—Clarinet, with the Columbia String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

DORIAN WIND QUINTET—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8. *No tickets necessary.*)

ALLIANCE FOR AMERICAN SONG—Texts by Gertrude Stein set to music by twelve different composers. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—The second in a series of four concerts of twentieth-century music, this one a program of percussion music, with guest speakers Charles Wuorinen, Anne LeBaron, and Conrad Cummings. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

PANOCHA STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

EDMUND NIEMANN AND SHEILA SCHONBRUN—Piano and soprano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; Glenn Dicterow, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Stephen Burns, trumpet; Harvey Phillips, tuba; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL—At Marymount Manhattan Theatre—Final performances of a four-week festival by composers who record for the Lovely Music label. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: Richard Teitelbaum. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 8: (Blue) Gene Tyranny and David Van Tieghem. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: Jill Kroesen. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 4: Roger Reynolds. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: David Tudor and John Driscoll. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: Pauline Oliveros. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: Rhys Chatham and Ned Sublette. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 4: Peter Gordon. (221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Sunday, Jan. 23, at 7:40.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, for the American Football Conference *Championship. (Miami. Sunday, Jan. 23.)*

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Monday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Jan. 20, at 7:35.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

TENNIS—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Guillermo Vilas, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, Vitas Gerulaitis, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 22, at noon; and Sunday, Jan. 23 [finals], at 3. For information about tickets, call 685-8780.)

TRACK—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28, at 6.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 2. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Carl Dennis and Jorie Graham reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Maxine Kumin and Michael Blumenthal reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

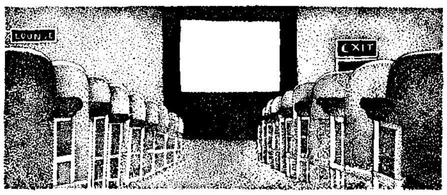
NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—Cruisers, sailboats, inboards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 19-21, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 22, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 23, from 11 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Nearly seventy-five dealers from here and abroad will be displaying furniture and decorative objects in this year's event, which also features Chinese Export wares on loan from the China Trade Museum, in Milton, Massachusetts. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, through Sunday, Jan. 30. Weekdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2: Americana manuscripts and books. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2: American decorative prints and folk and nineteenth-century paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10:15: American decorative objects, including silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 22, at 10 and 2: Eighteenth-century American furniture and decorative pieces, from the estate of Mr. and Mrs. George Maurice Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 4: American furniture, silver, and decorative pieces. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10, American autograph letters and documents; at 1, American furniture, decorations, and silver; and at 6, American paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Jan. 19: "So Fine" (1981; directed by Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden; and "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Jan. 20-21: "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Jan. 22-23: "Continental Divide" (1981; Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown; and "Neighbors" (1981; John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Jan. 25-26: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (1981; Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol, Dennis Quaid, and Mark Hamill; and "Take This Job and Shove It" (1981; Gus Trikonis), with Robert Hays and Barbara Hershey.

Jan. 27-28: "True Confessions" (†) and "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

From Jan. 29: "Sharky's Machine" (1981; Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds; and "Vice Squad" (1982; Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Jan. 20: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Leap Into the Void" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"48 Hrs." (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Jan. 20: "Best Friends" (†).

From Jan. 21: "Threshold" (Richard Pearce), with Donald Sutherland and Jeff Goldblum.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason. From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Theatre 2: "Spring Fever."

Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Jan. 20: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

From Jan. 21: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Jan. 20: "Best Friends" (†).

From Jan. 21: "Independence Day" (Robert Mandel), with Kathleen Quinlan and David Keith.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Verdict" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 27: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz). From Jan. 28: "The Road Warrior" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "They Call Me Bruce." From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan. From Jan. 21: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson.

Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Missing" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From Jan. 21: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 21: "Threshold" (Richard Pearce), with Donald Sutherland and Jeff Goldblum.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Madman." From Jan. 21: "Timerider" (William Dear), with Belinda Bauer and Peter Coyote.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Last American Virgin." From Jan. 21: "Treasures of Four Crowns."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 21: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Eating Raoul" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Tootsie" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Jan. 22: "My Favorite Year" (†).

From Jan. 23: "Swee'pea" (Peter Del Monte; in Italian).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Jan. 20: "They Call Me Bruce."

From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Spring Fever."

Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Jan. 20: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Best Friends" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Last American Virgin." From Jan. 21: "Treasures of Four Crowns."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 25: "Slow Attack" (1980; directed by Reinhart Hauff; in German), with Burkhard Driest. From Jan. 26: "The Girl from Lorraine" (1980; Claude Goretta; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Bruno Ganz.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Young One" (1960; Luis Buñuel), with Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton, and Key Meersman; and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal. Jan. 21-22: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti. Jan. 23-24: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (†) and "Nazarin" (†). Jan. 25-26: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (†); "El Rio y la Muerte" (1954; Luis Buñuel; made in Mexico, in Spanish); and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish). Jan. 27-28: "El" (†) and "Los Olvidados" (†). From Jan. 29: "Tristana" (†) and "The Exterminating Angel" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 21: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Eating Raoul" (†). From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Peter Pan" (†). From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 27: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 28: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Theatre 3: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 27: "My Favorite Year" (†). From Jan. 28: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Jan. 22: "Fantasia" (†).

From Jan. 23: "Swee'pea" (Peter Del Monte; in Italian).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"A Time for Revenge" (Adolfo Aristarain; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Coup de Torchon" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Sophie's Choice" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 3: "The Girl with the Red Hair" (Ben Verbong; in Dutch), with Renée Soutendijk.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "The Seven Samurai" (†). From Jan. 21: "Winter Kills" (William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Le Beau Mariage" (†). From Jan. 21: "Muddy River" (in Japanese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 27: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Spring Fever." From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 27: "Best Friends" (†). From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 27: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 28: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).

Theatre 2: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 21: "Timerider" (William Dear), with Belinda Bauer and Peter Coyote.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 20: "The Last

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American Virgin." From Jan. 21: "Treasures of Four Crowns."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 20: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 21: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 2: "Best Friends" (†).
Theatre 3: "First Blood" (directed by Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 20: "Murder by Phone." From Jan. 21: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 20: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 21: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 27: "My Favorite Year" (†). From Jan. 28: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Peter Pan" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Madman." From Jan. 21: "Timerider" (William Dear), with Belinda Bauer and Peter Coyote.
Theatre 2: "They Call Me Bruce."

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Spring Fever."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 21: "Treasures of Four Crowns."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Last American Virgin." From Jan. 21: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Voice Over" (1981; directed by Chris Monger).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 19: "Dirty Money" (1972; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Alain Delon and Catherine Deneuve; and "Second Breath" (1966; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Lino Ventura.
Jan. 20: "Second Breath;" and "Le Samourai" ("The Godson;" 1967; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Alain Delon.
Jan. 21: "Le Samourai;" and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French).
Jan. 22: "Les Enfants Terribles;" and "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Jan. 23-24: "The Scarlet Letter" (1973; Wim Wenders; in German), with Senta Berger; and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.
Jan. 25: "Chusingura" (1959; Sadaji Matsuda; in Japanese).
Jan. 26: "Barbarosa" (1982; Fred Schepisi), with Willie Nelson and Gary Busey; and "Raggedy Man" (1981; Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Jan. 27: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.
Jan. 28-29: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 19: "The Naked Night" ("Sawdust and Tinsel;" 1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "Monika" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg.
Jan. 20: "Kanal" (1956; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.
Jan. 21-22: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 23: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram.
Jan. 24: "Umberto D." (†); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica. (†).
Jan. 25: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†); and "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
Jan. 26: "Gate of Hell" (†); and "Ugetsu" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Kinuyo Tanaka.
Jan. 27: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Odd Man Out" (†).
Jan. 28-29: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Michel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 22: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Jan. 23-25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.
Jan. 26-27: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
Jan. 28-29: "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Jan. 19: "Deathtrap" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve, and Dyan Cannon; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Jan. 20: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a concert film.
Jan. 21-22: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas.
Jan. 23: "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), "Live and Let Die" (1973; Guy Hamilton), and "The Man with the Golden Gun" (1974; Guy Hamilton), all three films with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Jan. 24: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Irene Cara and Lee Curreri; and "That's Entertainment!" (1974; Jack Haley, Jr.).
Jan. 25: "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines; and "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.
Jan. 26: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Sorcerer" (1977; William Friedkin), with Roy Scheider.
Jan. 27: "Woodstock" (1970; Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival; and "No Nukes" (1980), a filmed concert.
Jan. 28-29: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 19: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier.
Jan. 20-22: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters; and "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable.
Jan. 23-24: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Jan. 25-26: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.
Jan. 27-29: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 20: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.
Jan. 21-22: "The Omen" (1976; Richard Donner), with Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, and David Warner; and "Damien: Omen II" (1978; Don Taylor), with William Holden, Lee Grant, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor.
Jan. 23: "The Great Ziegfeld" (†).
Jan. 24-25: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis and Anne Baxter; and "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957; Nunnally Johnson), with Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, and Lee J. Cobb.
Jan. 26-27: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.
Jan. 28-29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 19: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L.

Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine; and "Pal Joey" (1957; George Sidney), with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak.

Jan. 20: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, and Kim Novak.

Jan. 21: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Jan. 22: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

Jan. 23: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Exterminating Angel" (†).

Jan. 24: "The Big Knife" (†) and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (†).

Jan. 25: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley, Geraldine Chaplin, and Lily Tomlin.

Jan. 26: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Call Me Mister" (1951; Lloyd Bacon), with Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, and Danny Thomas.

Jan. 27: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.

Jan. 28: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "As You Desire Me" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.

Jan. 29: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 22: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Jan. 23-24: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (†).

Jan. 25-26: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (†); and "Mad Wednesday" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd and Jimmy Conlin.

Jan. 27-29: "Christmas in July" (†); and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 19: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan; "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto; and "Chandu the Magician" (1932; William C. Menzies), with Bela Lugosi and Edmund Lowe.

Jan. 20: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis and Anne Baxter; and "This Woman Is Dangerous" (1952; Felix Feist), with Joan Crawford, David Brian, and Dennis Morgan.

Jan. 21-22: "Home Sweet Home" (1973; Benoit Lamy; in French); and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Jan. 23: "Nosferatu, the Vampyr" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Vampyr" (†).

Jan. 24: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Stand Easy" (1952), with Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, and Harry Secombe.

Jan. 25: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Morgan!" (1966; Karel Reisz), with Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens.

Jan. 26: "Folies-Bergère" (†); "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo; and "Delicious" (1931; David Butler), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Jan. 27: "Sinister Urge" (1960; Edward D. Wood, Jr.); "The Violent Years" (1958); and "Married Too Young" (1961), with Harold Lloyd, Jr., and Anthony Dexter.

Jan. 28-29: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 19: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Jan. 20: "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes; and "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" (1958; Mark Robson), with Ingrid Bergman and Curt Jurgens.

Jan. 21: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Jan. 22-23: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Jan. 24: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "The Last Laugh" (†).

Jan. 25: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "They Made Me a Criminal" (†).

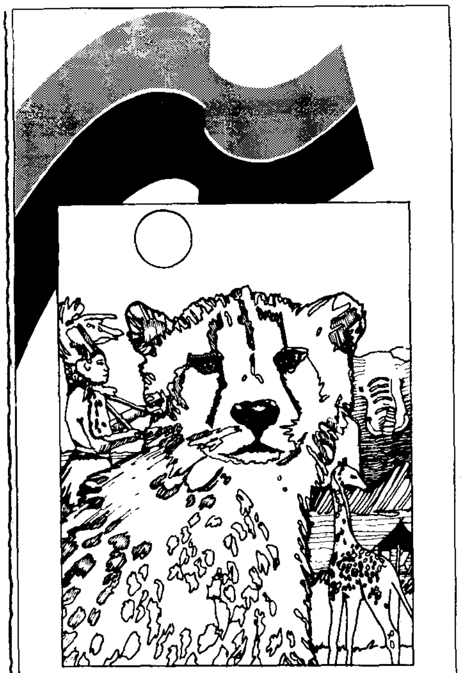
Jan. 26: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Jan. 27: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

Jan. 28-29: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Jan. 20 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Fièvre" (1921; Louis Delluc; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Eve Francis and Gaston Modot; and "El Dorado" (1921; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Eve Francis and Jaque Catelain. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Fantômas: Chapter II" (1913; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with English inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "La Terre" (1921; André Antoine; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: "La Roue" (1921; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Séverin-Mars. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, Hugh Marlowe, Sam Jaffe, and Billy Gray. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Au Secours" (1923; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Max Linder; and "Le Voyage Imaginaire" (1926; René Clair; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Albert Préjean and Dolly Davis. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5: "Coeur Fidèle" (1923; Jean Epstein; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Gina Manès and Léon Mathot. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at noon: "The Day the Earth Stood Still." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "L'Inhumaine" (1924; Marcel L'Herb-



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ier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Georgette Leblanc. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5: "Charleston" (1927; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Catherine Hessling; and "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Catherine Hessling. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2: "La Roue." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 6: "Losing Ground" (1982; Kathleen Collins), with Seret Scott, Bill Gunn, and Duane Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Au Secours" and "Le Voyage Imaginaire." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: "The Shepherds of Berneray" (1980; Allen Moore and Jack Shea). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Coeur Fidèle." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "La Terre." . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2:30: "La Souriante Madame Beudet" (1922; Germaine Dulac; a French silent film, with English inter-titles) and "La Coquille et la Clergyman" (1928; Germaine Dulac; a French silent film, with English inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6: "L'Inhumaine." . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at noon: "Jesse James" (1934; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: "La Belle Nivernaise" (1923; Jean Epstein; a French silent film, with French and Spanish inter-titles), with Blanche Montel; and "La Brière" (1924; Léon Poirier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 5: "Crainquebille" (1923; Jacques Feyder; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Maurice de Féraudy; and "Gribiche" (1925; Jacques Feyder; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Françoise Rosay. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Citizen" (1982; William Farley), with Michael Barrack and Stoney Burke. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Mr. Farley will be present on Thursday, Jan. 27, at 1:30. Closed Mondays.

Parsifal—A filmed version of the Richard Wagner opera, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, with Karin Krick, Michael Kutter, and Edith Clever (the singing, in German, is done by others). (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 874-6770. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—Early in the year, the great Hollywood Dunciad, "Singin' in the Rain," appeared, and then came this dazzling, overwrought piece of Hollywoodian self-analysis. The first was a satire, the second a satire in spite of itself—which recalls the fabled little old lady who said in the middle of "Quo Vadis?," "Look, there's a sweet little lion who hasn't got a Christian." "The Bad and the Beautiful," a glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniacal Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner), is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a "rat race" to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is all too reminiscent of "Citizen Kane" (the "Rosebud" being Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion), but there are also flashy, entertaining scenes and incidents derived from a number of famous careers. And the director, Vincente Minnelli, has given the material a hysterical stylishness; the black-and-white cinematography (by Robert Surtees) is more than dramatic—it has temperament. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll, Paul Stewart, and Vanessa Brown. Produced by John Houseman, for M-G-M. Academy Awards: Best Supporting Actress (Grahame), Screenplay (Charles Schnee), Cinematography, Art Direction (Cedric Gibbons and others), Costume Design (Helen Rose). (In 1962, Houseman, Minnelli, and Schnee collaborated on another melodramatic inside view of moviemaking, "Two Weeks in Another Town.") (Metro Cinema; Jan. 24.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 20.)

The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 "Unfaithfully Yours"—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidentally hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. Among the performers struggling desperately to be funny are Rudy Vallée, Olga San Juan, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Hugh Herbert, Margaret Hamilton, Esther Howard, J. Farrell MacDonald, Marie Windsor, Chester Conklin, Chris-Pin Martin, and Dewey Robinson. Sturges' only film in color. (Regency; Jan. 25-26.)

Best Friends—With Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn, directed by Norman Jewison. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Sutton; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 27.)

The Big Knife (1955)—It's in the same garish genre as "The Bad and the Beautiful." It's paced too fast and pitched too high, immorality is attacked with almost obscene relish, the knife turns into a buzz saw. Maybe because of all these faults of taste, you can't take your eyes off it. Rod Steiger gives a classic performance as a destructive, self-righteous Hollywood magnate; Jack Palance is surprisingly effective as the overwrought John Garfield-type star. With Wendell Corey, Shelley Winters, Everett Sloane, Jean Hagen, and Ilka Chase, and Ida Lupino and Wesley Addy as sanctimonious characters who, regrettably, are the authors' mouthpieces. James Poe adapted Clifford Odets' play. Robert Aldrich directed, overdoing everything in sight; he just about turns hysteria into a style. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 24.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Regency; Jan. 27-29.)

Coup de Torchon—With Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert, directed by Bertrand Tavernier. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Luis Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity—perhaps a little more giddy than usual. It has a wonderful start: Archibaldo finds a music box which reawakens his memories of a childhood experience. His governess had found him dressed up in his mother's clothes, and while she was bawling him out for it a stray bullet from the revolution going on outside killed her. This gratification of his desires gave him ecstasy. Later, Archibaldo keeps trying to recapture that sexual pleasure, but his attempts to commit murder are continually frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. With Ernesto Alonso as the smiling dilettante and fantasist Archibaldo, and Miroslava Stern as the amoral Lavinia. The script, by Buñuel and Eduardo Ugarte, is based on a story by Rodolfo Usigli. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 23-24.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Embassy; starting Jan. 28.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 20.)

El (1952; literally, "He," but in this country it has sometimes been called "This Strange Passion")—Working in Mexico, Luis Buñuel made this mocking study of irrational love and jealousy—a film with suggestions of Freud and the Marquis de Sade. Francisco (Arturo de Cordova), a wealthy Catholic, marries Gloria (Delia Garcés), and the symptoms begin on their honeymoon; imagining that her former fiancé is in the next room spying on them, he thrusts a knitting needle through the keyhole. As the symptoms mount in an absurd but frightening crescendo, Buñuel makes his own thrusts at the Church, and by carrying the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity to paranoia, he exposes the insanity that's inherent in it. (One critic described the film as "an 'Othello' with the hero as his own Iago.") By the time Francisco takes needle and thread to his wife, one is still not convinced that the movie isn't ludicrous, but in the final scene, when Francisco has gone to a monastery and we see his

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crooked little steps (they are like the movements of his thoughts), Buñuel's daring is fully apparent. Except for the well-edited anticlerical sequences, however, one must be prepared to enjoy his daring (which usually takes the form of bizarre jokes) despite the careless, cheaply made look of the film. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 27-28.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Movieland.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting Jan. 29.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild; through Jan. 22.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema II, and Olympia Quad; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Folies-Bergère (1935)—Maurice Chevalier, in a dual role as a famous sporting baron who's a devil with the ladies and a Folies-Bergère entertainer whose most popular number is an impersonation of the baron. Inevitably, the baron hires the entertainer to take his place, and the entertainer winds up in the boudoir of the baroness (Merle Oberon). The baroness flirts with the false baron, allowing him to think she thinks he's the real baron, and then she succumbs to the real baron, allowing him to think she believes him to be the false baron. This elaborate coquetry may sound tedious but it's surprisingly effective as a framework for slightly risqué comedy, and the plot was used again for two more musicals—for Don Ameche and Alice Faye in the 1941 "That Night in Rio," and for Danny Kaye and Gene Tierney in the 1951 "On the Riviera." This first film version is a sumptuous entertainment, and it was very popular. It features some lovely songs, including "You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart," "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You," and "Rhythm of the Rain"—during this one, the chorus girls are loaded down with umbrellas and dance glumly in several inches of water. In the film's finale, those same poor girls wear straw hats, hide under large straw hats, and dance on straw hats of epic proportions. With Ann Sothern and Eric Blore. Roy Del Ruth directed. The choreography is by Dave Gould; the script, by Bess Meredyth and Hal Long, is based on the play "The Red Cat," by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler (Thalia; Jan. 26.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The detective has been turned into a rabid honkie so that the sleek twenty-one-year-old Murphy can be the underdog hero and deliver the zingers. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. You're probably meant to think that this paranoid fantasy of race relations is what the TV shows with black and white buddies don't have the guts to let you see. It's as false as they are, but in a hip way. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. Hill loads some of the scenes with style because they have no other weight. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

CORT
THEATRE

Gate of Hell (1954)—Famed for its use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells a subtle story (which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece") of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and of her way of defeating him. It's as if the director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, had read those critics who compare every Japanese movie to a Japanese print and had decided to give them more than they could handle—delicately choreographed battles, the flow and texture of garments, and everywhere grace of movement and composition. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto, where the abstract patterns of interiors and architecture suggest that modern décor has a long way to go to catch up with medieval Japan. With Machiko Kyo as the Lady Kesa and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—William Powell plays Ziegfeld, and the two Mrs. Ziegfelds are played by Myrna Loy, as Billie Burke, and Luise Rainer, as Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, though she isn't onscreen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious musical biography; it goes on for a whopping three hours, but through some insane editing decision she's cut off in the middle of singing "My Man." Inexplicably, this thing won the Academy Award for Best Picture, and Rainer, who did her heartbreak specialty—smiling through tears and looking irresistibly fragile—was given the Best Actress award. With Ray Bolger, who has a few redemptive moments, and Gilda Gray, Harriet Hoctor, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, William Demarest, Leon Errol, Stanley Morner (who became the singing star Dennis Morgan, though here his "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" is dubbed by Allan Jones), and Virginia Bruce, who gets glorified to the tune of "You Never Looked So Beautiful Before." Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, from a script by William Anthony McGuire, who had worked for Ziegfeld, as had the set designer, John Harkrider, and the choreographer, Seymour Felix. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 23.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1953)—One of the most glittering of the great Luis Buñuel's often neglected Mexican films, made on a shoestring. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, consigned to junk, on a last jaunt. The growing difficulty lies in getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Red plot; by butchers who hang sides of beef on the hand straps; and by a woman combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Christ, arousing the very Buñuel remark that "it's always us poor who have to buy miracles." A bitter, wistful fable of the longings of the poor for the unlikely to happen. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 25-26.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubsy comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

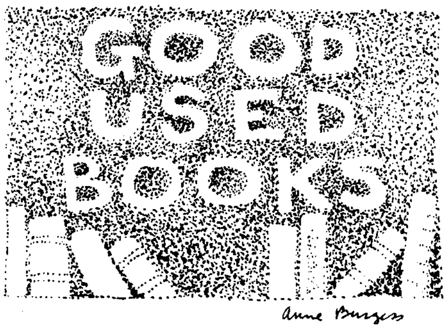
Leap Into the Void (1979)—The Italian director Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near") has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake-charmer's style. This film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido, as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Gramercy.)

Missing—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (D. W. Griffith.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through Jan. 27.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 23-24.)

Odd Man Out (1946)—Wounded at noon, the Irish rebel Johnny MacQueen (James Mason) stumbles through the streets of Belfast until midnight—the object of an intense, widespread manhunt. The tormented, delirious man, bleeding to death, seeks (but does not find) refuge on his way to the grave. Despite the reservations we may feel about his final denunciation of a world without charity, it's a memorable scene. Though the director, Carol Reed, doesn't quite succeed in creating a masterpiece (the inflated ideas in the script don't allow him to), there are bravura visual passages, the sound is often startlingly effective, and the film provides an experience that can't be shrugged off. Mason isn't only a resourceful actor; he's also a superb camera subject, and Reed and the cinematographer, Robert Krasker, draw us so close to his Johnny MacQueen that we want to save him to save ourselves. With Kathleen Ryan, W. G. Fay, Maureen Delany, Denis O'Dea, F. J. McCormick, William Hartnell, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Cyril Cusack, and, regrettably, Robert Newton, in a badly misconceived performance in a badly misconceived role—the drunken mad painter Lukey. F. L. Green's novel was adapted by Green and R. C. Sherriff. Score by William Alwyn. (A 1969 American version, "The Lost Man," starred Sidney Poitier.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)



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An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein, but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 27-28.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (New Embassy 49th Street.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 20.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most "imaginative" and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also entitled "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a wicked shoemaker who sells an enchanted pair of slippers to a young girl. Delighted at first with the slippers, in which she dances joyously, she discovers they will not let her stop dancing—and the bewitched, exhausted girl dies. The film's story is, of course, the same story, spelled out in more complicated terms, with the shoemaker of the ballet (Léonide Massine) replaced by the megalomaniac ballet impresario (Anton Walbrook). The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Marius Goring as the young composer, Robert Helpmann, Albert Basserman, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Esmond Knight. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people *passionately*, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. Choreography by Helpmann; music by Brian Easdale; conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Manhattan; starting Jan. 28.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 20.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—

her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 21.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, a femme fatale who is meant to be guileful and slinky, but she seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And, as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless. In the early part, we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house. Sommer and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through Jan. 20.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—The screenwriter must have gone berserk on this one, or maybe it was some higher-up's idea to cast John Garfield as a New York prizefighter on the lam from a murder charge, who gets a job on a date ranch in Arizona, which is run by a kindly old lady (May Robson) as a work farm for delinquent boys—the Dead End Kids. When the do-gooding old broad is about to be evicted, the redeemed Garfield enters a local prizefight and is spotted by a New York detective (Claude Rains). To add to the unlikeliness, Busby Berkeley was the director. The melodrama is mawkishly familiar, but there are watchable bits along the way, and it's tolerable. Barbara Pepper and Ann Sheridan figure in the big-city dirty glitter at the beginning, and on the ranch there's twisty-mouth Gloria Dickson as the good-woman blonde—she's an odd one, even by Warners' thirties standards. James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. The script, credited to Sig Herzig, is a reworking of the 1933 Warners movie "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23.)

Ticket to Heaven (1981)—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler, part of a team selling flowers on the streets. It's a plausible metamorphosis: his independent spirit is visibly drained away until his greatest excitement is joining with the others in the chant "Bring in the money! Stay awake! Smash out Satan!" As the hero's friend, a would-be standup comic who organizes a kidnapping plot to rescue him, Saul Rubinek rescues the movie, too, by providing it with some personality. Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double-takes. After the kidnapping, when the bullying de-programmer (R. H. Thomson) stalks in and takes over, the dramatic logic collapses, because the director, Ralph L. Thomas, and his co-writer, Anne Cameron, haven't clarified the steps in the de-programming process (if it is a process, rather than just hit or miss). The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book, "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 27-28.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 27.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a Spanish grandee who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Film Forum; starting Jan. 29.)

True Confessions (1981)—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 27-28.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone except his dog (Flick in the subtitles but pronounced Flike). Umberto's alienation has pride and spirit in it, even though his skinny frame is stiffening. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself, for what Cesare Zavattini, who wrote the script with De Sica, called "the love of reality." This work stands apart from De Sica's other films, with the possible exceptions of "The Children Are Watching Us" and "Shoe-Shine"—its moral passion has a special purity. Zavattini wrote that "no other medium of expression has the cinema's original and innate capacity for showing things . . . in what we might call their 'dailiness.' " Perhaps what makes this film singular is that its "dailiness" is infused with so much awareness that the screen seems luminous. There isn't a minute of banality in this simple, direct film, and there's none of the usual Italian post-synching—even the background sound is live and was recorded at the time. Cinematography by G. R. Aldo. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as Umberto, Maria Pia Casilio as the servant, and Lina Gennari as the landlady. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert, the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years, just as they've been stealing from Sturges's other work, but no one has ever come close to the wildman deviltry of the best Preston Sturges comedies. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Regency; Jan. 23-24.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears. Dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. Death hovers over everyone. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. Movie-lovers may cherish what appears to be Dreyer's homage to Cocteau—the use of the little heart from "The Blood of a Poet." (Roger Vadim's 1960 exercise in supernatural chic, "Blood and Roses," is based on the same story by Sheridan Le Fanu that Dreyer used.) In German. (Thalia; Jan. 23.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart, and he photographs scenes from fifty yards away. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. Lest anybody miss the point, Lumet puts dirges on the soundtrack; they serve as accompaniment to the lawyer's heavy breathing and to the uninflected voice of Charlotte Rampling, the mysterious woman who shows up to complicate his life. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. (There's plenty of drizzle and brown gloom.) Newman plays his role for all it has got, making himself look softer and heavier, and even a little jowly, but it's a bowed-down, sorrowful-sot performance—a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

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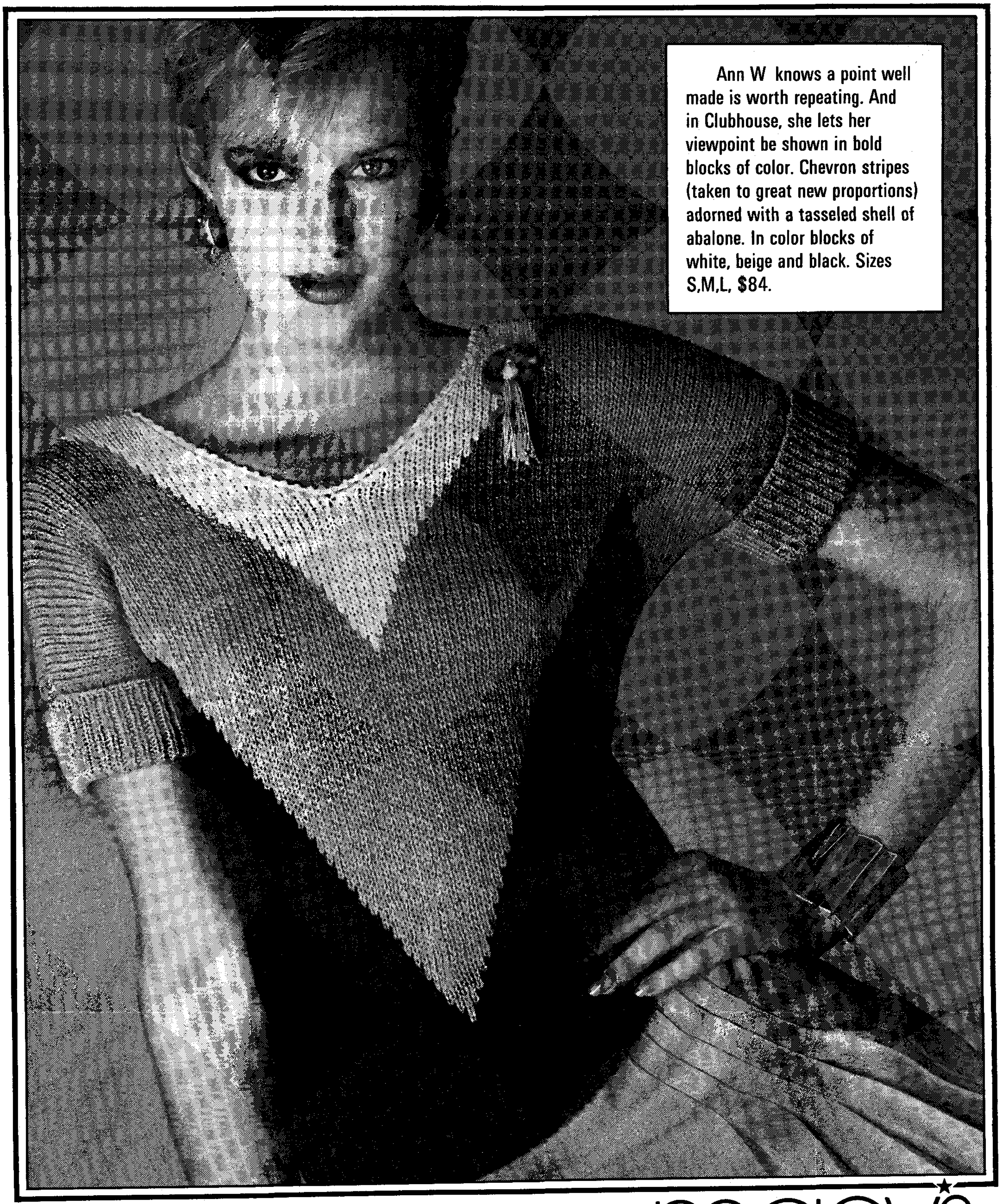

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

About a year ago, with my wife and four children, I moved into an eight-room apartment overlooking the East River. The building was put up by Vincent Astor around 1930, and until a couple of weeks ago something about the place made me uneasy, but I didn't know what it was. Through the months of painting, planning, decorating, furnishing, and so on, I couldn't pinpoint the source of my dissatisfaction. Then I had it: all our brass doorknobs, latches, and other door hardware were tarnished or had been painted over—apparently, dozens of times. They simply didn't look right. They nagged at me, and just didn't let me *feel* right. When this revelation came to me, it was after midnight in the middle of the week, and I was in my pajamas. But I felt driven to immediate action. I announced to my wife, who was half asleep, that I was going to remove all our door hardware. She said I was crazy, and went to sleep. Feeling possessed by a kind of energy I hadn't experienced in years, I got out our toolbox and began with the doorknobs. Once I had got the paint off the various screwheads, I was able to remove every doorknob in the house—there were twenty-two knobs. (Removal of the front doorknobs presented no security problem. We're privileged to have the only apartment on our floor, and we can lock our elevator.) To my surprise, the removal took me just under two hours, and it gave me the headiest kind of feeling. For the first time, after four houses and two other apartments in my adult life, I felt that I finally understood the meaning of being *the master of my house*. I was perspiring, and my pajama shirt was covered with black grease, but I was experiencing an unfamiliar kind of euphoria. I now went after the latch mechanisms. The first one, on the closet door in my bedroom, was caked with paint, and it refused to come loose even after I removed the screws holding it to the door. I got out my hammer and chisel. It was almost 3 A.M., and I was perfectly aware of the middle-of-the-night stillness, not only in our apartment but throughout the building and on the streets outside. But I gambled. Ten well-placed whacks, and I was able to wrest the mechanism from the door. My wife didn't even stir; none of the kids woke up; no neighbors complained. Doors Two, Three, and Four were tougher than the first, but I couldn't stop. I took off eleven of the mechanisms—all black metal cases with layers of grime covering them, the word "YALE" barely visible on a couple of them. Grease was thick on my hands, and my pajamas were soaked. I needed to get my pajama top off, and I didn't want to touch it, so I woke my wife and asked her to help me. Her reaction was frosty—especially when she saw the piles of paint chips and dirt on the floor near the doors I had operated on—but we've both got a lot of confidence in the solidity of our marriage. She helped me get into dry pajamas, and then she went back to sleep. I still didn't stop, however. I went after every piece of door hardware in the apartment. I even removed the doorbell.

At dawn, I had a large pile of hardware in the middle of the kitchen floor. I wasn't sleepy, but I was hungry. I made a stack of pancakes and kept eating them as the rest of the family straggled in and joined me. By now, my wife had caught some of my exhilaration. After breakfast, she went through the yellow pages and telephoned an outfit uptown that specializes in polishing hardware for motorcycles and vintage cars. We sent all our hardware up there. What those people didn't do to it! They removed the old paint by dipping each piece in a chemical solvent. They rinsed each piece. They removed the scratches with a wheel polisher. They degreased the hardware. They buffed it. Then they waxed it, wrapped it, and returned it to us. You can imagine how wonderful it felt replacing that hardware on our doors. It took me only half a night to put it all back, and I spent the other half just sitting there and looking at it. I'm at peace with the house at last.

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Opening

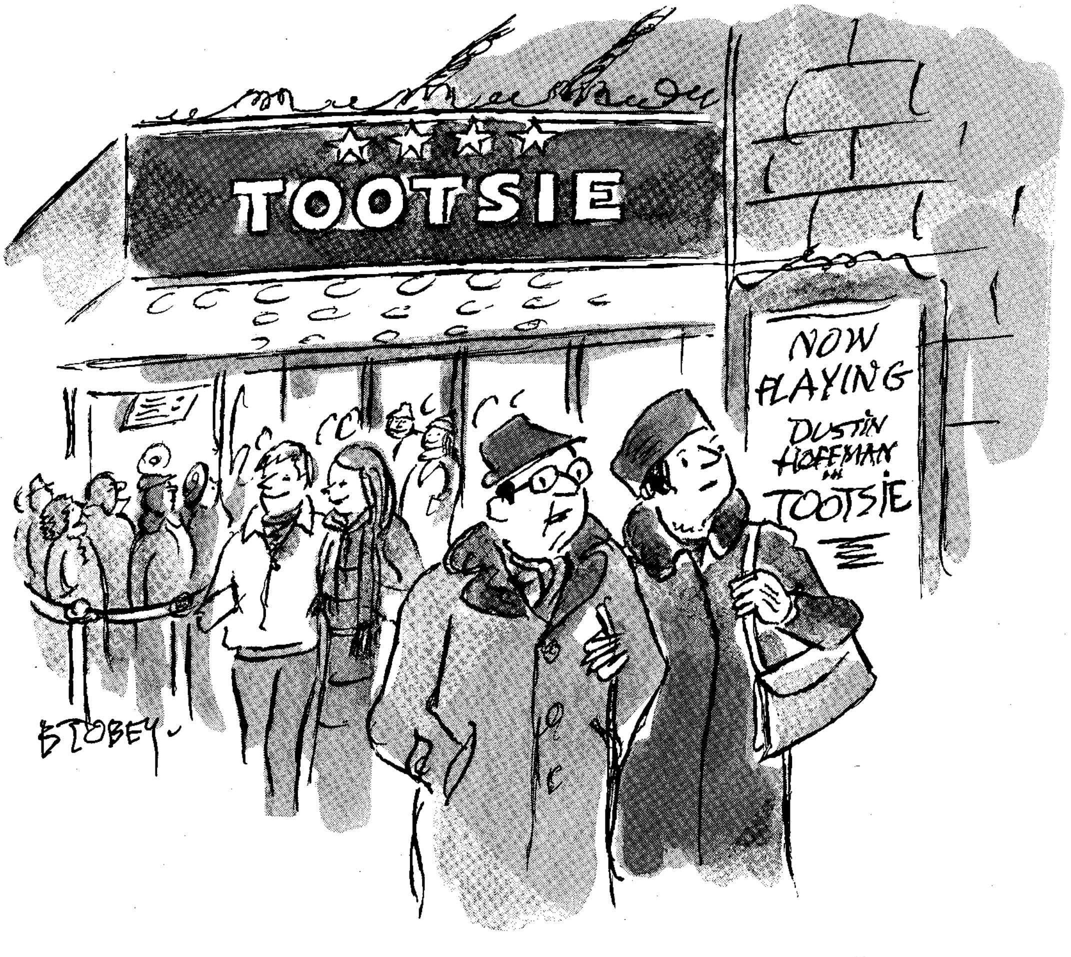
THE situation is this: When New York City found itself temporarily short of cash in the mid-nineteen-seventies, all municipal departments had to do some cutting back. The New York Public Library needed to cut a day out of the week; its officials decided that Saturday couldn't be spared, and axed Thursday. But last fall, thanks to the Chase Manhattan Bank, the historian Barbara Tuchman, and two anonymous donors, the Public Library was able to announce that, beginning this month, its general-research collections would once more be accessible on Thursdays. The main, Fifth Avenue library was to make its Thursday début at 10 A.M., and we were on hand. In the back of our mind was the picture of the first day of the hunting season—the thought that precisely at 10 A.M. burly men smelling of whiskey and wearing red hats with library cards pinned to the brim would pull up to the curb in station wagons, dash into the library, return shortly with large volumes, tie them to the roof racks of the station wagons, and drive off down Fifth Avenue, whooping and firing their guns in the air. Nothing like that happened.

Arriving at the library about five minutes early, we found a crowd of sorts milling about at the top of the steps. The first woman we talked to, though, said it was not the innovation that had drawn her to the library that day. "It's been closed on Thursdays?" the woman, who was bent on a genealogical errand, asked. "You're kidding! I had no idea. That really surprises me. I guess this is my lucky day." Others were similarly pleased. Marshall, a student from the University of Arkansas, had travelled all the way to New York to research his Ph.D. dissertation on the impact of foreign trade on the development of market assistance in Nigeria, and he said that except for this stroke of luck it would have been a busted day. An older man named Henry said, "I just come to do research on the markets. Sometimes I would forget and come here on Thursdays, and that always used to really aggravate me." The most interesting man on the steps told us that his name was John Doe (but we'd heard that one before), and said that he planned to "find out the rainfall for February and March in Bali," explaining, "I might plan a trip there, but I want to know how soggy it'll be."

When the doors opened, the bookish throng surged inside, most of it heading for the public-catalogue room, which adjoins the main reading rooms. Let history record that the first book requested on a Thursday from the public-catalogue room of the New York Public Library since 1975 was, appropriately, "The Business of Book Publishing," by a man named Clive Bingley. Soon thereafter came requests for a biography of Hannibal and for a volume entitled "Ample Food for Stupid Thought." The fourth patron to step to the desk asked for a phone directory for Tampico, Mexico, where his son lives.

By ten-thirty, the research room was nearly full. (Indeed, a total of 5,913 people used the library that Thursday, 4,761 entering through the lion-guarded main door and 1,152 slipping in from Forty-second Street.) We canvassed some of those in attendance to find out exactly what was being learned that wouldn't have been learned if the aforementioned benefactors had not thrown some funds in the direction of the library. The first man we talked to was looking into triclavianism. "That was a school of thought that held that Jesus was crucified by three nails only, and its members were ready to kill people who believed there were four or five nails involved," he explained. A fellow nearby was leafing through lists of bookstores that might want to carry his recently published work, "Critique and Society." "What's your book about?" we asked. "I think the title about explains it—'Critique and Society,' " he said. We also came across a man who was delving into the history of the docks on Manhattan's lower West Side as they relate to the Westway road project ("I'm neutral on it. I'm from Jersey," the man said), a City University teacher working on a book about Jewish Communism in the nineteen-thirties, a Rutgers student looking up books by "a dead psychiatrist named Frantz Fanon," and a Peoria professor researching "the several endings of the George Bernard Shaw play 'Arms and the Man.' "

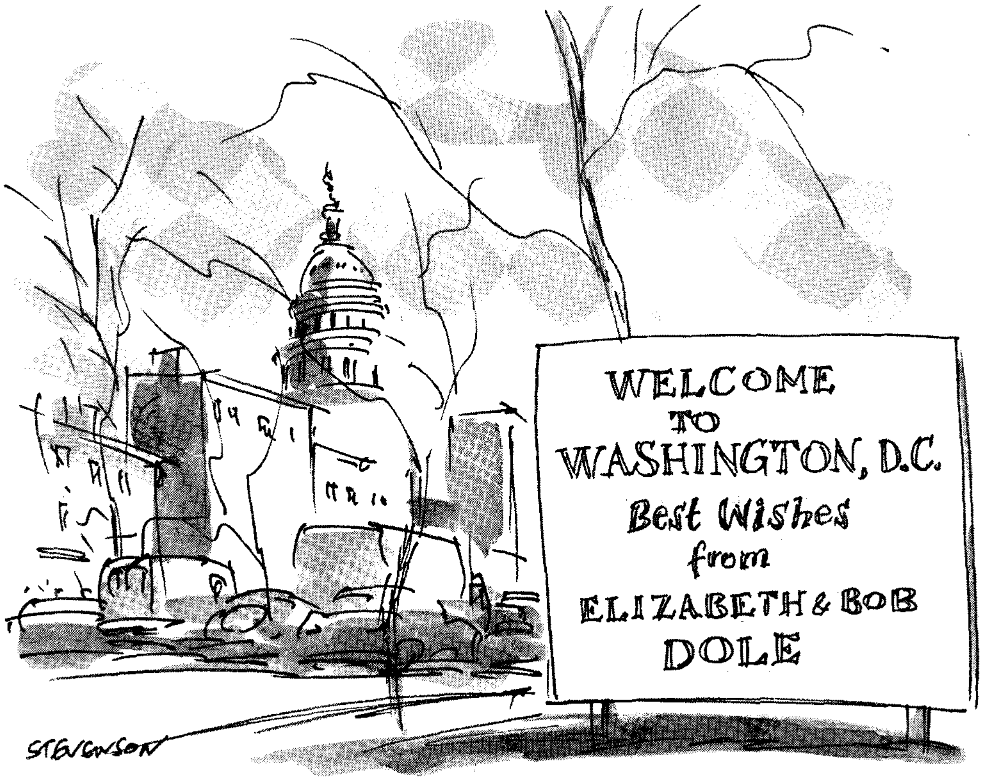
Across the room, a young woman was compiling a list of "films that have already been made on horses." She added, "How to groom them, and stuff like that. There seem to be quite a lot." A well-dressed man not far away was having similar luck with his quest. "I was just interested to see what the New York Public Library has on calendars," he told us. "I'm quite interested in the calendar." Referring to a large index book open on his lap, he added, "They have books from page 413 to page 490 on calendars. This is a great place to find the answer to anything." Identical sentiments were voiced by another man at the table, who also said he was in pursuit of information about Bernarr Macfadden: "He was a health nut. That is to say, he believed in physical culture. And he published *True Story* magazine." Other topics that morning, topics that would have gone



"Now I'll have to stop calling you Tootsie."

unresearched on Thursdays of yore: the history of the Jewish Khazars; "the collectivist movement of the Knights of Labor and the syndicalism of the I.W.W. as challenges to the pure-and-simple trade unionism of the A.F.L.;" soil and irrigation problems in developing countries; Virginia Woolf's translation of the "Agamemnon;" the life of a business associate of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., named Henry Flagler; and the effect of sports on the American family ("maybe if sports reduces crime—that type of thing").

As we walked back down the wide marble stairs, we met a man in a cowboy hat coming up. What, we inquired, was he using the library for today? He smiled, and said, "People come to the library for a lot of things. Many come for reading and writing, and all that. Myself, I come here to sit down."



Automobile Show

NEARLY concurrent with the departure for Tokyo of some United Auto Workers officials—eager, we supposed, to study the latest in robotics—Lee Iacocca, the chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, threw a cocktail party at the Sheraton Centre Ballroom: seventeen-piece Duke Ellington ensemble with Mercer E. conducting, roast-beef-sandwich bar, steak-tartare bar, mountains of shrimp on numerous tables—you name it, they had it. There were a dozen or so highly polished new cars emplaced around the big room, perhaps the most eye-catching of which was a Plymouth Reliant Space Van, red, black, and white, with two video-game consoles in the rear. "If my son saw this, he'd go crazy," a strolling woman said. Nearby was a Limousine Version of a Caravan Street Van, long and black, with tinted-glass windows—a hearse with seats. Our own favorite, naturally, was the Chrysler New Yorker Fifth Avenue Edition sedan, which, like all the other cars on display except one—a Dodge 400 convertible, "Base Retail Manufacturer's Price Approx. $9,995.00"—bore no price tag. Another Dodge convertible, bright red with red-and-green plaid upholstery, had a rumble seat. It also had arrayed in its various compartments six teen-age girls in cheerleaders' costumes, who, we learned from a hovering Chrysler vice-president, had been imported from Harrison High School in Farmington Hills, Michigan, to sit decoratively inside. One of the girls was saying ruefully to a bystander, "All we've had time to do so far on our very first trip to New York was to walk a few blocks down Broadway, and go to Bloomingdale's. And they're shipping us back home first thing in the morning."

The crowd appeared to be about half freeloaders and half Chrysler people, the latter all wearing name tags except Mr. Iacocca, who has done so many television commercials he is well beyond the "Do you know me?" stage. He was wearing a dark-blue pin-striped suit, a blue shirt with a white collar, and a striped tie. His pants needed pressing, but it had been raining outside and this has been a hard time for Chrysler anyway. When we bumped into him, he was engaged in banter with another readily identifiable television personality, George Steinbrenner. A prowling TV crew pounced on Mr. Steinbrenner and asked the Yankee slugger for a few pro-Chrysler words. "I'm doing this for you!" Mr. Steinbrenner yelled to his host above "Mood Indigo." "Generally, I get paid something for it!"

Mr. Iacocca smiled, and we seized the opportunity to solicit an exclusive prediction on 1983 car sales. "I foresee an eight-and-a-half-million market—maybe ten million, but I want to be conservative," he said. "Our share has been ten per cent, and this year we're going to go for eleven. How's that?" He turned away to be introduced to a handsome elderly woman in black-and-white fur tails. It was Gloria Swanson. She was clutching a single red carnation. "Mr. Iacocca," said a man who was steering the actress through the mob, "she's in this picture and she's supposed to be driving a Volkswagen, but after seeing your cars she could be . . ." Iacocca patted her on the shoulder and left, noncommittally. Miss Swanson, looking remarkably fit for eighty-three, wandered over toward the cheerleaders' convertible. "I *want* it!" she exclaimed. One of the girls invited her to climb into the rumble seat, but after assaying her chances of doing so in a ladylike fashion she declined. Instead, she delivered a monologue to the young women, of which, through the enveloping din, we could catch only snatches: "No one should ever grow up. . . . Remember, you're unique. There's not another person in the universe like any of you. . . . You people have been given an unfortunate world to grow up in, because people of my generation, and later generations, have made a mess of this beautiful planet. . . . I hope you have fantastic lives."

Miss Swanson swept off.

"Who was *that?*" one of the girls asked a Chrysler man.

"Gloria Swanson," he said.

"Who is she?"

"A famous movie star."

Two of the cheerleaders almost

broke their necks vaulting out of the car to run after her for her autograph.

Honorable Guess

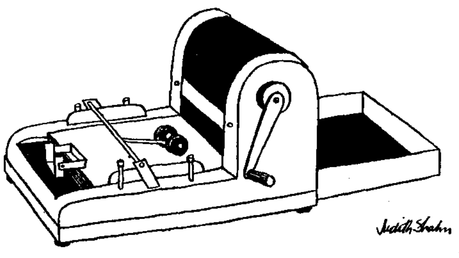
WE have just talked with David Hare, the thirty-five-year-old British author and director of the play "Plenty," who was in this country briefly to supervise the play's move from the Public Theatre, downtown, to the Plymouth Theatre, uptown, where it has since opened to considerable critical acclaim. "Plenty" is the story of Susan Traherne, an idealistic young British woman who acted as a courier in Occupied France during the Second World War and who finds postwar life in England so gray and oppressive, so disillusioning and materialistic, that she plunges into self-destructive madness; no subsequent event in her life matches, or even approaches, the emotional impact of her wartime experiences. In order to reach Hare and the Plymouth, we had to walk through one of the most desolate spots in Manhattan today—the rubble-strewn wasteland that once marked the site of the Morosco and Helen Hayes Theatres, which have been torn down as monuments to a twisted view of civic progress. An unholy sight, it presents the perfect picture of a bombed-out area in a city that has mercifully been spared terror from the sky. We went through the stage door of the Plymouth into the cocoonlike safety of backstage, where we were warmly greeted by George Domingos, the stage doorman. "Mr. Hare will be here in a minute. Make yourself comfortable," he said. "I have worked with Colleen Dewhurst, by the way, in three plays—one of them closed here not long ago. She is a grand person. I think you would be more comfortable sitting in the theatre itself." We cautiously made our way past some flats and props, down a short flight of stairs, and into the elegant Plymouth, with its red plush seats and buff-colored boxes and almost sensuous air of make-believe. The curtain was up; a few technical people were scattered about the house, fiddling with wires.

A moment later, a tall, slim man with clean-cut features and wearing black pants and a black sweater walked over and introduced himself as David Hare. He was soft-spoken but businesslike. "Give me a minute," he said, and he went up onto the stage, where he greeted an assistant and proceeded to walk, in a strangely stiff-legged fashion, around the stage in circles, first in one direction, then in the other, pointing at various lights and props. One could see at once that this was a no-nonsense man of the theatre. Then he came down from the stage and over to us again. "I am frightfully sorry," he said. "Now let's get some coffee." Leaving the theatre, we stepped, with Hare, into the reality of Forty-fifth Street and then into a coffee shop. "The sight of those missing theatres gives me the frights," he said. "I hate to see the destruction of any theatre, and especially of a proscenium theatre. When they take down the arch, they are no longer pretending that they are pretending. In Sydney, Australia, they have torn down more than ten proscenium theatres in the past eight years. Deplorable."

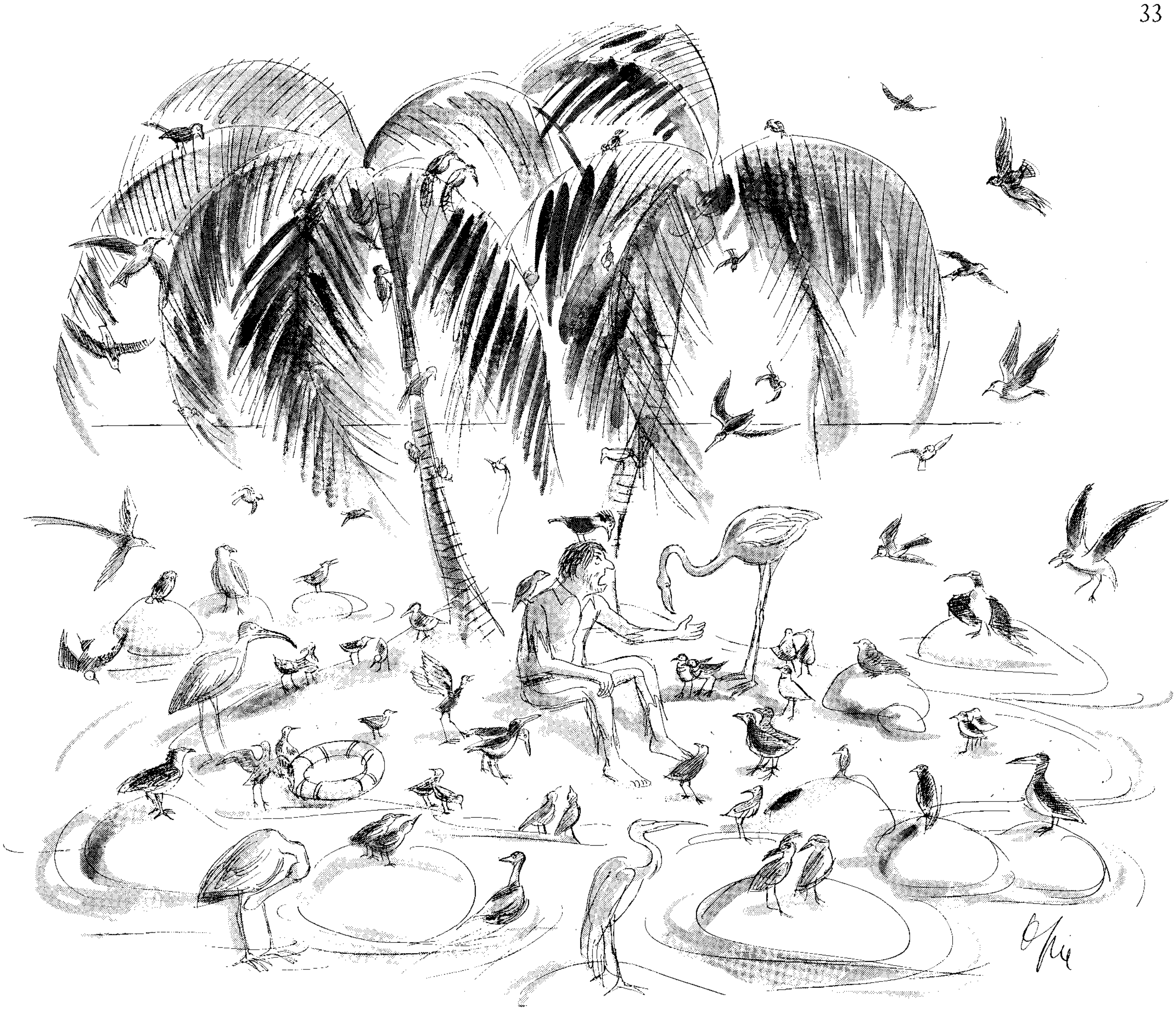
We said that walking through the theatre district reminded us of funerals—and, incidentally, of a funeral we had recently attended for a critic.

"Funerals are quite appropriate for critics," said Hare. "At a funeral, a speaker will get up and single out one thing in the life of the deceased, and emphasize it. Someone will say, 'This man saved the whale,' for instance, and neglect everything else the man ever did. Like critics, funerals expropriate the dead, and turn the dead into whatever they wish to make of him or her."

Hare said that he gets restless the moment a play opens, and instantly wants to be anywhere except where it is playing. "I get out of town as soon as possible. I simply cannot bear being around while the play is being performed. In London, I live in a flat in a raffish part of town, near Notting Hill Gate. Right now, I am anxious to get back to London and direct the production of my new play, 'A Map of the World,' which will open shortly at the National. It's about a Third World UNESCO conference in Bombay in 1976. Politics fascinate me. The decline of England after the war fascinates me. Ask me where I was born, and I will say at St. Leonards, near Hastings, in Sussex. Then ask me when I was born, and I will say June 5, 1947, the day the Marshall Plan was announced at Harvard. That's the way my mind works. English audiences hated the character of Susan Traherne. She made them uncomfortable right from the start, when the play opened in London, in 1978. Kate Nelligan played the part there, as she does here. She has to build up the character with great care. The seeds of her eventual destruction are much more apparent in England than they are here. Kate is so fine in the part—I dedicated the play to her—that she often says she fears she will be playing it for the rest of her life. I am not certain what the reaction of American audiences to Traherne will be. I want audiences to make up their own minds about her. As I said, there was an intense feeling against the character in England. You see, I feel that the British walk in a certain way. They hold their heads down in a certain way. They seem to be saying, 'There is no use in doing anything, no point in trying.' This is something that my character also seems to be saying. Mrs. Thatcher has caught that mood in her people. Basically, she says you can't do anything. Her politics have failed, and I am astonished that your President is following the same practices. When Nixon and Ford went out of office, I thought, Now perhaps the United States has a chance. But Carter, who was an intelligent, sensitive man, seemed paralyzed in a funny sort of way. Nothing really worked out for the man.



"Americans seem to feel that no laws of nature apply to them. They imply that there will be endless plenty, that nothing will run out, that the rugs will never become tattered or shred. Of course, you lost a war, but that has taken a long time to sink in. If 'Plenty' had been produced here four or five years ago, it would not have had the reception it is getting today. But self-doubt has crept in as a result of Vietnam, and this may be the beginning of wisdom. There is a scene in the play where Susan's husband turns on her with cold fury. He is a foreign-service officer, and represents to her everything she finds decadent in England. She has been mercilessly tearing him down. Finally, he turns. He says she has ruined his life and hers through her dreadful selfishness. In England, this scene always produced a tremendous emotional response in favor of the man. Audiences were almost unanimously behind him. There was a palpable sense of relief in the audience, a sense that he was at last expressing



"Shorebirds of the Bahamas, scram!"

• •

what they had believed all along. From that moment on, they felt less threatened by her and what she stood for. They were extremely happy that he had spoken out. Her threat is dealt with cruelly, almost savagely. American audiences will have to reach their own conclusions. There are many things to be said on both sides of the question. American audiences, incidentally, are not very keen on irony. Americans seem to go more for sincerity, in all its ludicrous forms. Nixon, for instance, was always *sincere* as well as painfully dishonest. I doubt if the Checkers speech would have gone over in England.

"I have been writing plays since I was twenty-two. At first, the words just flowed out. I wrote practically on my knees—it seemed that easy. Now the writing itself has become more difficult, but once it is over I find the total experience fantastic, and I cannot imagine any other life, a life without it. I guess this gets back to my love of proscenium arches. I am the only writer in my family, but I went to school in Sussex with Tim Rice and Christopher Hampton, who wrote 'Savages.' I went to Lancing College and then to Cambridge. And what did I learn at Cambridge? Not much. I stayed three years at Cambridge, but the whole climate got me down. Nothing but asthma: all those fens and marshes.

"I am dreadfully restless. After Cambridge, I started a touring company. Then I came over here in 1978 and took a beautiful glass house overlooking the sea at Wellfleet, on Cape Cod. Then I moved around again—to Daytona Beach and to Washington, struggling with an aborted film. One thing about England—nobody bothers you. The day that I sat down to write 'Plenty,' I had no idea how the play would end. I had been reading an extraordinary book by M. R. D. Foot. The British Government asked Foot to write the book, and it was published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. It is called 'SOE in France,' SOE standing for Special Operations Executive, a clandestine arm that operated behind enemy lines on the Continent. I read in that book that the divorce rate among women who had been agents for the SOE was *seventy-five per cent!* 'This is an extraordinary figure,' I said to myself, and I took off from there. From there, it was a great deal of instinct and not a great deal of research. When I write a play, I feel that if I have a starter, a certain honorable guess, and then move forward in an honest fashion, the play will take care of itself."

CONEY ISLAND

Drew is sitting at the kitchen table in his friend Chester's apartment in Arlington. It's a bright day, and the sun shining through the kitchen curtains, patterned with chickens, gives the chickens an advantage they don't have in real life; backlit, they're luminous. Beautiful.

Drew has been at Chester's for a couple of hours. The light is sharp now, in late afternoon. Between them, on the table, the bottle of Jack Daniel's is half empty. Chester pours another half inch into his glass, wipes the bottle neck with his thumb, licks it. He twirls the cap back on the bottle, like people who replace the cork after they've poured a glass of wine. Chester likes wine; his wife, Holly, converted him, but he knows better than to offer wine to Drew. Holly is in the hospital now, and will be there overnight; his tests for infertility were negative, and now the doctors are doing some kind of minor exploratory surgery on her. Maybe he would have gotten loaded today even if Drew hadn't shown up.

Drew is tapping the salt and pepper shakers together. The shakers are in the shape of penguins. What a sense of humor his friends Ches and Holly have! One penguin looks like a penguin, and the other has on a vest and top hat. Probably they were manufactured as jokes.

Chester's radio needs new batteries. He holds it in his right hand and shakes it with the motion he'd use to shake a cocktail shaker. Earlier, he thought about shaking up some Manhattans, but Drew said he preferred his bourbon straight.

Today, Drew drove across the mountains from Waynesboro to come to his nephew's christening in Arlington. The party afterward was at his mother's. Before the party, he had pruned some bushes, fixed the basement door so it wouldn't stick. Afterward, when everyone had gone and his mother was in the bathroom, he used the phone and called his old girlfriend Charlotte. That was unexpected, even to Drew. The month before, Charlotte married a man who managed a trendy hardware store in some mall outside of Arlington. Drew's mother cut the wedding announcement out of the paper and sent it to him at work, with "Personal" written on the envelope. Now when he has this affair with Charlotte, his secretary will know. What else would a secretary think about a boss getting a letter marked "Personal"?

It's less than an hour until Drew will go to meet Charlotte for a drink. Charlotte Coole, now Charlotte Raybill. Charlotte Coole Raybill, for all Drew knows. Chester has agreed to go along, so that if they're seen people may at least assume it's just some friends having a drink for old times' sake. Everybody knows everybody else's business. A cousin of Drew's, Howard, had a long affair with a married woman when he lived in New York. It lasted four years. They always met in Grand Central. For years, people hurried around them. Children were tugged past. Religious fanatics held out pamphlets. It was so likely that they'd see somebody one of them knew that of course they never did, and, to their knowledge, nobody ever saw them. They drank at Windows on the World. Who would ever find them there? Howard had a way of telling the story for laughs—the two of them holding each other beside the gate of the Mount Kisco local, kissing until their mouths felt burned, and then, downtown, sitting beside the floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty. When Drew was a little boy, he went to New York with his family. They climbed up the statue, and for years he still believed what his father told him—that he'd climbed into the thumb. Howard's lover divorced her husband but married someone else. Howard got bitter and took it out on everybody. Once, he told Drew and Chester that they were nowhere, that they'd never examined anything for a moment in their lives. What did Howard know, Drew thinks. Howard used to look out high windows and he ended up in another skyscraper, in a shrink's office, with the blinds closed.

Drew says, "Charlotte's elbows were pointy, like a hard lemon. I used to hold on to her elbows when I made love to her. What a thing to be sitting here remembering."

"Drew, she's meeting you for a drink," Chester says sadly. "She's not going to leave her husband."

Chester taps the radio lightly on the table, the way he'd tap a cigarette out of a pack. Drew and Chester don't smoke. They haven't smoked since college. Drew met Charlotte and fell in love with her when he was a sophomore in college. "She's a *kid*," Howard had said to him back then, in one of those late-night fraternity-house rap sessions. Howard always took a fatherly tone, although he was only two years ahead of them. "Let's call Howard," Drew says now. "Ask him what he thinks about Holly." Howard is a surgeon, in Seattle. They track him down sometimes at the hospital, or through his answering service, late at night. A couple of times, drunk, they disguised their voices and gave garbled panicky accounts of what they thought Howard would recognize as a heart attack, or a ruptured appendix.

"I met the doctor Holly's been going to," Chester says. He points at the kitchen ceiling. "If *that* God Almighty and her God Almighty gynecologist think there's no reason why she can't have a baby, I'm just going to wait this one out."

"I just thought we might call him," Drew says. He takes off his shoes.

"No point calling about this," Chester says. Chester pours himself another drink. He rubs his hair back off his forehead, and that feels good. He does it again, then once again.

"Call the hospital and see how she made out," Drew says.

"I'm her husband and you think I wasn't *there*? I saw her. They wheeled her out and she said that she didn't care if she never had a kid—that she couldn't stand to feel like ice. That was the, you know . . . anesthetic. I held her feet in my hands for an hour. She was asleep and the nurse told me to go home. In the morning, when Dr. High and Mighty shows up, I guess we'll know something. How come you're so full of advice?"

"I didn't give any advice. I said to call her," Drew says.

Drew holds the bottle against his forehead for a second, then puts it back on the table. "I'm hungry," he says. "I ought to do everything before I see Charlotte, shouldn't I? Eat so there'll be time to talk. Drink and get sober. Do it all beforehand."

"How come you decided to call Charlotte today?" Chester says.

"My nephew—"

"I mean why call *Charlotte*? Why call her?"

This time, Drew fiddles with the radio, and a station comes in, faintly. They both listen, surprised. It's still only October, and the man is talking about the number of shopping days left until Christmas. Drew moves the dial, and loses the station. He can't get it back. He shoves the radio across the table. A penguin tips over. It rests there, with its pointed face on the radio.

"I'll have another drink and stand her up," Drew says.

"Oh, I can do it for you," Chester says, and sets the penguin upright.

"Aren't you a million laughs," Drew says. "*Charlotte*—not the penguin. Charlotte, Charlotte—Charlotte who isn't going to leave her husband. Does that get her name into the conversation enough?"

"I don't want to go with you," Chester says. "I don't see the point of it." He rubs his hands across his forehead again. He cups one hand over his eyes and doesn't say anything else.

Drew puts his hand over his glass. The gesture of a person refusing a refill, but no one's offering. He looks at his hands.

Chester reaches in his shirt pocket. If the missing laundry receipt isn't there or in his wallet, where is it? It has to be somewhere, in some pocket. He puts his index finger in the neck of the bottle. He wiggles it. There is a little pile of salt where the penguin tipped over. Chester pushes the salt into a line, pretends to be holding a straw in his fingers, touches the imaginary straw to the inch of salt, closes off one nostril, inhales with the other as he moves the straw up the line. He smiles more widely.

"Be glad you don't have that problem," Drew says.

"I am," Chester says. "I tell you, I'm glad I don't even remember being gassed when I had my tonsils out when I was a kid. Holly was so cold and sleepy. But not nice sleep—more like she'd been hit."

"She's O.K.," Drew says.

"How do you know?" Chester says. Then he's surprised by how harsh his voice sounds. He smiles. "Sneaking around to see her, the way you make arrangements to see Charlotte?" he says.

"You've got to be kidding," Drew says. "What a sick thing to say."

"I was kidding."

"And no matter what I said now, I couldn't win, could I? If I made out like I'd be crazy to be interested in Holly, you'd be insulted, right?"

"I don't want to talk about this," Chester says. "You go see Charlotte. I'll sit here and have a drink. What do you want me for?"

"I told her you were coming," Drew says. He takes a sip of his drink. "I was thinking about that time we went to Coney Island," he says.

"You told me," Chester says. "You mean years ago, right?"

"I told you about shooting the rifle?"

"Coney Island," Chester sighs. "Have some dogs at Nathan's, ride that Cyclone or whatever it's called, pop a few shots and win your girl a prize . . ."

"I told you?"

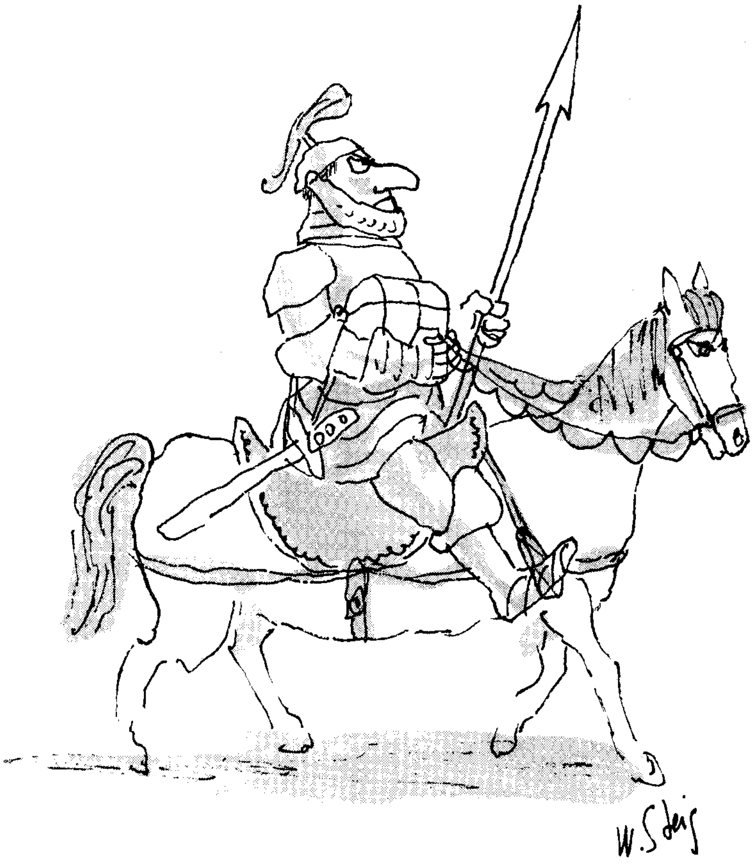
"Go ahead and tell me," Chester says.

Chester pours two drinks. After Drew's drink is poured, Drew puts his hand over the glass again.

"You've got about five minutes to tell me, by the way, unless you're really going to stand her up," Chester says.

"Maybe she'll stand *me* up."

"She won't stand you up."



Customer Returning with Defective Merchandise

"O.K.," Drew says. "Charlotte and I went to Coney Island. Got on those rides that tilt you every which way, and what do you call that thing with the glass sides that goes up the pole so you can look out—"

"I've never been to Coney Island," Chester says.

"I was showing her my style," Drew says. "The best part was later. This guy in the shooting gallery clips the cardboard card with the star on it to the string, sends it down to the end of the line, and I start blasting. Did it three or four times, and there was always some tiny part of the blue left. The pinpoint of the tip of one triangle. The middle of the target was this blue star. I was such a great shot that I was trying to win by shooting out the star, and the guy finally said to me, "Man, you're trying to blast that star away. What you do is shoot *around* it, and the star falls out." Drew looks at Chester through the circle of his thumb and first finger, drops his hand to the table. "What you're supposed to do is go around it, like slipping a knife around a cake pan to get the cake out." Drew takes a sip of his drink. He says, "My father never taught me anything."

Chester gets up, drinks the last of his bourbon, puts the glass in the sink. He looks around his kitchen, as if it were unfamiliar. At one time, it was. Holly had it painted pastel green while he was at work. Now it's pearl-colored. Her skin was the color of the kitchen walls when they wheeled her out of the recovery room. He put his hands on her feet, for some reason, before she was even able to speak and tell him that she was cold. Sometimes in the winter when they're in bed, he reaches down and gets her feet and tucks them under his legs. Drew met Holly before he did, fifteen years ago. He went out with her once, and he didn't even kiss her. Now, when he comes to dinner every month or so, he kisses her forehead when he comes and when he goes. "I'm persuading her,"

LYING

To claim, at a dead party, to have spotted a grackle,
When in fact you haven't of late, can do no harm.
Your reputation for saying things of interest
Will not be marred if you hasten to other topics,
Nor will the delicate web of human trust
Be ruptured by that airy fabrication.
Later, however, talking with toxic zest
Of golf, or taxes, or the rest of it
Where the beaked ladle plies the chuckling ice,
You may enjoy a chill of severance, hearing
Above your head the shrug of unreal wings.
Not that the world is tiresome in itself:
We know what boredom is—it is a dull
Impatience or a fierce velleity,
A champing wish, stalled by our lassitude,
To make or do. In the strict sense, of course,
We invent nothing, merely bearing witness
To what each morning brings again to light:
Gold crosses, cornices, astonishment
Of panes, the turbine vent which natural law
Spins on the grill end of the diner's roof,
Then grass and grackles or, at the end of town
In sheen-swept pastureland, the horse's neck
Clothed with its usual thunder, and the stones
Beginning now to tug their shadows in
And track the air with glitter. All these things
Are there before us; there before we look
Or fail to look; there to be seen or not
By us, as by the bee's twelve thousand eyes,
According to our means and purposes.
So, too, with strangeness not to be ignored—
Total eclipse or snow upon the rose—
And so with that most rare conception, nothing.
What is it, after all, but something missed?
It is the water of a dried-up well
Gone to assail the cliffs of Labrador.
There is what galled the arch-negator, sprung
From Hell to probe with intellectual sight
The cells and heavens of a given world
Which he could take but as another prison.
Small wonder that, pretending not to be,
He drifted through the barlike boles of Eden
In a "black mist low creeping," dragging down
And darkening with moody self-absorption
What, when he left it, lifted and, if seen
From the sun's vantage, seethed with vaulting hues.
Closer to making than the deftest fraud
Is seeing how the catbird's tail was made
To counterpoise, on the mock-orange spray,
Its light, up-tilted spine; or, lighter still,
How the shucked tunic of an onion, brushed
To one side on a backlit chopping board
And rocked by trifling currents, prints and prints
Its bright, ribbed shadow like a flapping sail.
Odd that a thing is most itself when likened:
The eye mists over, basil hints of clove,
The river glazes toward the dam and spills
To the drubbed rocks below its crashing cullet,
And in the barnyard near the sawdust pile
Some great thing is tormented. Either it is
A tarp torn loose and in the groaning wind
Now puffed, now flattened, or a hip-shot beast
Which tries again, and once again, to rise.
What, though for pain there is no other word,
Finds pleasure in the cruellest simile?
It is something in us like the catbird's song
From neighbor bushes in the gray of morning
That, harsh or sweet, and of its own accord,
Proclaims its many kin. It is a chant
Of the first springs, and it is tributary
To the great lies told with the eyes half-shut
That have the truth in view: the tale of Chiron,
Who with sage head, wild heart, and planted hoof
Instructed brute Achilles in the lyre,
Or of the garden where we first mislaid
Simplicity of wish and will, forgetting
Out of what cognate splendor all things came
To take their scattering names; and nonetheless
That matter of a baggage train surprised
By a few Gascons in the Pyrenees—
Which, having worked three centuries and more
In the dark caves of France, poured out at last
The blood of Roland, who to Charles his king
And to the dove that hatched the dovetailed world
Was faithful unto death, and shamed the Devil.

—Richard Wilbur

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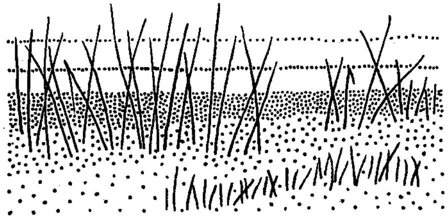
Drew sometimes says—or something like that—when he leaves. "Fifteen years, and I'm still giving her every opportunity." Holly always blushes. She likes Drew. She thinks that he drinks too much but that nobody's perfect. Holly's way of thinking about things has started to creep into Chester's speech. A minute ago, wasn't he talking about God Almighty? Holly's the one who seriously believes in God Almighty.

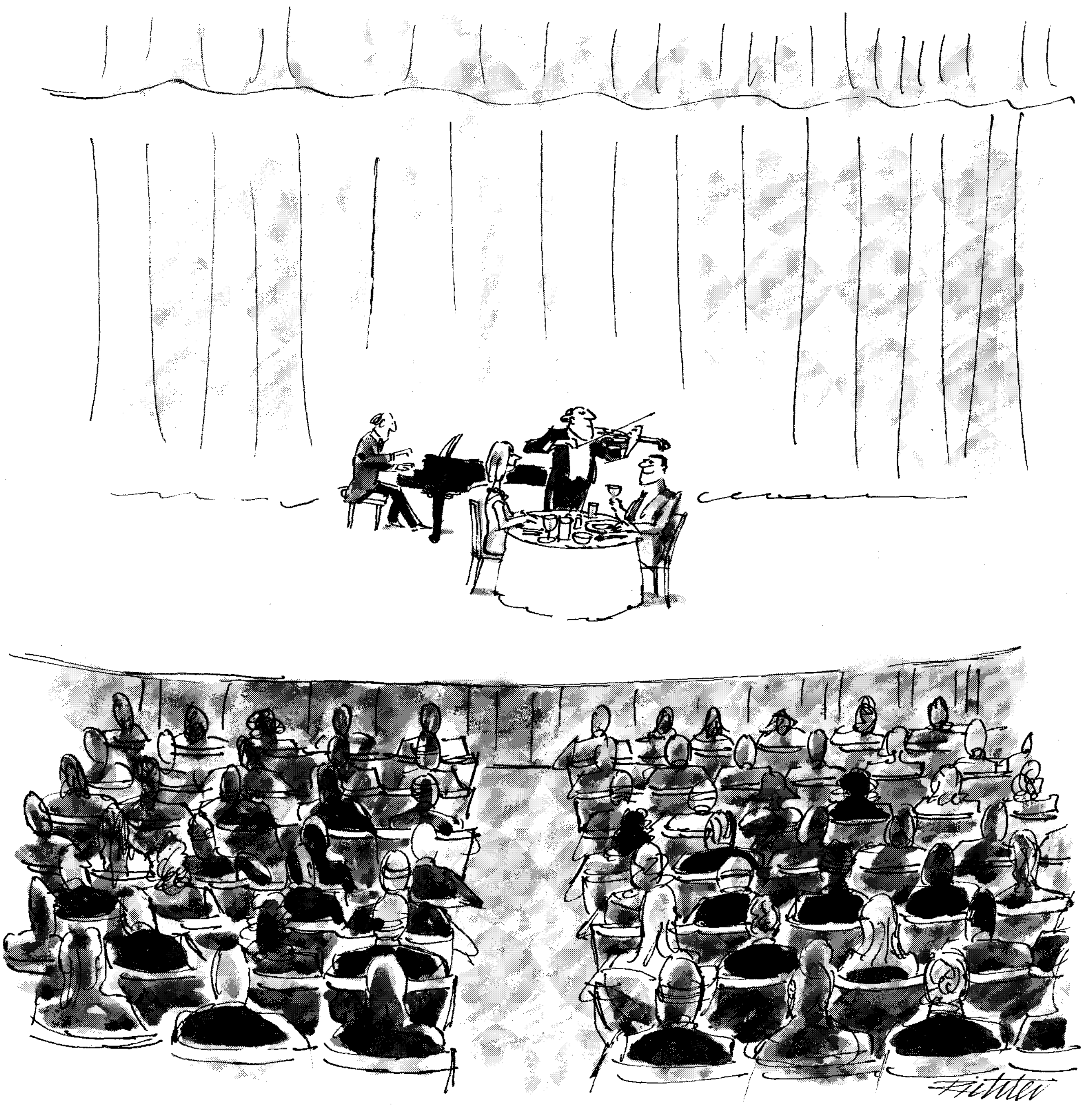
Drew stands beside Chester at the kitchen sink and splashes water on his face. He's tan and he looks good. Hair a little shaggy. There's some white in his sideburns. He wipes his face on the dish towel and swirls water in his mouth, spits it out. He pours a glass of water and drinks a few sips. The five minutes were up ten minutes ago. They go out to the hall and get the keys off the table. They're on a Jaguar key chain. Chester's car is a '68 Pontiac.

"Who's driving the Indian?" Chester says.

Drew reaches for the keys. In the elevator, he sees coronas around the lighted buttons with the floor numbers on them and tosses the keys back to Chester. Chester almost misses them, because his mind is elsewhere. He has to remember to wash the glasses; he promised Holly he'd fix the leaking faucet. He'll have one drink at the bar, say hello to Charlotte, and do some work around the apartment later. The elevator is going frustratingly slow. If they can have a child and if it's a girl, Holly wants to name it for a flower: Rose or Lily or Margy—is that what she thought up? Short for Marigold.



Drew is thinking about what he can say to Charlotte. They were together for two years. There was a world between them. How do people make small talk when they've shared a



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world? And if you say something real, it always seems too sudden. There are a lot of things he'd like to know, questions he could probably shoot out like gunfire. She really loved him, and she married somebody else? She got tired of trying to convince him that she loved him? She read in some magazine that people who've had an unhappy childhood, the way he did, stay screwed up? He remembers his father: instead of walking him through museums and taking trips to see statues and to eat in dim taverns with pewter plates, places that had been standing since the nineteenth century, he could have done something practical, like teach him to shoot. Just put your arms outside the kid's, move his fingers where they should go, line up the rifle and show him how to sight, tell him how to keep the gun steady, if that isn't already obvious.

Drew slides into the car, bangs his knee on the side of the door as he pulls it shut. In another second, Chester has opened the driver's door and gotten in. But he doesn't start the car.

"You know, friendship's really what it's all about, isn't it?" Chester says, clamping his hand on Drew's shoulder.

Drew looks over at him, and Chester looks sad. Drew wonders if Chester is worried about Holly. Or is he just drunk? But that has to wait for a second. What Drew has just realized is that what felt like panic all day is really excitement. A drink with Charlotte—after all this time, he's seeing her again. What he wants to say to Chester is so difficult that he can't bring himself to look him in the eye.

"Ches," Drew says, looking through the windshield, rubbing his hand over his mouth, then resting it on his chin. "Ches—have you ever been in love?"

—ANN BEATTIE

MEXICAN DUST

FOUR North American tourists are walking through the interior of a small church, near Oaxaca: one square room, shabby but strictly decorous, with its white lace altar cloth and intricate silver candlesticks; its outsize, bright floppy flowers, and vague, dark holy pictures. Single file, the tourists tiptoe: three large fair-haired people, a woman and two men, followed by another woman, who is small and dark, named Miriam. Miriam lags slightly behind the others, in the gray stone shadows.

The group of three which Miriam trails is led by Eric, her husband, a doctor. Next comes Eric's twin sister, Joan, also a doctor, and after Joan bearded Russell, a physicist, husband of Joan. Earlier that morning the two couples visited a splendid cathedral, very near the pretty hotel where they are all staying. This little church seems drab, comparatively. "It's sort of dreary, for a church," Joan whispers ahead to her brother Eric. Eric laughs, very quietly.

The group is all related, then, although Miriam is aware that the others are more related to each other than to her; and they look so alike, those three, so blond and full-fleshed. Before she met them (they were all at Stanford together), Miriam imagined them to be a family, two brothers with their sister, and she thought she had never seen such glamorous, such quintessentially *California* people. Small dark Miriam, from Quincy, Mass., on a scholarship, was dazzled, and she remained dazzled after they met—or, rather, after she met Eric (at a swimming party at Lake Lagunitas, of all odd circumstances; Eric said she looked like a goldfish, in her small yellow bathing suit). She and Eric fell in love, and he introduced her to his twin sister, Joan, in medical school along with him and married. And she met Joan's husband, Russell, studying physics.

And so, in addition to their similar looks, those three have science in common. Miriam, who studied English, now does volunteer work at the public library in Seattle, where she and Eric have moved. However, it is Miriam who has, just then, in the church, a weird science-fiction thought: she thinks that all the dust particles in Mexico could be silicon chips, programmed for some violence. She thinks that anything at all could happen there, and she is suddenly afraid.

Still tiptoeing behind the others, Miriam then notices a small crucifix, in a deeply recessed niche. Even in those dark shadows, though, she can see that the sagging figure of the Christ is lined with blood; red blood (well, paint, of course) seeps down from the gaping wound, just below his ribs.

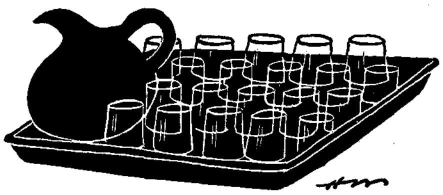
Or did Miriam's peripheral vision catch that image, that blood, just before her strange, quite uncharacteristic thought about dust and violence? She is not sure, not then or later on, when she considers everything.

USUALLY—almost always, really—Miriam finds it wonderful to be associated with those others, to be with them. When she is with them she has, even, a sense of being assimilated by them, with them, into them. It is as if by sufficiently gazing up at them, at Eric, Joan, and Russell, she could absorb—could take on their qualities, even their blondness and height.

And in their separate and collective ways they cherish her, too, Miriam feels; even her differences from themselves are appreciated. "How small you are!" Eric sometimes laughingly, lovingly remarks, even now, after eight years of marriage. And Joan: "What heaven it must be to shop for size-3 clothes!"

It has sometimes occurred to Miriam, though, that she could do with fewer remarks about her size; so much attention to it makes her feel rather like their mascot. She is simply small, a fact not terribly interesting to herself.

And she does have to argue with them all, when the four are together, about her library volunteer work, her arguments being the obvious ones: tax cuts are killing the libraries, libraries need all the help they can get. And, she adds, with only a B.A. in English lit., what sort of job could she get these days? Also, Eric's cardiology practice brings in plenty of money. Everything she says is true, they have to agree. Still, they all—especially Joan (who earns more than either Eric or Russell)—seem to wish that she did something else. That she had a career.



BEING alone with Eric is not at all the same as being with Eric and Joan and Russell; of course not. Alone, in Seattle, Miriam and Eric have domestic conversations: what needs to be fixed (their house is old, and large). And food: big Eric eats a lot, and on her way home from the library Miriam often stops to shop at the Pike Place Market (she loves it there, the beautiful open displays); Eric likes to hear about that, what she saw, what looked best. Their dinners are the high points of their days.

She occasionally feels, though, that Eric is more himself when they are with Joan and Russell than when there are only the two of them. With Joan and Russell, Eric talks more, expresses opinions, makes jokes. Mostly medical jokes. (Russell collects dirty limericks; he knows thousands.)

However, since Eric and Miriam have been in Seattle, they see Joan and Russell considerably less, Joan's practice being in Palo Alto; Russell works on the linear accelerator, at Stanford.

But they still have these trips: by tradition the four of them take vacations together. Joan and Russell do not come up to Seattle; they have let it be known that they really can't stand the Northwest. Miriam has not let it be known that she is not truly fond of San Francisco, where they sometimes meet. Everything so pretty, so "cute," she thinks, and does not say. She also thinks (silently) that cable cars are dangerous. But: one year a barge trip in France, another the small towns of Umbria and Tuscany. Last year Scotland, this year Mexico.

MIRIAM'S features are rather small, and her face has a curious flatness to it. A small mask. Dark eyes in shallow sockets, freckles across unprominent cheekbones. Small pointed nose, small mouth. Longish black-brown hair, which she sometimes knots up, to give herself more height.

Miriam.

ON the day after she has her curious intimation of violence in the dusky church, Miriam and the others go out to the ruins at Monte Albán in a hired car, with a guide. Magnificently preserved flattened stone pyramids, rising up from the broad flat plain, at mystical intervals.

On their way home, driving along the Pan-American highway, approaching the city of Oaxaca, they see an ambulance stopped just ahead of them, and a small cluster of people. Miriam begins to hold her breath.

"A woman and a baby, both killed," their guide mutters. He is sitting in front, next to the driver—but how did he know this, Miriam later wonders. He could see ahead? See the feet?

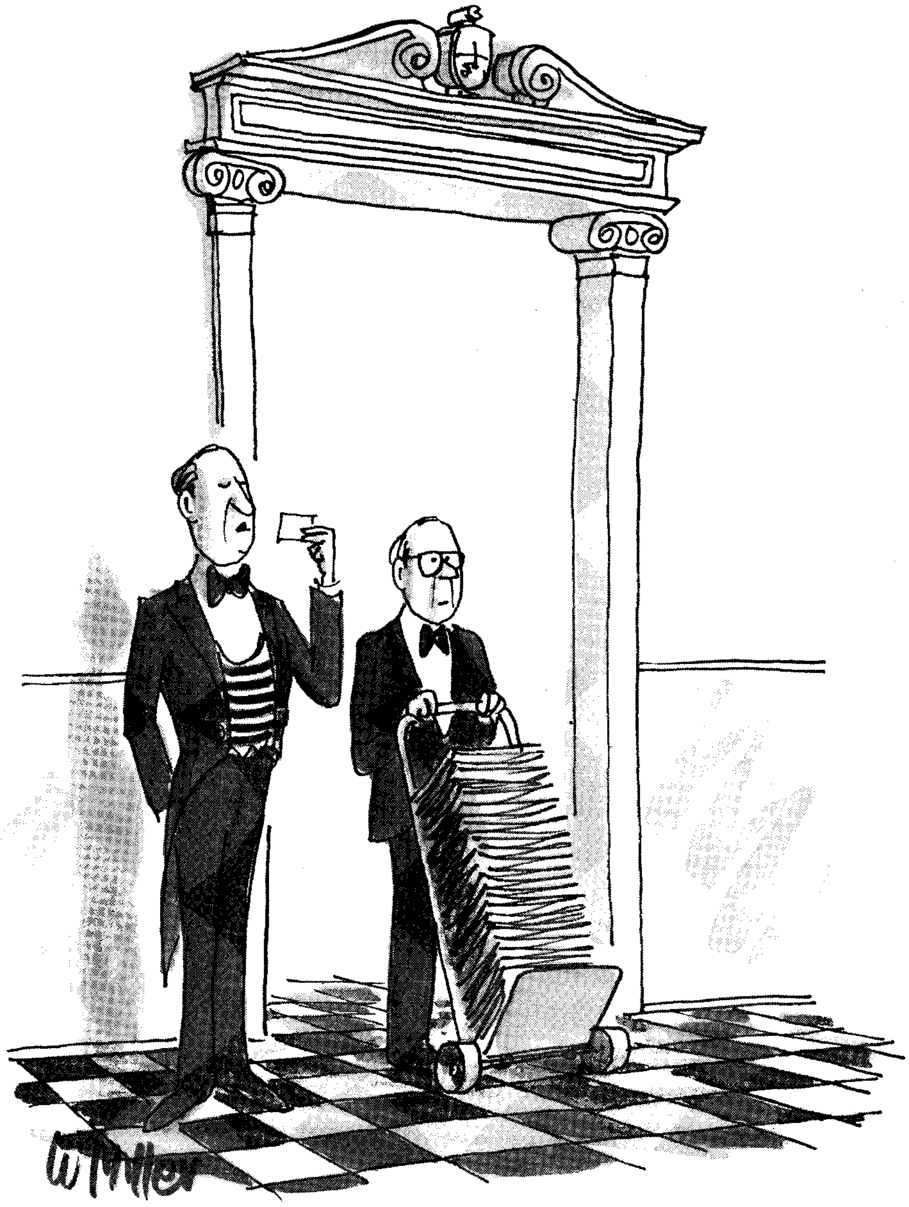
The car slows down, and Miriam, who is closest to the window on the left, looks out and sees: on the ground, a white cover of some sort pulled over two human shapes, one medium-sized, one tiny. Two thin brown ankles protruding from the larger shape. Dusty brown feet. Red streams coming from underneath the cover. Blood.

Sadness, misery on all the dark surrounding faces, the clustered onlookers. Their driver is very upset, although he goes on driving, slowly, as though in a mourning procession. To the guide, or perhaps to himself, he speaks in a low, continuous way, very softly, in Spanish.

Miriam also speaks to herself, but inwardly, with no sound. People are killed every day, in one way or another, somewhere, she tells herself; you must not sentimentalize these two, they are out of pain now. You did not know them.

Joan says, "That's absolutely horrible." Her mouth twists, and tightens.

And Eric, in a bitter voice: "They think God will get them across highways." He is looking anxiously at Miriam. To reassure him she smiles, and touches his hand.



"Truscott Farnsworth III and his brilliant though as yet unpublished memoirs."

TEN or fifteen minutes later, Joan speculates, "It could have been an older sister carrying a baby. There seem to be a lot of them—older kids helping. Family support systems."

Eric: "Sometimes it's hard to tell who's the mother, girls having babies at fifteen or sixteen." Eric is in favor of zero population growth, generally. Miriam would like to have one child. Early on in their marriage she was pregnant, accidentally, and she had a miscarriage: a lot of pain, blood. She still hopes for a child, eventually, but they no longer talk about it.

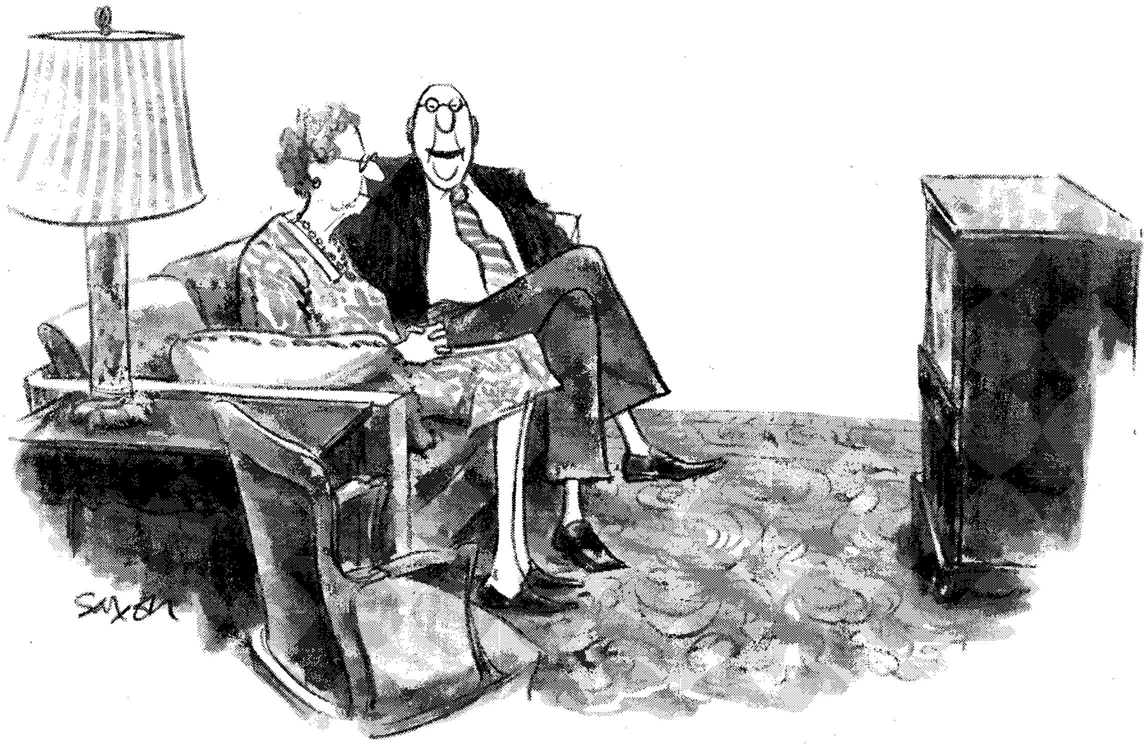
DURING the rest of that day Miriam, anyway, thinks often of the family of those killed people. She imagines a small funeral parlor, too many bright flowers. People sitting around, moaning, crying. She can see it all quite clearly.

THEIR ultimate destination is Ixtapa, for a rest, but they will get there by way of Puerto Escondido, a smaller, less well known resort. (It was Miriam who came up with the idea of Escondido: a young woman she knows in Seattle, a weaver with a stall in the Pike Place Market, has said it is beautiful, wonderful, undiscovered.) On maps it looked as though both those laps—Oaxaca to Escondido, Escondido to Ixtapa (skirting Acapulco)—were possible by car; their travel agent also believed that they could drive, although she cautioned them about bad roads. However, it turns out in Oaxaca that the only way to Escondido is by plane. A DC-3.

MIRIAM, of course, is the nervous flier of the group. It is explained to her that although the DC-3s are small and old, from the Second World War, they are (undoubtedly) kept in very good shape; after all they make the trip every day. Russell, who was a Navy pilot, cannot resist teasing; he says, "I can't imagine a trip on a DC-3 with no parachute. We always had parachutes."

Joan and Russell laugh, watching Miriam. She laughs, too, though unconvincingly.

However, as a farewell to their Oaxaca hotel, they have Margaritas in



"The 'Times' says 'Just as fresh and witty as when it was filmed in 1933,' and damned if it isn't!"

• •

the bar, just before departure. Miriam has two, purposefully, and she loves that plane trip.

They fly very low over sharp green mountains that are crisscrossed with tiny, narrow perilous roads, so low that each tree is visible, and occasionally there is a small village, a scattering of shacks. Tiny people are walking around—she can even see them as they look up at the plane.

"Oh, it's really beautiful!" says Miriam, several times; she is a little drunk.

"Miriam thinks that flying low is safer: it's closer to the ground," Eric explains to the others, who laugh. But that is just what Miriam does think, and she continues to believe it.

THE view from their hotel room is exceptionally beautiful: a long broad white beach, deserted, beside the glittering, bright blue-green sea. Some strange greenish-gray vegetation and, at the far end of the beach, some white cliffs, or dunes—high, deeply ridged.

"Oh, how lovely," Miriam breathes; she is still feeling the Margaritas, a little.

Behind her, Eric is saying, "This is the dirtiest room I've ever seen."

Miriam turns to see that he is right: an unmade bed, glasses with inches of dark liquid at their bottoms, floating cigarette stubs. A smeared mirror (lipstick? blood?), deep dust on the floor.

They both are right, about the view and the condition of the room.

It is quite a while before a maid comes in to clean it up, although Eric goes out to the desk to make a fuss.

FOR whatever reasons—fatigue, drinks, the flight—Miriam has a headache as she and Eric go to bed that night. But women cannot say that anymore, she knows, when they are not in the mood to make love. "I have a headache": a sitcom joke. And so she does not say it, and they do, happily—a happy surprise.

Downstairs in the hotel, and outside, some sort of fiesta seems to be going on. A rock band, as well as mariachis. Amplified.

All night.

THE hotel is up on a high bluff above the sea—as they did not quite realize the day before, on their arrival. Its broad grassy grounds stretch to an edge, a dropping off. There is a round blue swimming pool and a thatch-roofed bar. A romantic situation for the central building, which is itself romantic, with its balconies and long arched windows, its heavy growth of bougainvillea—brilliant blossoms, delicate green vines.

However, the fiesta of the night before has left an incredible litter everywhere—piles of empty bottles: Scotch, French champagne, Mexican beer. Heaped-up ashtrays. Dirty plates.

Observing all this, around noon, Russell severely remarks, "Do you realize that no one has touched this since last night?"

And Joan: "Ugh. They're probably all home sleeping off hangovers. They just don't give a damn."

Perversely, Miriam finds something appealing, romantic even, in all that mess (although she does not say so, of course). So much champagne everywhere—what an incredible time they all must have had! It is how Gatsby's lawns must have looked after one of his parties, before the servants came.

But at that hotel, in Puerto Escondido (not West Egg), no one comes to clean up, not all day.

THE ocean water—which holds, surrounds, embraces Miriam as she swims, and dives down to explore beneath its surface—is like no other water in her life; surely not the New England ponds of her childhood, or the harsh Atlantic waves that pound the Northeastern coast. This clear and lightly cool green water seems another element—enchanted water—and, swimming there, in the gentle waves, Miriam feels herself transformed, her body as quick and light as a minnow. As small and brown.

The others, Eric and Joan and Russell, are swimming there, too, but they are off somewhere else; Miriam hears them, distantly. She feels most splendidly, luxuriantly alone in the lovely water. And she is alone, except for a little Mexican boy, a child, who from time to time swims up to her; he smiles shyly, darkly, and as quickly disappears, another fish.

"Miriam, come on, we're getting out now," she hears someone call.

"I think I'll stay in for a while. I'll meet you up at the room."

"Well—"

She dives down as far as she can, in the watery green silence.

LATE that afternoon, they learn that there are no rental cars available, and anyway it is not allowed to drive rented cars from Escondido to Ixtapa, or even to Acapulco.

Airplanes do not fly to Ixtapa, or to Acapulco. Only backward to Oaxaca.

There is only the second-class bus to Acapulco, and from there they may take a first-class bus to Ixtapa. One must travel from the second- to the first-class bus station, a matter of no distance. First class is called Estrella de Oro. A good sign.

"BUT, uh, couldn't we possibly just stay on here? It's really nice, don't you think? And second-class buses—" It is of course Miriam who has said all this.

She is answered by a chorus: "Oh Miriam, of course not, we have reservations, Ixtapa . . ."

BECAUSE they get there early, well before nine in the morning, they all have good seats on the bus, Miriam and Eric across the aisle from Joan and Russell, the two women at the windows.

They are the only North Americans on the bus.

The Mexicans who crowd into the other seats, and who, at the first and all subsequent stops, begin to fill the aisles, are not the poorest Mexicans—after all, they are travelling second class, not third—but they are considerably less rich than the four *norteamericanos*. Their clothes, the Mexicans', are bright and cheap and new, possibly bought for this trip, in some cases, whereas the North Americans wear old jeans and old cotton shirts; their leather bags are hidden in the luggage compartment, under the bus.

Miriam wishes that she were wearing something else. In these circumstances the jeans seem an affectation, besides being too hot. In a bright cotton dress, for instance (there are several in her suitcase, old summer favorites), she could look like any other passenger. She feels not liked by the Mexicans.

IN addition to stops at all the small villages for new passengers, the bus is often forced to stop for sheep and cattle, or goats that appear in small herds or scattered at roadsides, evidently just emerged from the rich green tropical growth that lines the way. At moments, through the thick palm trunks, a portion of the sea is visible, sharp blue, as quickly gone; mostly the road wanders up small hills and down into dried-out creek beds. A burdened beast, the heavy, packed bus lumbers and creaks over potholes as large as moon craters.

At the village stops the windows are opened, things to eat and drink passed back and forth; shouts, laughter, money exchanged. To Miriam it all looks very good: the fruit, dark meats, strange pastries. But no one, not her husband or friends, would approve of such exotic fare; she knows this perfectly well.

Joan has brought some soda crackers in a package, from some restaurant; she passes them across to Miriam and Eric. Miriam is actually quite hungry, and the crackers help a little, although they are stale.

The bus is supposed to arrive at Acapulco at three, but it does not—not until four—and so the six-hour trip has taken seven.

"Seven hours on a second-class bus! No one will believe this story," Russell says, once they have got out and are standing there, stretching, breathing in the hot, murky city air. But he is laughing; Miriam can tell that it will be a good story for him, later on. They will all laugh about it on later trips together—probably.

They are standing in an incredible area of broken paving, refuse, dirt, over which hordes of shabby people are rushing with their battered luggage, packages.

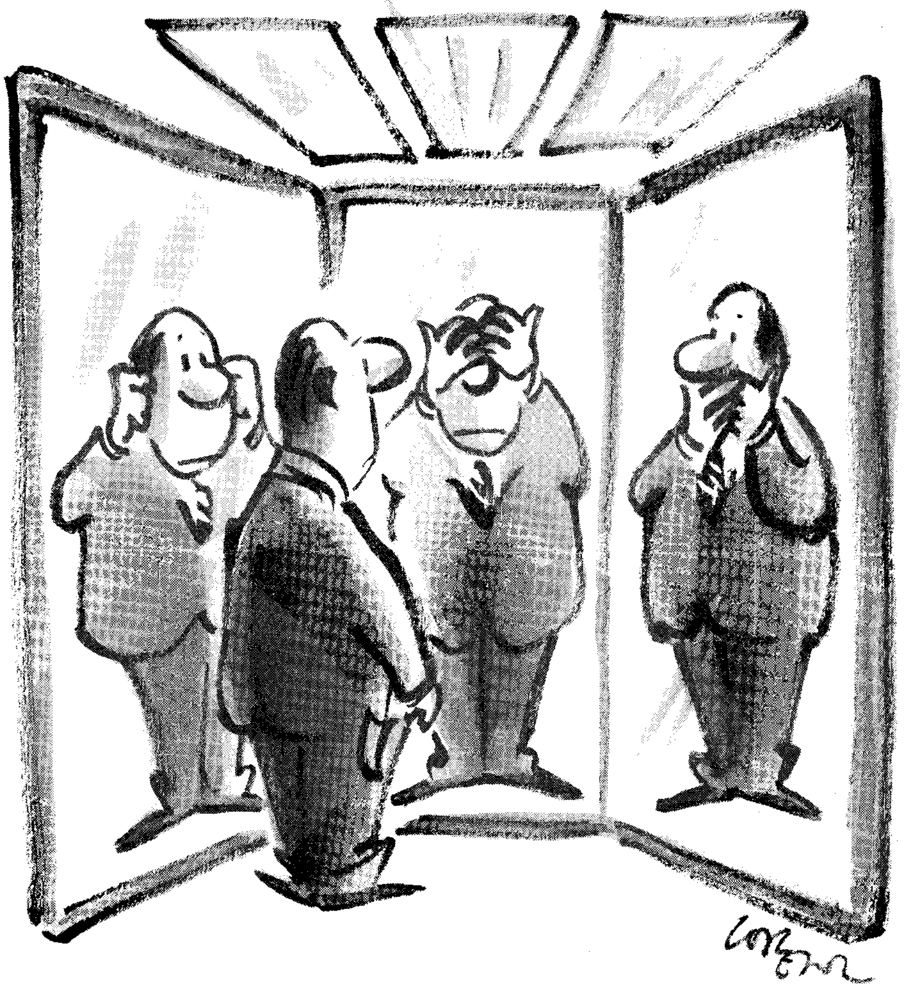
Now they pick up their own suitcases (easy to recognize) from the pile outside their bus; they head for the street, where taxis can be seen cruising by. At some distance, in another direction, they can also see a large building, which is probably the station. And Miriam cannot resist saying, "We'd probably do just as well to get on another bus right here."

"Miriam, you've got to be kidding."

"Another second-class bus? Come *on*."

HOWEVER, as soon as they have piled into a taxi and told the driver that they want the first-class station, Estrella de Oro, to Ixtapa, he tells them that they will have much trouble. Many crowds, he says gloomily; they may not get to Ixtapa.

They all look at each other. "But we have to get to Ixtapa," Eric mut-



ters. "We have reservations for tonight."

DOWNSTAIRS in the Estrella de Oro station a large crowd surrounds the ticket counter that is marked Zihautanejo-Ixtapa—all kinds of people, mostly Mexican. It seems impossible that so many people would want to go in just that direction at that moment, but there they are.

"I suppose some people live and work there," Miriam suggests.

The waiting rooms and restaurant are on the second floor. "Why don't you girls go back upstairs? No point in all of us waiting in line," Eric says.

By now, it is six o'clock, and there is, in theory, a bus that leaves at seven-thirty. But will there be room on it for all these people, plus four North Americans? Quite possibly not.

The upstairs restaurant is closed, it seems, for repairs, and so Miriam and Joan simply wander about, in an idle though nervous way.

At one point they go out to the front entrance and stand there, observing the garish, tropical, and infinitely dirty scene, the broken-down cars and the beggars, dark withered women with sleeping children in their arms. "I think Acapulco is the bottom of the world." Miriam shudders as she says this, in the thick infested heat.

"Oh, I've seen worse," Joan says. She has recently been to India—a medical conference—which is presumably what she means.

Looking up at Joan, who is visibly tired, her light hair straggling down, her face dirt-streaked, lipstick gone, Miriam hopelessly thinks that Joan is still very beautiful, and then she wonders (not for the first time), But does Joan like me, really?

And then (a new thought), Oh, I just don't care!

AFTER a while, they go back downstairs to see what has happened to Eric and Russell.

What has happened is that they have been given numbers and moved to another line.

"It's like a lottery?" asks Miriam.

Eric frowns. "Jesus, I hope not."

BY about eight it is clear that they have missed the seven-thirty bus, but it is said that there is another at ten. Everything is shouted in Spanish, though, which they only partially understand, and they never actually see the buses as they come in or depart.

"Miriam was absolutely right," Eric concedes, in a rueful way. "We should have just gone into the second-class station and got on another bus."

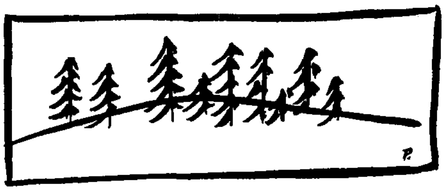
Miriam does not quite remember having said that, but she supposes that she did.

CLEAR information comes through at ten-fifteen: they have indeed missed the ten-o'clock bus, but there is another at eleven. However, there are still many people who wait for the bus; that is evident.

"Eleven. Jesus, that gets us to Ixtapa about three, or *four*." Russell fumes.

"Terrific, that's what we really need right now. Five more hours on a bus. Even if it is first class." Eric is muttering, as though to himself.

In a low, very reasonable voice, Joan asks, "Do we have a choice, though? We'd never get into a hotel. Or could we?"



At which Miriam cries out, "Oh, no, God, not a hotel here—it's so horrible! Why not just take a bus back to Escondido?"

She has spoken heedlessly, an outburst; still, she is unprepared for the silent, stony rage on those three so similar faces, looking down at her from their impressive heights. Joan's mouth is taut; Russell's eyes are wild, they glare as he says, "That's crazy."

At which Eric turns from Miriam to Russell, as he says, very quietly and furiously, "That's enough, now, Russ. Just shut up, will you?"

As though they had always hated each other, the two men glare at each other for a moment that lasts forever, in the throbbing, crowded, filthy alien room in Acapulco.

AT eleven, having hardly spoken, any of them, for the past forty-five minutes, in a blind exhausted way the four of them pile into the bus that has mysteriously appeared, out of the night. There are, strangely, just enough seats for everyone.

Miriam has stumbled into a window seat, on the left of the bus, next to the

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THE HOUSE WHERE LORD ROCHESTER DIED

The embarrassment of the swans
in the bedroom mural fleeing
the milkmaids in the satyr's bath;

and the storm clouds—rendered
so delicately by well-paid hands—
creeping westward, trailing the orgy;

and the orchids still moist
and flush in the cherub's mouth . . .
In this mural, as out the bay window,

the prospect of rain appears endless,
the hayfield swirls with pollen—
the vistas merge across time.

This confusion of nature and art,
overlapping so casually,
leaves us dizzy as we back out of the room,

through the padded doors and down
the icy stairwell, across a gallery
of spidery light where we find,

fired in dust on a bare wall,
the imprint of a man
shielding his eyes, wiping his mouth.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

• •

ocean, as they wind northward, up the coast. If anything were to be seen, through the heavy darkness—if there were a view, hers would be the best, and she feels a miserable guilt over even that nonexistent advantage. She also (miserably) feels responsible for their quarrel. Eric and Russell never fight.

THE road seems very smooth, on this stretch of the coast. No potholes, but there are curves, which the driver takes at top speed, so that several passengers, Miriam among them, gasp aloud. Miriam thinks it quite possible that he could be drunk. Why not, at this dangerous, unreal hour? They will all be killed, she thinks, and then, so total is her discomfort, so deep her unhappiness, she further thinks that she does not care if they are. But please don't let me be the sole survivor, she earnestly prays, to someone.

Most people have fallen instantly, noisily asleep, despite the danger. Beside Miriam, Eric sleeps lightly, restlessly.

THE dawn is dirty, yellowish, menacing. In the coconut-palm plantations, just now barely, grayly visible, the heavy fronds are too still, and the ocean, glimpsed at intervals, is flat and black, dangerous-looking.

"Does it ever storm down here?" Russell has leaned across the aisle to ask this question of Eric, just awake.

Miriam watches Eric as he frowns and speaks impatiently. "I don't know. Probably."

IF any of them spoke Spanish it would all have been different, Miriam thinks. They would have understood what was being said in the station about the buses, and even, maybe, have grasped a little more about the terrible accident on the road: how the guide knew so quickly what had happened, and what their driver was saying to himself—so sadly, so brokenly.

She will study Spanish, she then swiftly decides. There is a night course at the library branch at which she works; she will sign up as soon as they get home.

AT about 5 A.M. they arrive at Ixtapa: a cluster of thick pale high buildings (an eruption of poisonous growths, Miriam thinks) in the sulfurous light. Across the way an endless golf course spreads, the smooth grass now all silverish gray.

They enter a building; there are red tiles, wooden arches hung with cut-tin ornaments.

From behind the desk a sleepy clerk hands out room keys.

In a heavily carpeted, perfectly silent elevator they all ascend.

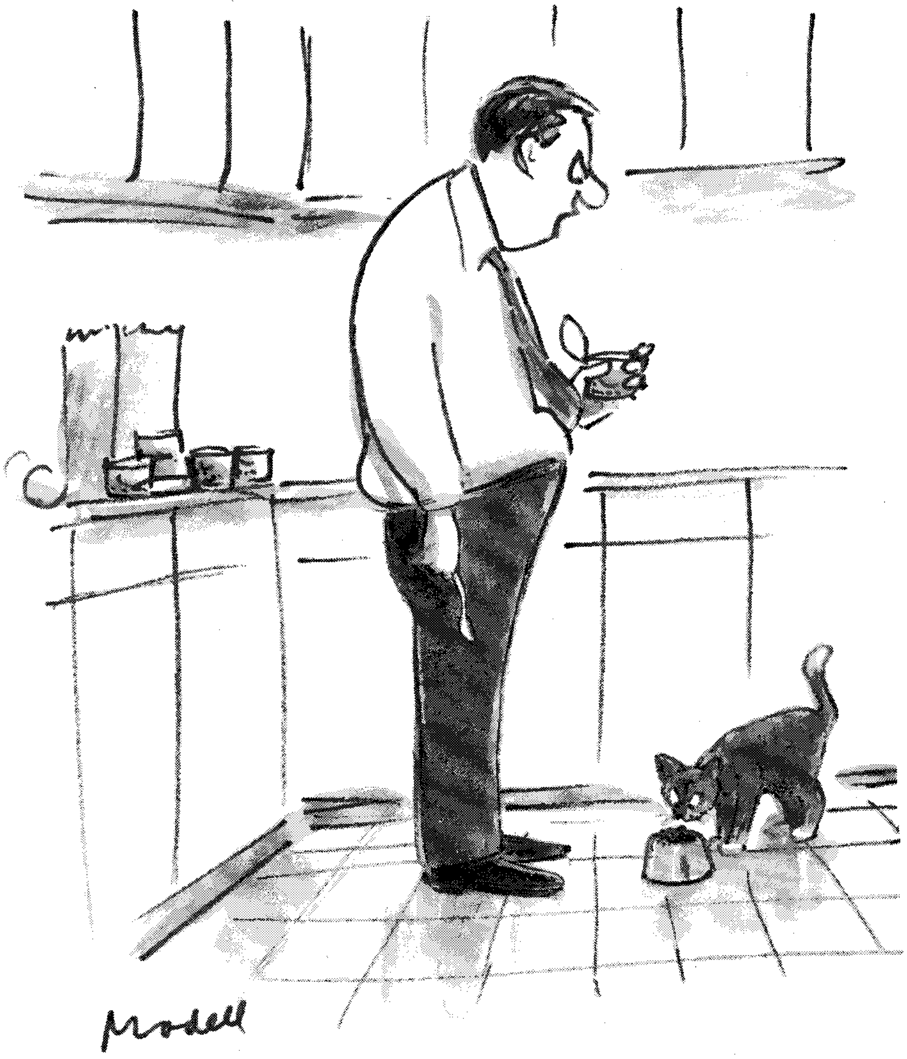
Miriam and Eric's room has a gigantic bed, thickly quilted in red and orange. Two big chairs, and on the walls several huge garish paintings, of improbable bright flowers. A mammoth mirror, all shining.

Beyond exhaustion, they each in a perfunctory way wash up; they remove a few clothes and fall into bed.

Lying there, in the yellowish semidark, Miriam has a vivid sense of having arrived at last in hell. Beside her, Eric has gone instantly to sleep; his heavy breath rasps, regularly. She closes her eyes, but then uncontrollably re-sees, with perfect clarity, that tragic roadside scene—the covered bodies, blood, the protruding brown bare dusty feet.

Quickly opening her eyes, she feels that all her senses are conspiring to make sleep out of the question; she is so overtired, so hungry, so afraid. She lies there for a while, eyes wide.

WHEN she closes her eyes once more, however, Miriam has quite another vision: She sees herself on the second-class bus again, but she is headed back toward Escondido, and this time she's wearing a cotton dress, her bright blue, and she is alone. The bus rumbles along, much faster this trip, although from time to time it stops for passengers, and once more windows are opened, food passed through. And Miriam eats, everything she wants! Spicy aromatic meats and



"Now, don't start complaining till you taste it."

• •

flaky pastries, pulpy fruits and tall sweet, colored fruity drinks. All exotic, delicious. And at Puerto Escondido the grounds have been all cleaned up; here and there are clumps of tropical vegetation, flowering bushes, small trees. And then the hotel itself, with its lovely bright covering bougainvillea.

Her room is clean and bright. She puts her bag down, undresses quickly, puts on her bathing suit and sandals. Grabs up a towel.

And she rushes, at last, down the winding rooted pathway, almost stumbling in her hurry—to the beach! She runs across the sand, to the gently lapping, warm clear water.

HALF waking from what she recognizes as a dream (but how real it was, the water against her skin), Miriam tries, and fails, to read its meaning. Further awake, she realizes, too, that she is refreshed, as though she had indeed dipped into the ocean, or certainly had slept for more than the couple of hours which is actually the case.

Eric is still asleep. Carefully she slips out of bed and goes over to the window; she parts the heavy gold-threaded draperies and looks out. The menacing dawn has become an overcast, gray day, with strange dark clouds at the horizon. Closer in, on the beach, dozens of people are lying out on towels, body to body almost, all oiled as though there were sun—or as though they were dead.

Miriam unpacks some toilet things and goes into the bathroom, into further garish opulence: thick green towels, glistening green tile. And everything is scented, so sickly sweet that she hurries through washing.

Distantly, from the bedroom, she hears a knock at their door, in Russell's familiar rhythm—then Eric's sleepy voice, and Russell's. The closing door.

When she reënters the room Eric is sitting on the edge of the bed. He is still mostly unwashed, of course, his face blue-shadowed, blond stubble on his chin and his cheeks. But he looks cheerful, restored to himself. "A great place, huh?" he asks her. "Finally." And then he says, "Well, Joanie and Russ think a swim might be just the thing."

"Let them go swimming, then." Miriam has spoken with a calm, an assurance, that is absolute. "I think it looks dangerous." Let them drown, she does not say.

In her blue robe she goes over to stand beside him. She says, "I have to leave here." At that moment she is taller than he is.

He looks up at her, worriedly, uncomprehending. "You mean, just us?"

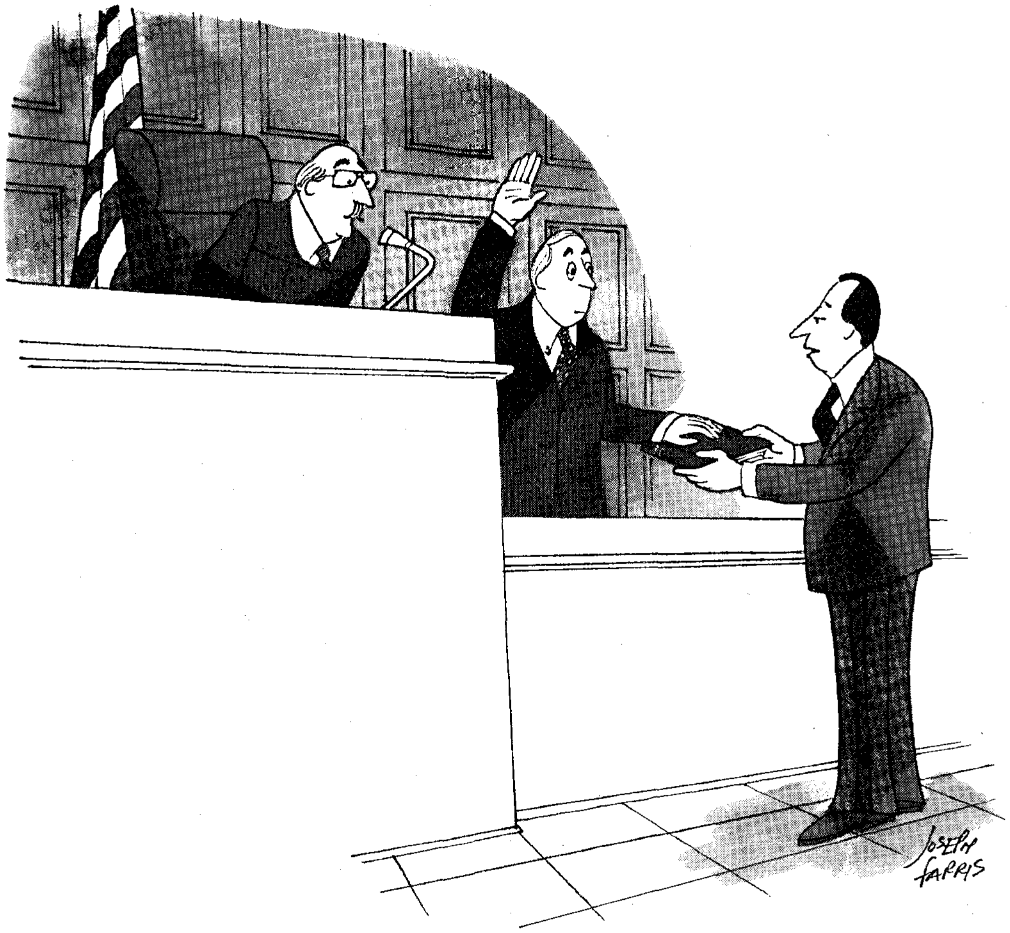
"I don't care. I have to leave."

Intelligent Eric has almost understood her, though. Reaching for the phone, he says, "I'll try for an afternoon plane," and he smiles, his old blond dazzling smile. "In the meantime, you don't want a swim?"

"No, I don't. But you go on, if you want to," and she smiles back.

Miriam. A small woman, who can suddenly, vividly see her husband Eric's body washed up on a beach, blond hair spread against cold sand, and long pale legs crookedly stretched down to the murky, turbulent sea.

—Alice Adams



"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, the bitter truth, the naked truth, the absolute truth, the awful truth, the unadulterated truth, the brutal truth, the simple truth, the painful truth, the pure truth, the harsh truth, the unvarnished truth . . ."

•

TRACKS

What separates people
In the long run
Is the difficult scars they'll share,
Black moss, black violet,
And bad penny, too.

You'll unravel them
In the deep water,
Down among the green years,
Those abandoned refugees
Not of Asia but of home.

You'll discover at the end
Of a saga the whole history,
Why it died, all that's wrong,
How far the trail went
That brought us nowhere . . .

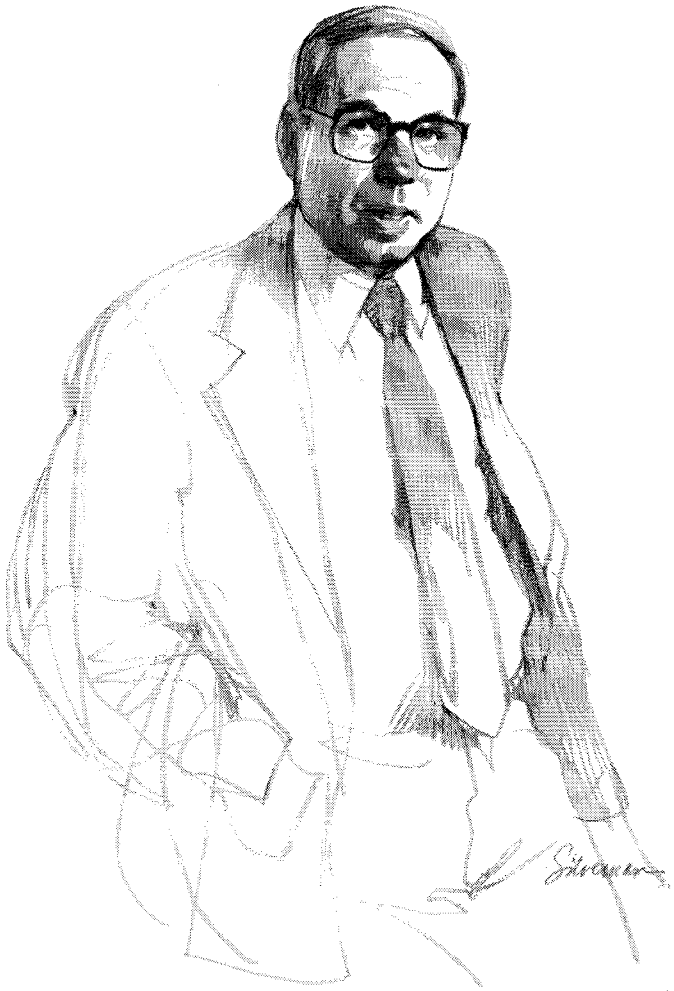
Yet standing on the corner
In the short run,
Waiting for the light to change
At Fiftieth and Park,
In the middle of another gig

Or hustling another buck,
There in the extravagant city,
Invisibly strange it'll happen:
The night does not grasp its future,
The parade of cars will not stop.

—Robert Mazzocco

PROFILES

ALLOCATING SACRIFICE



UNTIL 1970, Felix George Rohatyn was widely known in the American financial community but little known outside it. Since 1960, when he was thirty-one, Rohatyn has been a partner in the investment-banking firm of Lazard Frères & Company. He has helped to engineer mergers and acquisitions involving billions of dollars, including the acquisition of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company by I.T.T., in 1969, which involved him in a good deal of public controversy a few years later. Though Rohatyn early developed a reputation for both brilliance and candor, he remained basically a private person. He began to emerge from his relative obscurity in May of 1970, when it became clear that several major firms trading on the New York Stock Exchange were in danger of going bankrupt and thus causing general financial chaos. Bernard J. Lasker, the chairman of the Exchange, named a six-man crisis committee, including himself, to salvage the situation; Rohatyn became its chairman. While the committee was still hard at work, Rohatyn was invited to Washington to witness the swearing in of William Casey—now the director of the Central Intelligence Agency—as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. During a reception after the ceremony, Peter Flanigan, an assistant to President Richard Nixon, introduced Rohatyn to Nixon as "the man who is trying to keep the Stock Exchange from collapsing." The President, Rohatyn recalls, asked, "Are you confident that things are going to work out?" Rohatyn replied, "Absolutely not, Mr. President. I don't think it is better than fifty-fifty." Mr. Nixon blanched, Rohatyn says. Ultimately, things did work out; only one substantial firm went bankrupt, although many were merged out of existence.

Since 1975, Rohatyn's name (it is pronounced Roh-a-tin) has been a familiar one to residents of New York City, where he is known as one of those responsible for resolving the city's financial crisis. A variety of factors had contributed to that crisis. In the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, there was an immigration into New York of relatively poor and unskilled people from the South and the Caribbean. At the same time, large numbers of people from New York's middle class were moving to the suburbs or elsewhere. Between 1960 and 1980, about half the city's manufacturing jobs—five hundred thousand out of a million—were lost to the Sun Belt or to foreign factories. But from 1960 to 1975 the work force in the public sector tripled—rising to three hundred thousand—even though the city's population was declining. To pay for this increase, the city borrowed money, and on very unfavorable terms. From 1970 to 1975, the short-term debt rose by more than three billion dollars, and the annual pension costs for municipal workers rose to more than a billion dollars. New York City was using over twenty per cent of all the municipal credit in the United States to cover its short-term debt alone. All of this was hidden behind a façade of presumably balanced budgets. It was inevitable that sooner or later—and more likely sooner—the whole edifice would collapse.

"I had never met a mayor then," Rohatyn said not long ago of the days when he first became involved with the city's finances. "I had never met a comptroller. I had never met a governor. In fact, I don't think I had ever met a city or state official. My municipal virginity was total." In May of 1975, Governor Hugh Carey, of New York, as part of an effort to save New York City from bankruptcy, appointed a committee consisting of Rohatyn, who became its de-facto head; former federal Judge Simon Rifkind; Richard R. Shinn, the president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and Donald B. Smiley, the chairman of Macy's. Meeting over the Memorial Day weekend, they decided that what the city needed was an agency that in Rohatyn's mind would be patterned after the New Deal's Reconstruction Finance Corporation and would direct the allocation of the city's resources in a time of scarcity and sacrifice. Such an agency was ultimately created, and was called the Municipal Assistance Corporation. In September of 1975, Rohatyn became the chairman of MAC—a position he holds today. He runs the corporation out of his office at Lazard, in Rockefeller Center. MAC's success has been remarkable. By bringing together the unions that the city must deal with, the banks, and the various elements of government in a sort of marriage of necessity, MAC has helped to restore solvency to the city. Although the city is still functioning in a climate of serious financial austerity, in the last fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1982, it had a surplus, estimated to be forty-one million

"I knew about the wings, but the webbed feet are a surprise."

• •

dollars; in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1976, it had a deficit of over a billion eight hundred million dollars. The city's short-term debt, which in 1975 was in excess of six billion dollars, was down to zero on June 30, 1982, and by now MAC has borrowed eight and a half billion dollars on a long-term basis. Because of the severity of the present recession and a recently negotiated labor contract with city employees—a contract that Rohatyn feels was excessive—New York City is again facing extreme budgetary pressures. Rohatyn actively supported the successful gubernatorial campaign of Mario Cuomo, and will be involved with him, as he was with Governor Carey, in whatever steps are necessary to deal with the present situation.

The effect that MAC has had on Rohatyn has also been remarkable. A soft-spoken, youthful-looking man of fifty-four, today he is a public person, as readily recognizable to many New Yorkers as Mayor Edward Koch. In the last few years, Rohatyn has been writing, lecturing, and testifying before various government bodies in an effort to suggest how the lessons that have been learned in New York City can be applied to the country at large. His articles have a casual eloquence, and convey the impression that a vast degree of cultivation and much careful thought underlie them. Having read a number of these articles, and having learned from a television interview I saw Rohatyn give a while back that he had set out years ago to become not an investment banker but a physicist, I, being a physicist myself, got in touch with him to find out more about his ideas and his background. The result was a series of conversations with him during the course of a year; they took place in his apartment, a handsome duplex on Park Avenue, where he lives with his wife, Elizabeth, and a black-and-white cat named Figaro.

ROHATYN is the name of a tiny village in Galicia—an area that was once part of Poland but is now part of the Ukraine. Family legend has it that Felix Rohatyn's great-grandfather was the grand rabbi of the region. "He was also a reasonably able capitalist, since, according to the stories, he owned some stables and rented them to the Polish cavalry," Rohatyn told me. At the beginning of this century, the family migrated to Vienna, and there his grandfather became a member of the Vienna Stock Exchange and also founded a small bank, Rohatyn & Company, and several breweries. Rohatyn's father, Alexander, worked in the breweries and eventually came to manage some of them. In 1927, Alexander Rohatyn married Edith Knoll, who came from a family of wealthy Viennese merchants, and their son, Felix, was born in Vienna on May 29, 1928. Rohatyn's grandfather, who was a speculator, rapidly lost most of his money in the Depression, and the bank failed. Not long after Felix Rohatyn's birth, his parents moved to Rumania, where his father became manager of one of the few breweries that had remained in the family holdings. In 1935, they returned to Vienna, but left after a short time, because of the growing atmosphere of anti-Semitism, and moved on to Orléans, where Alexander Rohatyn became the manager of another brewery.

Soon after this move, Rohatyn's mother and father were divorced—"a very traumatic thing for me," he recalled—and Felix, at the age of eight, was sent to a French-speaking boarding school in Switzerland. "I remember that at the time I was so unathletic and overweight that I had great difficulty in tying my shoelaces," he told me. "It took me so long to get dressed in the morning that I would go to bed with my pajamas over most of my clothes in order to save time. It was not a very glorious exercise." While Rohatyn was in boarding school, his mother remarried and moved to Paris. Rohatyn's stepfather, Henry Plessner, had come to Paris from Poland to run a precious-metals-refining business that belonged to his family. Plessner, who still lives in Paris with Rohatyn's mother, was, and remains, a dedicated Zionist. (Rohatyn himself, though he is not a strictly observant Jew, is deeply devoted to the interests of Israel, which he believes parallel those

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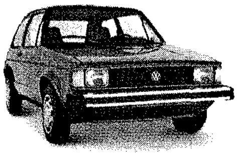

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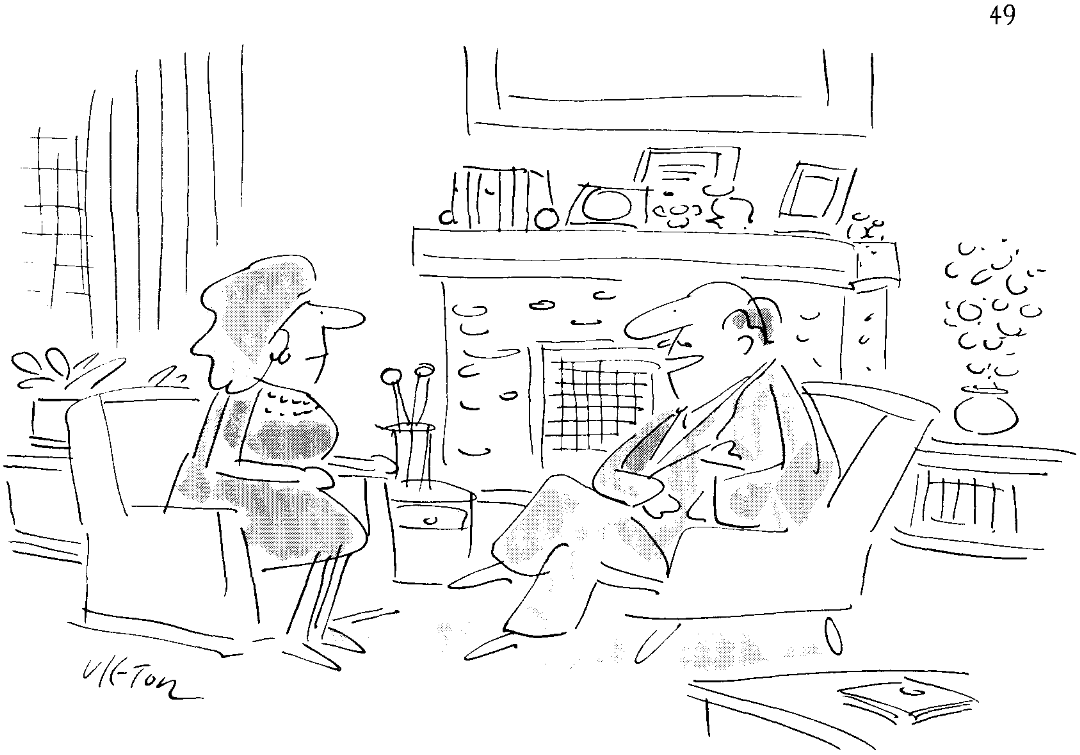
of this country. It was during his early school days in France, Rohatyn recalled, that he first became aware of the Nazi menace to the Jews, and began to feel concern for his relatives who had remained in Austria.) When he was ten, he left the boarding school and entered the Lycée Janson-de-Sailly, which was near the family's Paris apartment.

In the spring of 1940, when France began to collapse, Plessner, who was a Polish citizen, was put in an internment camp in Brittany. In May, Rohatyn, his mother, and Plessner's mother left Paris for southern France. (Rohatyn's father, who had moved to Paris to manage another brewery, and with whom the boy spent weekends and summers, also headed south.) Early in June of 1940—just a week before the collapse—they got to Biarritz. There they were joined by Plessner, who had escaped from the camp in Brittany. "My mother managed to leave some messages for my stepfather along the way, so he knew where we were," Rohatyn recalled. "He was on a number of Gestapo lists, because of his Zionist activities. We had decided to try to get into Spain before the Germans arrived in Biarritz. We had no Spanish visas, but there was one border point, near Saint-Jean de Luz, where you could find guides to walk you across the mountains into Spain. We had some small gold coins, and I opened the bottom ends of a couple of toothpaste tubes and shoved our coins inside them. These and some jewelry of my mother's were just about our only wherewithal. That experience has left me with a theory of wealth which is that of a refugee. The only things that count, basically, are things you can put in a toothpaste tube or carry in your head."

It turned out that Plessner's mother was too frail to make the trip over the Pyrenees, and by the time Plessner arrived the Germans had occupied Biarritz, so the little refugee group decided to try to travel to Cannes by automobile. On a narrow back road, they found themselves in a line of cars at a checkpoint manned by two German soldiers. "The soldiers were checking passes, or something," Rohatyn told me. "I never knew exactly what. They got to the car in front of ours, and one of the soldiers decided to have a cigarette. The driver of that car waved some sort of paper, and the other soldier allowed it to pass. My mother waved her driver's license, and we were allowed to pass, too. They stopped the next car. Ever since that time, I have felt that I had a great debt to somebody somewhere."

Rohatyn and his family remained in Cannes for nearly a year, living in a *pension de famille*. (His father also managed to get to Cannes, and Rohatyn was able to see a good deal of him there. Later in the war, Alexander Rohatyn was hidden by the French underground in the Massif Central.) To leave Vichy France, a traveller had to have an entry visa for another country. A number of South American countries were willing to provide visas on the express condition that the recipients never show up in the country in question. Rohatyn's family eventually succeeded in obtaining Brazilian visas, and these enabled them to get Portuguese transit visas. Once they had their papers, they left Cannes for Marseilles, where, after a delay of several months, they booked passage on a boat to Oran. The Germans appeared to be set to move into Algiers, and so the family went on by train to Casablanca. Rohatyn has seen the film "Casablanca" so many times that, he says, the city of the film and the real Casablanca have become inextricably mixed up in his mind. He does remember making frequent visits to the docks with his family trying to find a ship that could take them to Lisbon, where, thanks to their Portuguese transit visas, they would be able to stay—for a time, at least—in comparative safety. Finally, early in 1941, they did get to Lisbon, and there Rohatyn was enrolled in a French-Portuguese school. In the spring of 1941, however, it began to look as though the Germans were going to invade Portugal, and the family decided that they had to leave Europe. "We went to the American Consulate and got in line on the quota," Rohatyn told me. "It was very much like Menotti's opera 'The Consul.' There was a wait of eighty-seven years or something. It finally occurred to us that since we had those Brazilian visas we might as well try to use them." They simply booked passage on a ship to Rio, hoping for the best. After two and a half weeks at sea, which they spent wondering what would happen if they were denied entry into Brazil, they landed in Rio. Much to their delight, the Brazilian immigration officials took one look at their visas, stamped them, and let the family into the country. "Once again,



"Well, what should we discuss tonight—the forest or the trees?"

• •

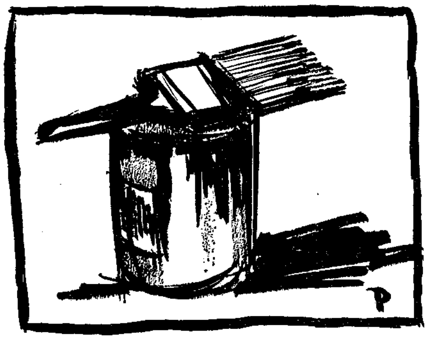
somebody smiled," Rohatyn remarked to me.

In just two months in Rio, Rohatyn, who has a gift for languages, had managed to become fluent in Portuguese. (He now speaks French, German, and English equally well.) He went to school in Rio, and developed an interest in soccer and horseback riding. In June of 1942, the family got visas for the United States, and at the end of that month they reached New York, where Rohatyn began learning English. They had relatives in the city, and, because Rohatyn's stepfather had transferred some money from Europe to an American bank before the war, they were able to set themselves up in a small apartment. Rohatyn enrolled in summer school at the McBurney School, on West 63rd Street, which was one of the few high schools in the city to offer summer sessions, and he continued his studies there until June of 1944, when he graduated, at the age of sixteen. During those two years, he had taken up tennis—so successfully that he made the McBurney tennis team when he was a senior—and he had done well in his mathematics and science classes. He decided to pursue a career in physics or engineering, and, learning that Middlebury College, in Vermont, had a coöperative program with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in which one could study for three years at Middlebury and then for two years at M.I.T., he enrolled in it. He loved to ski, and, besides, a high-school adviser thought that because of his age he would be better off in a small school.

Benjamin Wissler, the chairman of the Middlebury Physics Department in those days, had a decisive influence on the course of Rohatyn's life. "Wissler was a fantastically energetic little bald man," Rohatyn recalled. "I got him for every physics course that I took. He taught me rigor in my thinking, and how to differentiate between what is important and what is peripheral. Once, he worked out a problem on the blackboard and asked me whether I had done it correctly. I said, 'No, Professor, I got the wrong answer.' He said, 'Mr. Rohatyn, you did not get *the* wrong answer, you got *a* wrong answer.' Later, when I was doing an experiment in the lab and the goddam thing wasn't working, he said, 'Mr. Rohatyn, are you sure you have done everything right?' I said, 'I think so,' and then he opened something up and looked underneath and there was this electromagnet buzzing away, throwing everything off. He told me you must never take anything for granted—a lesson that has never left me."

Rohatyn learned thermodynamics and some nuclear physics, but when he was a junior he found that physics was becoming a struggle. "I don't know whether my intellect wasn't good enough or whether it wasn't shaped right or whether I lacked discipline," Rohatyn told me. "It wasn't the mathematics, which I loved, and which was no problem for me. Finally, Wissler said to me one day, 'Mr. Rohatyn, I am sure that you have a great career ahead of you, but it will probably not be in physics.' He advised me to finish my degree in physics at Middlebury, and not go on to M.I.T. That shattered me for a while, but I thought about it and decided that he was right, so I went ahead and got my Middlebury degree, in 1949."

WHILE Rohatyn was at Middlebury, he had worked during the summers at various odd jobs, and between his junior and senior years he had taken a term off, on Wissler's advice. "I'd been doing very poorly at school, and Wissler encouraged me just to get away from it," Rohatyn recalled. "My father had remarried, and was running a brewery outside Paris. I went to work there, cleaning out the insides of the fermentation vats and filling barrels. There were Communist riots, with the police coming in with fire hoses, and there were a lot of Algerian workers in the plant, who did not particularly care for young American Jews like me. I met some terrific people, though, and got a lot tougher, and I decided that I was not going to become a brewer. I was still flirting with physics. I thought that I might go to the nuclear laboratory at Oak Ridge after I graduated. In the meantime, my mother and stepfather had gone back to Europe to live. My stepfather was a friend of André Meyer, one of the partners in Lazard Frères, and in the summer of 1949 he got me an offer to work for them, here in New York, as a trainee, at thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week. I said to myself, 'Sure, why not? It will give me a chance to think about what I would like to do with myself.' "

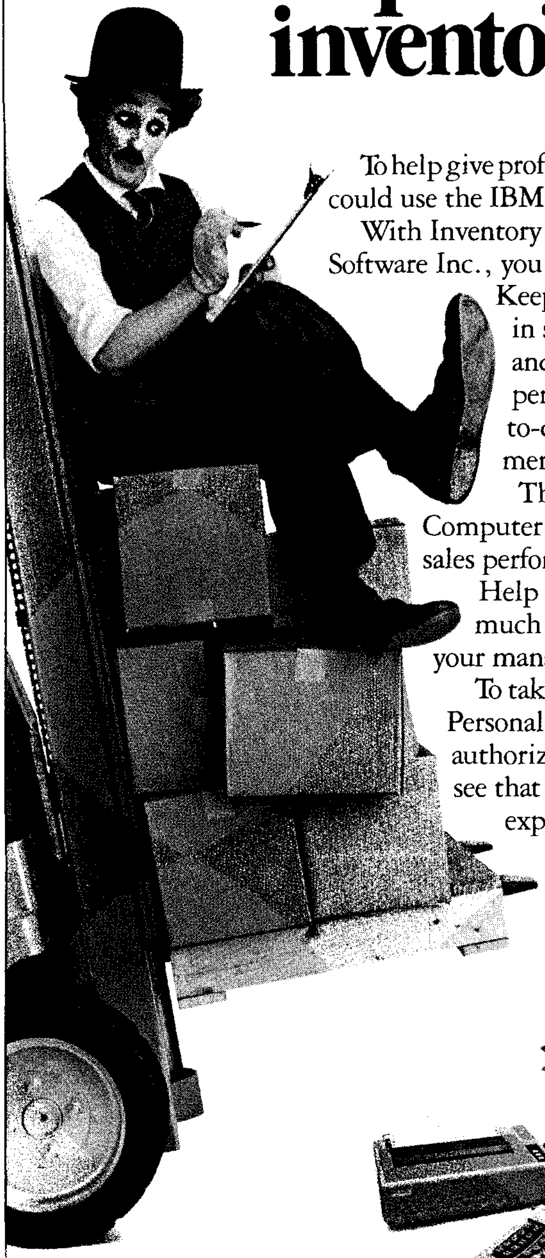


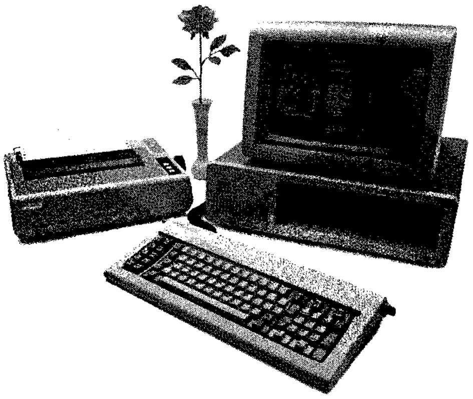
Lazard Frères, a conservative banking firm controlled by the David-Weill family, was actually an offshoot of a drygoods business that had been founded in New Orleans in 1848 by three French brothers named Lazard, who subsequently went west, to California. During the gold rush, Alexandre Weill, a cousin of theirs, had joined them in California, and then moved to New York, where, in 1880, he began a small banking business. In 1925, a son, David David-Weill, brought André Meyer, who was then twenty-eight years old, into the firm's Paris office, and Meyer, already a foreign-exchange expert, built the Paris firm into a major financial institution. During the war, Meyer came to the United States with his family to take over the New York office of Lazard Frères, which was then something of a backwater. Meyer managed the New York office for thirty-five years, and in that time he built it into one of the most influential banking institutions in the United States.

Rohatyn began at Lazard with the mundane job of adding up the value of private securities portfolios. In time, he came, in a sense, to take the place of Meyer's son, Philippe, who had both personal and political differences with his father, and was estranged from him for most of Philippe's adult life—until André Meyer's last few years. Meyer died in 1979. Philippe, who became a distinguished theoretical physicist and is now at the École Normale Supérieure, in Paris, took no part in the affairs of Lazard during his father's lifetime. Today, he has an interest in the Paris firm, and, according to Rohatyn, has taken a more active role in it. From the beginning, Rohatyn's relationship with André Meyer was difficult. He told me that after working at Lazard for a few months he was given a raise, to fifty dollars a week, and that the partner who gave him the raise cautioned him not to tell anyone, because the usual company policy was to give raises only at the end of the year. "But the next day André came over to my desk and said, 'I understand that you got a raise. The least you could have done is to say thank you,' " Rohatyn said. "He made it crystal clear to me that nothing in the firm, however small, happened without his approval, and that he expected both recognition and gratitude. Anyway, he was an extraordinary man, a powerhouse; he had just gigantic energy, power, and will. André could make people do things. He had volcanic, towering temper tantrums. He was very complicated. He had enormous complexes. He wanted to be loved. He had a great sense of buying and selling—things and people. He was the most ruthlessly realistic analyst of human character that I have ever met. He could peel people and find their strengths and weaknesses. He was absolutely merciless in criticizing sloppy work. I fought him every day for twenty years. You had to. If you didn't fight him, you were finished. I am sure that this is the only reason we got along. He destroyed a lot of people. But he could also be exceedingly generous. He made the fortune and the career of as many people as he destroyed—sometimes they were the same people. On balance, I owe him a great debt of gratitude, although I bear many scars." Eventually, Meyer came to see Rohatyn as the one person who would someday take over the firm—but Rohatyn, to Meyer's great disappointment, refused to do so.

Meyer said of Rohatyn in an interview, "I have said that I consider him my son, and I would not say that if I did not mean it. I had hoped that he would take over this firm, but he has turned me down. He wants to continue what he is doing with us. He feels it is important, and it is, but it means that I must work too hard and find someone else who is capable of doing the job."

In 1950, Meyer sent Rohatyn to Paris to be trained in the Lazard office there, and then to London, to put in a brief stint with the banking firm of Samuel Montagu & Company, with which Lazard had close business ties. In the winter of 1951, Rohatyn returned to the United States and became an American citizen. In March of that year, he was drafted into the Army, and he spent the next two years in uniform, eventually reaching the rank of sergeant in the intelligence section of an infantry unit in Germany. On his discharge, in March of 1953, Rohatyn joined Cantrade, a small banking firm in Switzerland that was owned by Lazard and Samuel Montagu and was run by a man named Hans Kaufmann, who was Dutch. In those days—difficult though it may be to imagine now—there were shortages of dollars





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overseas. Kaufmann was a master manipulator of multinational barter transactions of the sort in which the Egyptians, say, would buy Turkish tobacco, which would sooner or later be paid for with Egyptian cotton sent to Japan, which, in turn, would be paid for by Japanese silk going to Brazil, until, ultimately, some useful commodity went back to Turkey. Rohatyn thinks that this barter system may well be revived if the members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries end up with all the dollars.

In 1955, Rohatyn decided that he was geographically too far from the principal base of Lazard, in New York, to further his career, so he returned to the city to continue his work in foreign-exchange transactions. He was enjoying his job, and might have kept on with it indefinitely if his complacency had not been shaken. One weekend, Phyllis Bronfman, the daughter of Samuel Bronfman, the owner of the Seagram Company, invited a small group of friends, including Rohatyn, to the Bronfman estate, in Tarrytown. On meeting Rohatyn, Bronfman, who was a friend of André Meyer, asked him what he did, and when he was told he said that if Rohatyn really wanted a future at Lazard he should get out of foreign exchange and begin to work in corporate finance and mergers, since these were the only aspects of the investment-banking business that truly interested Meyer. Rohatyn replied that he didn't know anything about corporate finance and, never having taken an economics course, didn't even know how to read the balance sheet of a corporation. Besides, he said, if he made the switch he would have to take a pay cut, because he would be essentially a trainee. He was then earning twenty-two thousand dollars a year, which seemed to him an impressive salary. Bronfman said, "Take the pay cut and do it."

Rohatyn took Bronfman's advice, and Meyer, though agreeable to the change, did cut Rohatyn's salary, by seven thousand dollars. "I went to work for a man named Howard Kniffin, who was the head of corporate finance," Rohatyn told me. "I also went to night school to learn accounting, and to read Graham and Dodd on security analysis—dreadful, dreadful stuff. In addition, I was doing all the dog work that goes with running numbers on work sheets when one is trying to put companies together. I had a good sense of numbers, and quickly became very, very interested in how to put two companies together. I think that the reason I became quite good at working out mergers—at how to structure them—was that I had a feeling for the symmetry and the dynamics involved; when you get all through, the entity coming out should be stronger and better than what you had before, and the merger should be as seamless financially as possible. Then the new entity will take off, and not just fall off the end of the table. Too many of the very large takeovers that have occurred recently have been put together with little care about their financial structure. Some of them are going to end up in deep trouble."

After a pause, Rohatyn continued, "I enjoy tinkering with these things, and I can look at a structure someone brings me—look at some of the numbers—and feel that there is something wrong, and I'll give it back and say, 'Go through this again; it just doesn't feel right.' Nine times out of ten, there will be a mistake. In fact, I think the reason that I have had some success in public life is the result of this experience. Putting two big companies together involves just as much political work as financial work. When it comes down to the essentials, you are dealing with greed and power. The greed has to be handled by the financial way that you put these companies together, so that, in the last analysis, everyone's interests are served. The power is a different matter. That requires as much negotiation as the financial side, maybe more. More deals break down on the power side than on the financial. There are valid issues of face, of authority, and of appearance. Of course, when I started under Kniffin I was simply given the task of analyzing balance sheets, to determine statistically how best to make a merger or an acquisition. I used to sit through endless meetings of lawyers and accountants, and read through contracts and work sheets to understand what was involved. I was kept with the drones and the paper shufflers and would, from afar, watch the principals disappear into André's office, and then I'd wait for the outcome to go back to my number shuffling. But that process taught me a very important thing; namely, the nitty-gritty of what goes into making one of those deals. I can read a contract. I know what a tax ruling is about. I know what accounting is. I know what accountants can do and what they can't do. I know what is baloney and I know what isn't baloney. I know what lawyers will tell you and what you can believe and what you shouldn't believe, and I know where to press them. It is very important, at this point, that no technician can frighten me by talking to me about things I don't understand. I may have to rely on him for facts, but I don't have to rely on him for concepts. Too many high-level executives are prisoners of their staffs. They have

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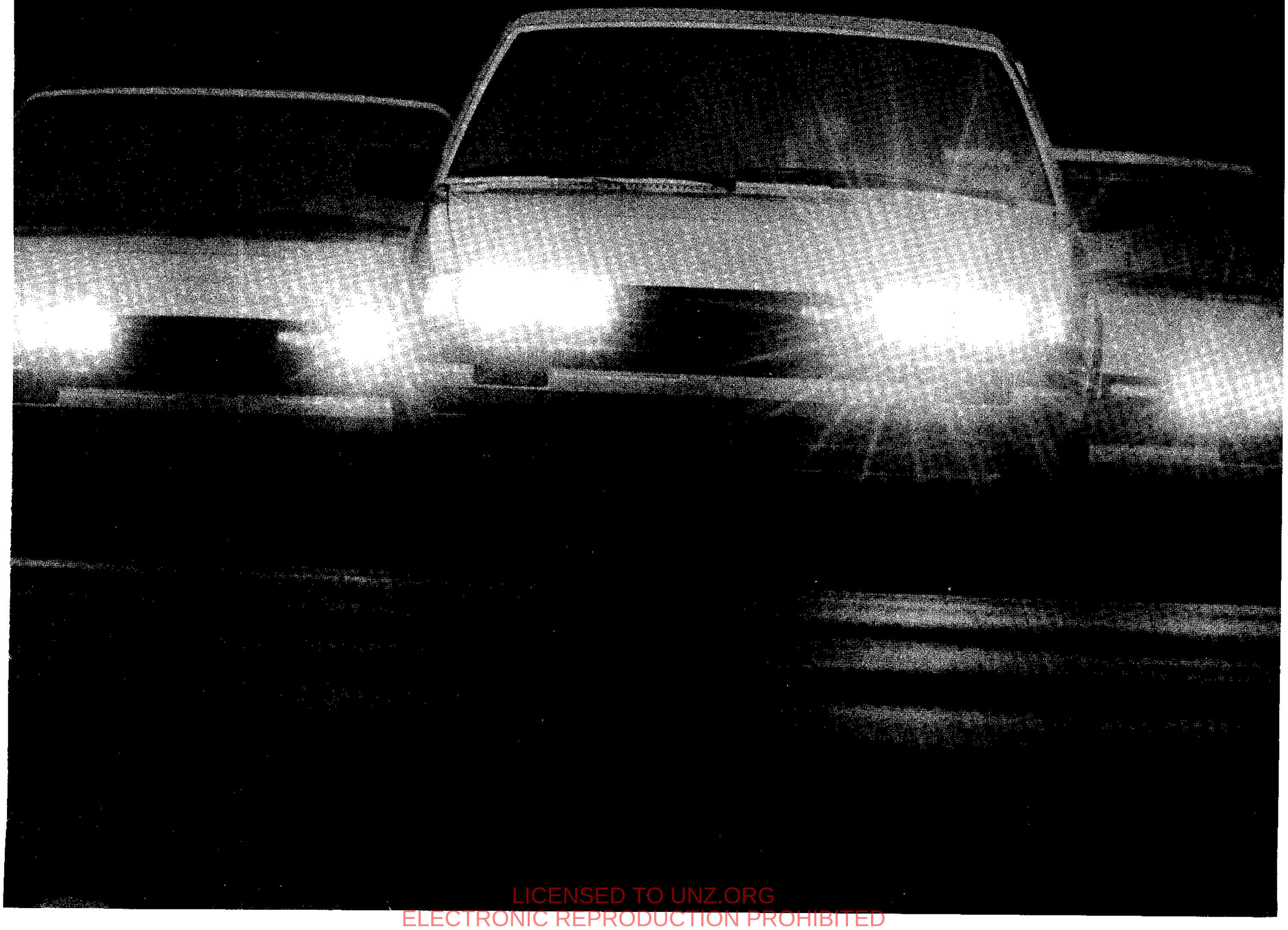

Experience the 1983 Mazda 626 Sport Sedan, Sport Coupe, and unique new 5-Door Touring Sedan.

In creating the all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda 626 Series, we set ourselves a formidable task. Superb road cars are already being produced in Europe, America, and Japan. Yet it became our goal to do nothing less than match our competitors in styling, comfort, and performance. And to surpass them in overall value.

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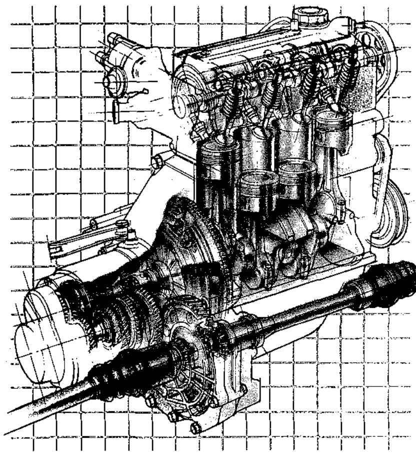
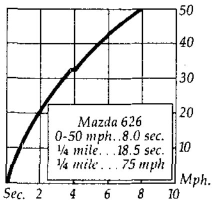


New 2-litre overhead cam engine (shown with transaxle) is lighter, quieter, more compact—and more powerful.

During this time, Mazda engineers reviewed, analyzed, and ultimately improved upon the very concept of the modern road car. The result is a totally new automobile, not a mere updating of the previous 626.

Its shape is new. The taut lines and uncluttered surfaces of the 626 are aesthetically pleasing. But due to exhaustive wind-tunnel testing, they are also aerodynamically efficient. In fact, the 626 Sport Coupe achieves a remarkably low drag coefficient of 0.34, equal to that of the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

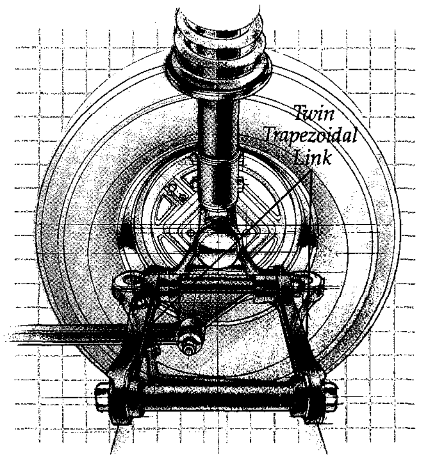
Its 2-litre overhead cam engine is new. Compared with its predecessor, internal friction at higher speeds has been reduced 20%. It has 8% fewer moving parts and is 57 lbs. lighter. It is at once quieter, more compact, and more powerful.



Its 4-wheel independent suspension is new. Our engineers evaluated 21 different rear suspension systems before choosing an independent strut design that makes use of Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. This part of the suspension is so unique that it has actually been patented by Mazda.

The geometry of Mazda's Twin Trapezoidal Link improves directional control by inducing the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over bumps.

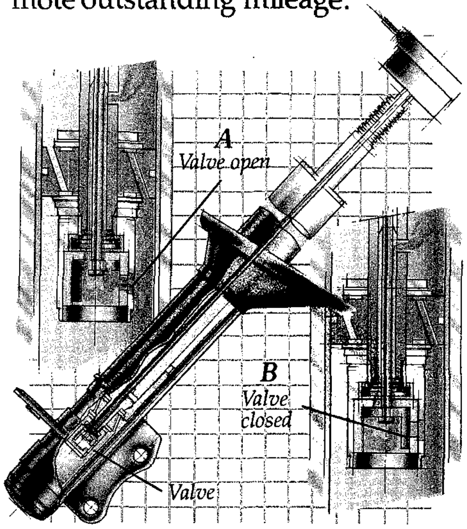
The Sport Coupe and 5-Door Touring Sedan also have a suspension feature you will find on no other car in the world: Mazda's Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers. Using buttons on the instrument panel, the driver can alter the stiffness of the shocks to suit various driving conditions.



Unique geometry of Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link rear suspension gives the new 626 superb directional control.

Its front-wheel-drive system is new. At its heart lies a masterfully engineered transaxle (a single unit that serves as both transmission and differential). Shifting is crisp and smooth. And because power is transmitted through a center bearing, the half-shafts that drive the front wheels are of equal length. This means that the major cause of "torque steer" has been eliminated.

Its fuel economy is new. Almost everything about the new 626—from its wind-tunnel aerodynamics to its low-friction engine—was designed to promote outstanding mileage.



With Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers, driver can select normal damping force (A) or one that is firmer, sportier (B). In AUTOMATIC mode, shocks stay at normal until speed rises above 50 mph, at which time front shocks stiffen for better "road feel."

Now that the 1983 Mazda 626 is here, we hope you will experience it for yourself with a test drive.

Experience its impressive handling, its lively acceleration, its quiet power, its marvelous comfort, its extraordinary list of standard features. Then consider its reasonable price.

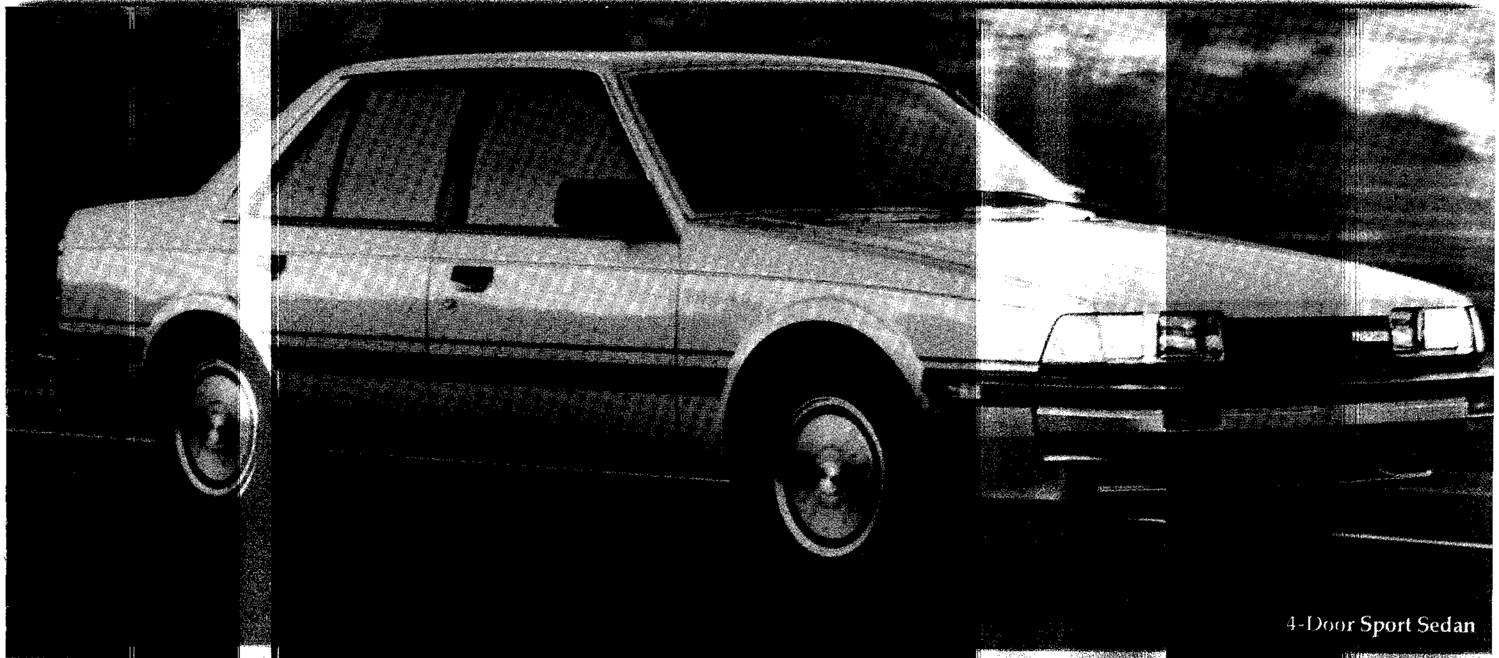
We think you'll agree that the all-new Mazda 626 Series represents a value a cut above any other road car in the world.

1983 Mazda 626 Prices

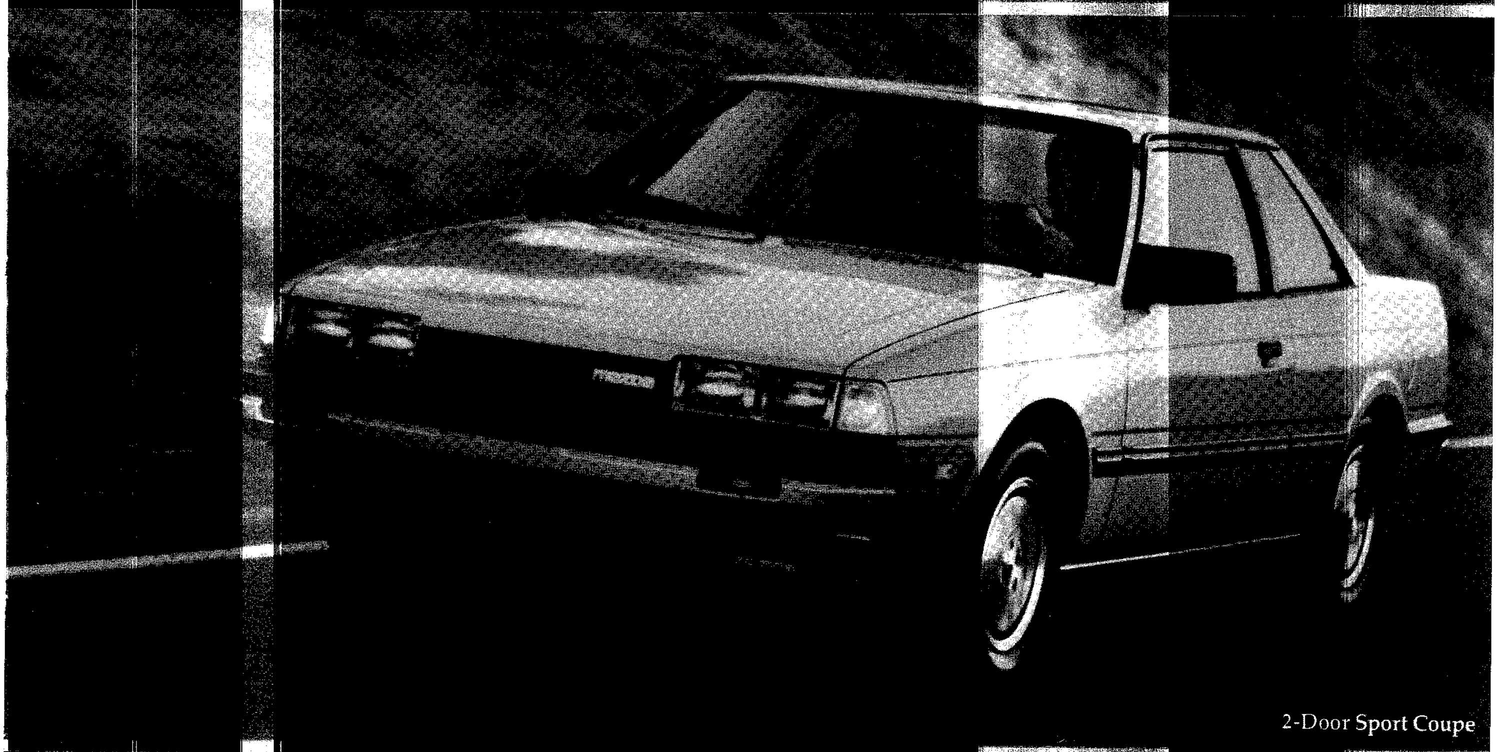
Sport Sedan	$7595
Sport Coupe	$7895
Luxury Sport Sedan	$8895
Luxury Sport Coupe	$9295
5-Door Touring Sedan	$9895

Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/al. wheels shown) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.

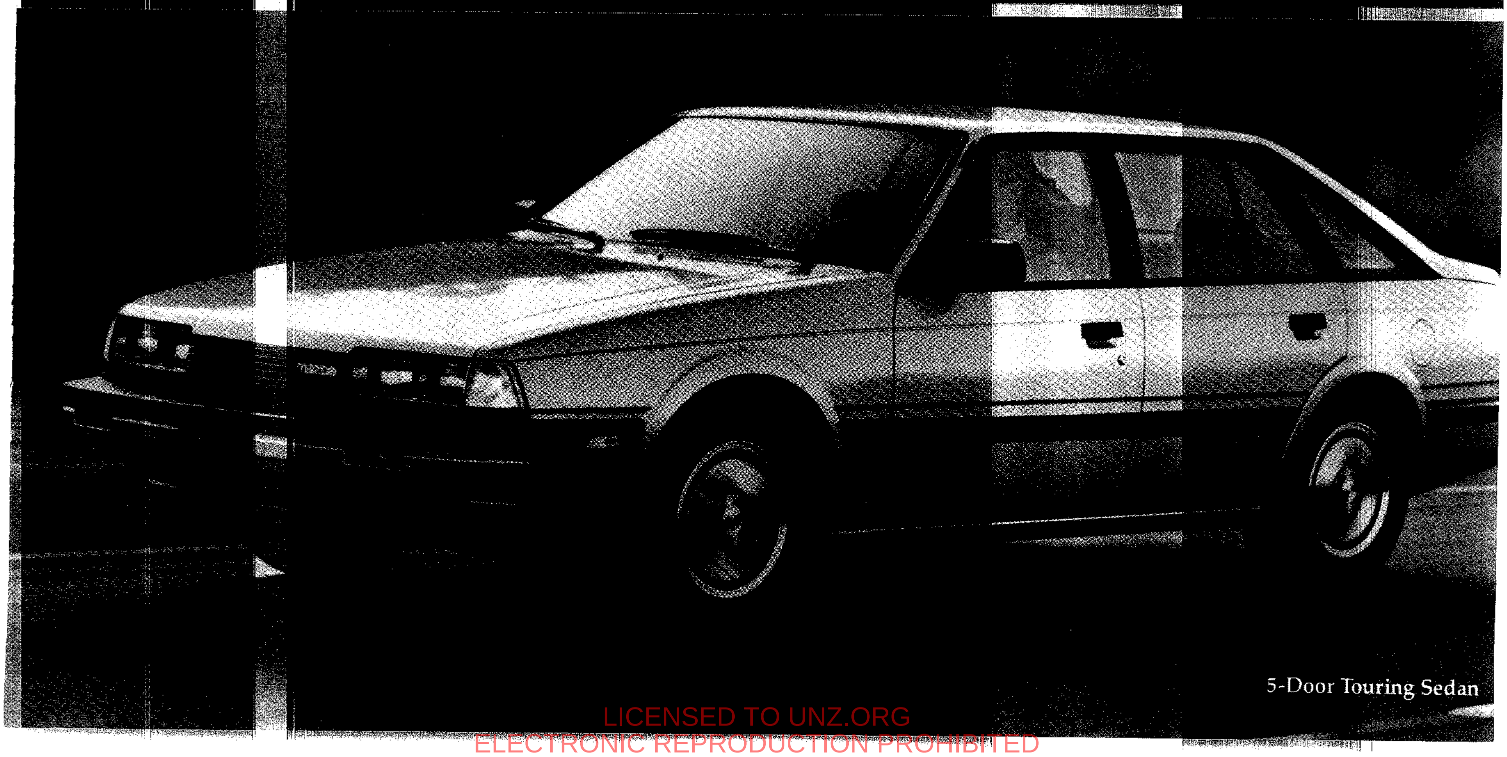
41 EST. HWY. MPG **29** EST. MPG EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less.



4-Door Sport Sedan



2-Door Sport Coupe



5-Door Touring Sedan

4-Door Sport Sedan

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Our attention to detail knows no limit. For example, the 626 Sport Sedan and Sport Coupe feature a driver's seat that adjusts six ways. But wait. On our Luxury models, the seat adjusts 10 ways (see illustration).

As a further measure of the 626's outstanding value, consider its extensive list of standard features. All 626 models come equipped with the following:

5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Halogen headlamps • Electric rear window defroster • Remote trunk release • Split fold-down rear seatbacks • Tilt adjustable steering column • Quartz digital clock • Full cut-pile carpeting • Carpeted luggage compartment • Tachometer • Heater duct for rear-seat passengers • Trip odometer • Tinted glass • Remote fuel filler lid release • And much more.

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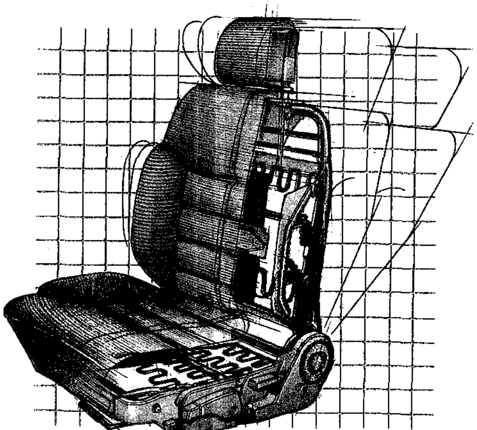

10-way adjustable driver's seat has headrest with angle and height adjustment, seatback angle adjustment with fine-tuning capability, side support adjustment, lumbar support adjuster, seat cushion tilt mechanism, seat slide adjustment, seat height adjuster, and a unique recliner "memory."

Mazda 626 Sport Sedan shown above with optional AM/FM MPX radio.

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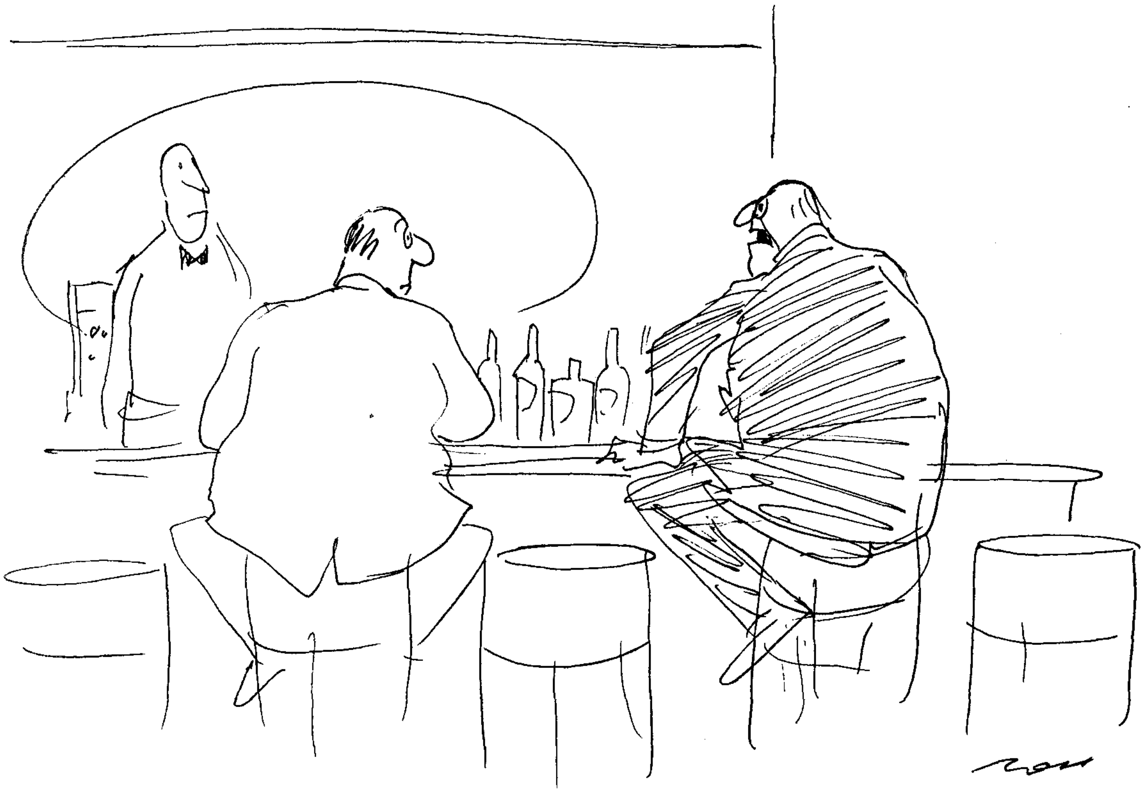
never really done the nitty-gritty stuff, which is not terribly mysterious once you tackle it. And if you haven't done these things the technicians can absolutely wrap you up in the details, and you never find your way out. There are banking firms that are so big that the staff does all these things, but at Lazard we are so small that that's out of the question."

In 1956, Rohatyn married Jeannette Streit, who was a daughter of the writer Clarence Streit (the author of the antiwar book "Union Now") and was an interpreter at the United Nations. They have three sons: Pierre, twenty-four; Nicolas, twenty-two; and Michael, nineteen. The Rohatyns were legally separated in 1972 and were subsequently divorced, and he remarried in 1979. His present wife, the former Elizabeth Fly, who is from Memphis, is president of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, a settlement house on the East Side. Like her husband, she is an ardent tennis player and skier.

In 1960, Rohatyn encountered Harold Geneen, who became the third great influence, after Wissler and Meyer, on him. From 1950 to 1956, Geneen had been the financial vice-president of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, whose board of directors included a senior partner at Lazard. In 1959, Geneen became president of I.T.T., and the Lazard partner recommended Rohatyn to him as somebody who could work with I.T.T. on mergers and acquisitions. Almost at once, Rohatyn began what became a spectacular series of mergers and acquisitions for I.T.T. involving billions of dollars. The first acquisition he arranged was that of a small electronics concern, the Jennings Radio Manufacturing Corporation, in San Jose, California, which actually made not radios but vacuum interrupters and vacuum capacitors for various electronic devices. The company was in need of capital, and after what Rohatyn described as one of the most arduous negotiations he has ever been involved with—it was almost turned down by Geneen's board of directors—I.T.T. bought Jennings for twenty million dollars.

When Rohatyn told me about the Jennings acquisition, he said that in retrospect he could hardly believe that this relatively small-scale transaction had been so difficult. "We would now do such things out of petty cash," he went on. "But that was the first deal I had done on my own for Lazard. It began a friendship with Geneen that has continued to this day. He has had an extraordinary influence on my professional life—on my view of businesses and on my thinking. When I first met Hal, he had an incredibly short fuse—anger directed not at me but at people working for him. He was terribly demanding. He would get into the office at eleven and stay there until four the following morning, simply because he had no idea what time it was. I remember reading a pamphlet that he wrote in those days entitled 'Facts.' He tried to explain to people who wrote reports to him how to differentiate a fact from an assumption, from hearsay, because he was frustrated by sloppy reporting. What had a great impact on me was listening to Hal quiz people on a business—on its structure, on its operations, on its future, on what was fundamental and what wasn't, and on how information flowed. Hal started out as an auditor, so he had been through all kinds of businesses. He knew businesses from the inside—he knew the fundamentals. Over the next ten years, we must have bought at least five billion dollars' worth of companies—which is not much by today's standards. Every time we got to talk to the president of one of those companies, it would turn out that Hal really knew more about the guy's business than he did. This knowledge was not used in an offensive way—he just really did know. What educated me the most was listening to him ask people whether what they were telling him was really so; whether they had been there; whether they had touched it; what made them think it was really so; and—especially when they were projecting into the future—what the basis of their statements was. Did they really feel comfortable with them? Did the statements stand up when you began to shine the light on them? And I learned from Geneen never to accept the notion that something can't be done just because someone tells you it can't. New York City would have gone bankrupt eight times over if I hadn't learned that from him. I got involved with some businesses in serious difficulties. For example, Avis was going bankrupt when Lazard bought it—and La-



"What do you mean 'Your guess is as good as mine'? My guess is a hell of a lot better than your guess!"

zard subsequently turned it around.”

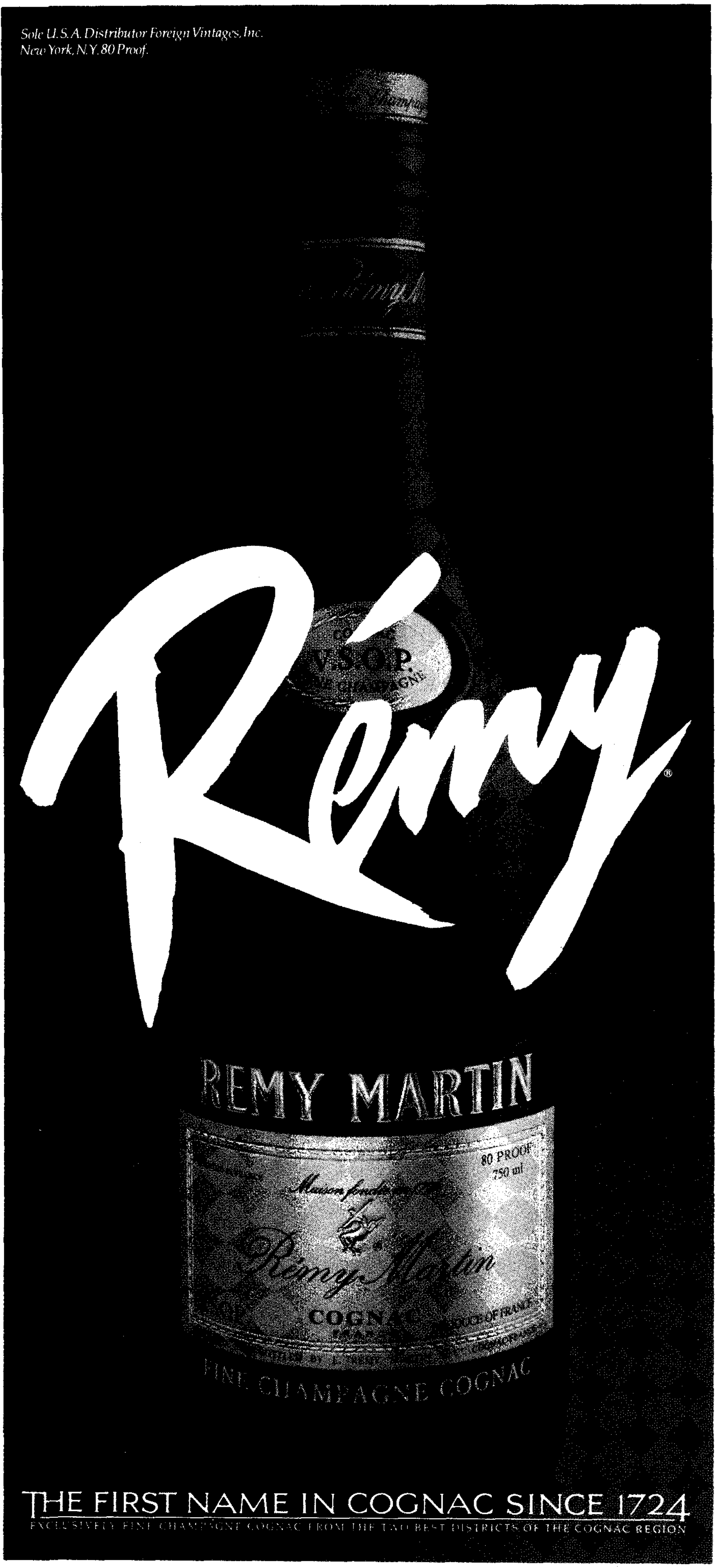
Rohatyn went on, “From experiences like that I learned another fundamental rule; namely, when something is in trouble the trouble is always much worse than you think it is—partly because people lie to you initially and partly because they don’t know themselves how bad it is. Geneen had something that he called the inverse time-to-veracity law: the higher up you are in a company, the less time you have to verify facts of greater and greater importance, so you have to rely more and more on everybody else’s veracity, and that can become a very serious problem. Because of this decade of experience, it never occurred to me in 1969 and 1970, when the Stock Exchange and its great member firms were about to go down, or later, with New York City, that I might not have had the best possible training to do what I was there to do. I was scared sometimes that we would fail because it might be too late, or things might get out of hand, but it never occurred to me that I might not have the absolute training to do what I was there to do. Everything I had done in my life up to then *was a training ground for what I had to do.*”

IN 1967, when Rohatyn was thirty-nine years old and had known Geneen for eight years, Geneen—over the objections of some of the other directors of I.T.T., who wanted a more senior man—put Rohatyn on the corporation’s board of directors. “It was the first kind of breaking out of the little cocoon I had been living in,” Rohatyn recalled. “It meant a great deal to me, as someone clearly not in the establishment, to be put on the board of this big, establishment company. It was quite something.” In May of 1968, as a result of his growing reputation in the financial community, Rohatyn was made a member of what was then known as the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange. (It is now called the board of directors.) “I guess the nominating committee wanted a younger person, with a different point of view, from one of the investment-banking houses, so they invited me,” Rohatyn said. “I told myself it would be an interesting experience—which turned out to be the understatement of the year.”

Some months later, it became clear that the Stock Exchange was in deep and possibly irreversible trouble. While the daily trading volume on the Exchange was often well over ten million shares, the computer processing of these transactions was still in its infancy. Many of the member firms lost count of their transactions but in the fevered atmosphere of those days continued to make them anyway. Some firms did not know what stocks they had bought or where these stocks were. Rohatyn is convinced that organized crime, working within the firms, took advantage of the confusion to steal many millions of dollars’ worth of securities. Stocks were bought for people who had no account with a broker, were delivered to the wrong people, or simply disappeared. In the spring of 1970, stock prices fell and trading declined, and rumors about this chaos began to circulate. Many investors began trying to get their money out of the member firms, and some of the established older firms did not have the capital to cover the withdrawals. A general panic appeared possible, and so the crisis committee was formed by the chairman of the Exchange. The committee’s first order of business was to ascertain whether firms had sufficient capital to meet their obligations. In this enterprise, Rohatyn used all the *skills he had learned from Geneen.* The committee had the power to suspend member firms—an action that would in effect have shut them down. For weeks, during which Rohatyn worked out of an office at the Exchange and rarely saw his office at Lazard, he and the other committee members called in representatives of one firm after another and kept them locked in a room until they came up with the facts. One memory of this rigorous process still haunts Rohatyn. The principal investor in the firm of Goodbody & Company was James Hogle, a distinguished banker from Salt Lake City. Hogle’s auditors had given him an estimate of Goodbody’s capital shortage, but he refused to tell the committee what the shortage was. Rohatyn recalled that Hogle said, “I can’t tell you what my numbers are. You are trying to destroy me.” Rohatyn assured him that the committee members were trying to help him but could not do so until they knew the facts. “If you don’t tell me the facts, you are not leaving here,” Rohatyn recalled saying to him. “And he looked at me, and two tears rolled down his cheeks. It was a terrible, terrible moment.” Hogle’s firm, it turned out, had a capital discrepancy of some eighteen million dollars; it was eventually merged out of business.

I asked Rohatyn how the Stock Exchange was saved, and he replied, “In the same way, I think, that New York was saved. We were lucky enough to catch both situations in time, and too many people had too much to lose if we failed. In both cases, we made a lot of decisions without waiting for all the facts to be in. That was another cardinal Geneen rule: If you wait to make an important decision until all the information that you might want is in, *you will never make it in time.* Depending on the risks, on what the stakes are, you have to settle for seventy-five, seventy, or sixty-five per cent of the information that you need and, on the basis of what you have, make your decision and go, because the time and the cost of getting, say, the last twenty-five per cent are not commensurate with what you might gain by deferring the decision. Both with the Exchange and, later, with New York City, we made decisions based on information that by normal standards would have been considered grossly insufficient. But it was all we had, and we had to go. There is a dynamic in these things, and if you sit there and let events overwhelm you, like a wave on the beach, the people around you are going to get panicked. So you have to instill a sense of confidence, morale, and verve into the exercise. The only way to do this is to bring it down to a matter of choices. Once you bring it down to choices, it really gets reasonably simple. You don’t have to become totally binary, but a lot of these choices come down to a one or a zero—what happens if we do *x*, as opposed to what happens if we don’t do anything. Then you act—trying to leave yourself with what someone once called a cone of safety, so you can move things around a bit as you go. You create a dynamic, and that is the only way to get ahead of these things; otherwise, you are always running behind—playing catch-up ball—and that's a terrible way to fix anything. Mayor Abe Beame, by always doing too little too late, tried playing catch-up ball with the New York City bond market, and never caught up. Ronald Reagan, just as Jimmy Carter did, played catch-up ball with the money markets as a result of his budget problems, and by the time he caught up the country had been forced into a deep recession, with an unemployment rate of over ten per cent."

In 1969, Rohatyn helped to bring about one of the largest corporate mergers in history—I.T.T.'s acquisition of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. It generated more than a million dollars in commissions for Lazard, and it set off a chain of events that almost destroyed Rohatyn's career. The acquisition was bitterly contested by the Department of Justice, which within a year had brought an anti-trust suit against I.T.T. in order to compel it to divest itself of Hartford Fire. I.T.T. took the position that divesting itself of the company would be a hardship on the stockholders, and proposed getting rid of some of its other companies instead. Harold Geneen asked Rohatyn to make this case to the Justice Department, and in April of 1971 Rohatyn met alone with Richard Kleindienst, the Deputy Attorney General. Rohatyn concedes that he made a mistake in meeting Kleindienst alone—a mistake that he has not repeated, he says. He once remarked, "One thing I learned is that I should never talk to a government official alone on official business—not even just to have a beer. Now when I talk to one I make sure to have eight other people in the room with me." After one or two discussions with Kleindienst that ranged over childhood, politics, gun control, and narcotics, Rohatyn made his case for I.T.T. and assumed that his part in the matter was finished. In July of 1971, the Justice Department said I.T.T. could keep Hartford Fire if it would divest itself of Avis and several other companies. In February of 1972, Kleindienst was appointed Attorney General, to succeed John Mitchell, and at the end of that month the columnist Jack Anderson published an article saying that a memo from a lobbyist named Dita Beard to William Merriam, an I.T.T. vice-president, proved that I.T.T. had obtained its final settlement as a quid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pro quo for a company contribution to the Republican National Convention. Kleindienst asked to have his confirmation hearings reopened to rebut the charges, and Rohatyn was called to testify at the subsequent hearings.

Rohatyn told me, "I had never heard about Dita Beard or any political contributions. In any case, when Kleindienst asked for his confirmation hearings to be reopened to discuss these charges, I was called as a witness. I was absolutely naïve—so naïve I didn't have a lawyer with me. I said to myself, 'I am going to tell them exactly what happened, and who needs a lawyer?' I arrived at what turned out to be a mob scene, with a lot of television reporters, and all of a sudden I was on the front page of every newspaper in the country as a man who had participated in this nefarious scheme in which I.T.T. was accused of having bought a settlement with a political contribution. Nobody accused me of having anything to do with any contribution, but I had had those meetings with Kleindienst. The controversy surrounding that thing, the emotions surrounding it were absolutely shattering. My first marriage was dissolving. My children were being given a really hard time at school because of me, and I thought for a while that my career was over—that this was going to be it. It was five years before the air was finally cleared. During this time, my partners at Lazard stood by me. Suggestions were made that I should get off the board of I.T.T., though. In fact, somebody said to me that I could never aspire to public office in this country even if I wanted to—which I didn't—unless I got off the board. I said, 'If I quit, the implication would be that I think Geneen did something wrong. I don't think he did. At least, I have no knowledge that he did. If I quit, it would hurt him, and it would look as if I were running away from something, and I can't do that.' I was a little fatalistic about it all. I had done an enormous amount of business for I.T.T. My professional reputation had come as a result of those mergers that I did with Geneen. I felt that at some point you have to pay a price. You can't go into a restaurant and be surprised if someone gives you the check. It wasn't anything I had bargained for, but I learned who my friends were, and Harold Geneen learned a lot about who *his* friends were. It was a searing experience." In the spring of 1981, Rohatyn did not

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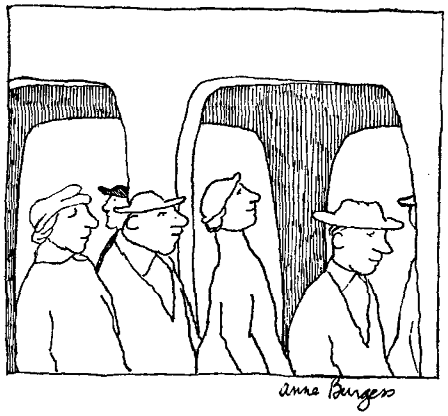
stand for reëlection to the board of directors of I.T.T., and was replaced by Michel David-Weill, of Lazard. Today, he is on the boards of Schlumberger, M.C.A., Pfizer, American Motors, Owens-Illinois, and two foreign companies.

IT was in the spring of 1975 that Rohatyn got his first inkling that New York City was in serious financial trouble. A stockbroker offered him some short-term city notes that were paying nine and a quarter per cent interest—high for municipal notes—and to Rohatyn this indicated that something must be wrong. He also began to read in the newspapers about large pension payments that the city was making to the municipal unions—payments that he thought were unsustainable. Still, he felt that these developments didn't have anything to do with his life. "I was watching this as if I weren't living here," he told me. "It was a kind of intellectual exercise. I simply had no contact with politics on a local level. Still, I saw that sooner or later the city would have to default either to its pension funds or to its bondholders, and that a bankruptcy might be the result." On a trip to Washington in May of 1975, Rohatyn had breakfast with Robert Strauss, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Rohatyn recalled, "Strauss said to me, 'What do you think is going to happen if New York goes bankrupt?' I told him, 'I think it would be a catastrophe. The dollar will be under pressure. The people in Europe will think the whole country is bankrupt. The banking system will be hurt, and the city will be a mess.' Strauss said, 'Do you mind if I tell Governor Carey that that is your view?' I said, 'Of course not. Be my guest.' I had never met Governor Carey. Following the breakfast, I went to a meeting of an advisory committee to the Securities and Exchange Commission, and during that meeting I was called by David Burke, Carey's chief of staff. He said, 'Strauss tells us that you have volunteered to help us. The Governor would like you to be his representative in trying to keep the city from going bankrupt.' I told him that I didn't know anything about the city's finances, that I was not a municipal-bond expert, and that, furthermore, I had other things to do. He asked if, in any case, I would meet with the Governor the next day, and I agreed to do that."

As a result of that meeting, Rohatyn was appointed to the Governor's advisory committee. At first, because neither he nor the rest of the committee knew the extent of the problem, Rohatyn expected to be involved for about three weeks. He had just been called for jury duty, and he suggested to Carey that he be allowed instead to spend the time helping to resolve the city's problems. At its Memorial Day weekend meeting, at Richard Shinn's home, in Greenwich, Connecticut, the committee realized that the city had an immediate problem of two hundred and eighty million dollars due on June 11th, some two weeks away, and that the banks were reluctant, to put it mildly, to extend further credit to the city unless an over-all recovery plan was worked out.

"Just before our meeting at Shinn's, I had got some idea of the dimensions of the problem," Rohatyn said. "I was living alone in a little hotel—the Alrae, on Sixty-fourth Street—and David Burke, Peter Goldmark, the Governor's budget director, and John Heimann, who was his banking superintendent, showed up and started telling me about the city finances. What they told me was enough to be scary, but in retrospect I could see that it didn't even scratch the surface. There is no question in my mind that if we had known what the facts were, none of us would have got involved. We might well have said, 'It's hopeless. Let's have an orderly bankruptcy.' "

Rohatyn continued, "The interesting thing is that people at opposite ends of the political spectrum were for bankruptcy, for absolutely opposite reasons—all of them completely wrong. The *Wall Street Journal*, for example, wanted the city to go bankrupt in order to abrogate labor contracts and their pension agreements. This would have been very difficult. We would have been in court for a decade arguing out the constitutionality of cancelling pension agreements. The *Village Voice* wanted us to go bankrupt in order to use debt-service funds to pay teachers and cops. This would have been difficult, too, since constitutionally only a tiny fraction of the debt service that went to pay for city bonds could have been used to pay for city services. All but about ten per cent of the proceeds from the property tax that the city collects could be used only to pay off debt. It wasn't the case at all that one could take money from the banks to pay the teachers or take money from the unions to pay the teachers. I rapidly came to feel that letting the city go down was inconceivable. Everybody would be lining up in front of a judge who didn't know what to do. Services would go to hell, corporations would move out in droves, and we would never be able to put things back together."



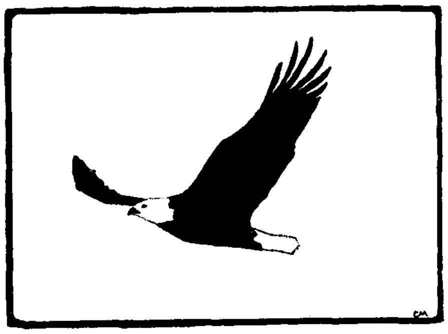
To this day, Rohatyn is not sure how much Mayor Abraham Beame and his First Deputy Mayor, James Cavanagh, knew or guessed about the state of the city's finances. He has a vivid memory of the first courtesy call he paid on the Mayor and his deputy. Cavanagh told him, he recalls, that the city really did not have a deficit—that it was really like a finance company with seasonal needs for money and perfectly good receivables. Rohatyn remembers saying, "Well, Mr. Cavanagh, if you have all these balanced budgets, how come your short-term debt has gone from zero to six billion dollars in four years? That is why this canard is going around the country that New York City has a deficit."

In the next few weeks, the advisory committee outlined the details of the prospective Municipal Assistance Corporation, whose primary function would be to try to sell some three billion dollars' worth of bonds to repay notes that would come due during the following three months. It has by now had to raise eight and a half billion dollars for the city. To enhance its credibility, MAC was to have no public officials on its board. This proposal ran into strong opposition, especially from Mayor Beame. Finally, after a great deal of general arm-twisting, the bill to create MAC passed the State Legislature at 4 A.M. on Tuesday, June 10th, and was signed later that morning by Governor Carey. Just hours before the vote was due, the committee had learned that the city's short-term debt was not three billion dollars but six billion, because of money owed on what were known as bond-anticipation notes, which had been sold to finance housing projects. The idea was that the relatively low short-term rates would enable the city to keep the rents down. The notes were to be paid off by selling bonds—bonds that in the present climate could not be sold. When Rohatyn confronted Cavanagh with the unwelcome news about the short-term debt, Cavanagh said that the debt incurred from the sale of the bond-anticipation notes was not a short-term debt. When Rohatyn pointed out that payment on the notes was due within twelve months, Cavanagh explained that the debt had been incurred in anticipation of selling bonds later. Rohatyn told me that he said, “You can’t sell the bonds, so what the hell is it in anticipation of?” He continued, “I think it was Cavanagh who then gave me this deathless line: ‘Mr. Rohatyn, I can see you don’t know much about municipal financing.’ And I said, ‘Yes, but I know a lot about baloney, and what you are giving me is just a lot of baloney.’ ”

On the day MAC was created, the banks agreed to lend the city two hundred and eighty million dollars to help pay off the notes that were due June 11th. MAC would also sell long-term bonds, to be paid off by revenues from the city’s sales tax, which brought in close to a billion dollars a year. It also got some state aid and the benefits of a stock-transfer tax. By the beginning of July, MAC and its two principal underwriters—Salomon Brothers and the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company—had completed plans for a bond sale to raise a billion dollars. Then, during the week of July 4th, members of the sanitationmen’s union staged a wildcat strike, and Mayor Beame settled it on July 3rd, on terms that the city, given its financial situation, could not afford. As a result of that settlement and other problems, the bond sale collapsed—a disaster that took the city two years to recover from, Rohatyn told me. “Beame gave back half the jobs that had been lost because of austerity layoffs that the city’s recovery depended on, and he gave them back under terms that were clearly unfavorable to the city,” Rohatyn recalled. “It appeared to prospective buyers of bonds that MAC was all form and no substance.” In the succeeding months, whatever financing MAC arranged was done piecemeal—by what Rohatyn called “monthly miracles,” which ran to about a billion dollars apiece. They involved a juggling act among the banks, various insurance companies, and the union pension funds.

Rohatyn’s intention had been to help set up MAC and then leave the city’s finances to someone else. “It had been fun,” he told me, on an ironic note. “I had learned a lot. I had got my picture on the front page of the *Times*. I’d got a very good table at Elaine’s, and I’d been seated in the front room of ‘21.’ I had arrived.” Not only did Rohatyn feel initially that the creation of MAC had more or less completed the job but André Meyer was pressing him to return to Lazard full time. “André viewed my involvement in public life with a great deal of skepticism,” Rohatyn said. “He thought that it was dangerous for me and dangerous for the firm, and that I was giving in to some secret passion of mine to run for office or to endear myself to some President and become Secretary of something or other. On the contrary, I was and am very much aware of the fact that Lazard Frères is my base—that part of my influence with politicians is that I am a partner in a very private, very profitable independent firm, and I don’t need any of this. If at any time they don’t like what I am doing, they can always have somebody else do it.”

After the bond-sale debacle, Rohatyn decided that he couldn’t simply walk away from the city’s troubles. By that time, some of the MAC directors had come to the conclusion that the chairmanship of MAC had to be split in two, so that one person could concentrate on the financial end and the other on the city’s budgetary reforms. Rohatyn became the finance chairman, and William Ellinghaus, the president of the New York Telephone Company, became the general chairman. In mid-July, the two men recognized that as their next step they would have to begin dealing with the municipal unions. Rohatyn’s ignorance of the unions and their leaders was then nearly total. “To me, they were like Martians,” he said. “Complete unknowns except for Victor Gotbaum, whose picture I had seen once when he was picketing Citibank. They viewed us, I am sure, as a bunch of businessmen and bankers about to rape the city, and to us they were a bunch of wild-eyed left-wing radicals who were trying to rape the city.”



In this atmosphere, Rohatyn and the MAC board met with the union leaders—Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees; John DeLury, of the Uniformed Sanitationmen’s Association; Albert Shanker, of the United Federation of Teachers; Jack Bigel, a pension adviser to the unions; and Barry Feinstein, of the Teamsters—and everybody “made the right sounds,” Rohatyn told me. “We said, ‘We want to help the city,’ and ‘We’ve got to work together,’ and ‘We’ve got to communicate.’ ” The first substantive meeting between the board and the union leaders occurred late in July, and at that meeting Rohatyn and Ellinghaus attempted to negotiate a freeze on wages. “The negotiations were to take place in a suite in the Americana Hotel,” Rohatyn remarked. “But beforehand everyone had to go into a huge room downstairs filled with television reporters. First, Victor Gotbaum pounded the table and screamed at me, and then Albert Shanker, and then Barry Feinstein. And then, for some reason, all the lights in the hotel went out. We took refuge in a dark bar until the lights went on and we could go upstairs to negotiate. We negotiated for hours. It was the typical kind of labor negotiation, where nothing significant happens until three in the morning. Labor leaders have enormous endurance. They wear you down, and also they have to show their people that they have got their money’s worth—that the leaders didn’t come to an agreement in fifteen minutes. I got along very well with them. Once we got upstairs, Gotbaum took his shoes off. There were two policemen—Ken McFeeley, the head of the policemen’s union, and Harold Melnick, the head of the Sergeants Benevolent Association. Very nice men. When they took off their jackets, I saw that they were wearing their guns. It was the first time I had ever negotiated with people who were actually carrying guns. At one point, McFeeley gave me a cartoon he had drawn of me which said that

Rohatyn is an S.O.B. but he always levels with you. I thought that that was a great compliment." Ultimately, the unions agreed to defer wage increases until the city's budget was once again in balance and until the city was able to sell its bonds in the bond market. (That happened in 1981.) The unions also agreed to assume some of the pension funding that had previously been carried by the city, and they ultimately invested large sums from their pension funds in MAC bonds; that investment, along with loans from the banks and funds from the state, pulled the city through the darkest months of the financial crisis. During this time, Rohatyn developed a strong relationship with Victor Gotbaum, and he now considers Gotbaum his closest friend.

By September of 1975, Rohatyn and the other MAC directors had decided that MAC had taken the city about as far as it could by itself. They believed that the federal government as well as the state had to become involved directly, and in order to get federal help they had to convince Washington that if the city went bankrupt the state was likely to go under, too, and that this, if it happened, would affect the entire country. In early September, an entity called the Emergency Financial Control Board was created by the State Legislature. Its members were to include the Governor, the Mayor, the state and city comptrollers, and three private citizens, and they were to supervise the spending of the money that was raised by MAC. In essence, the board was to take control of the city budget, and, among other things, the state would put up seven hundred and fifty million dollars out of a total package of two billion three hundred million dollars, to be invested by the banks and the union-pension-fund system. That money would see the city through from Labor Day to the end of November. Rohatyn thought that that was as much as could be achieved without federal assistance. "We gambled that the federal government would come in by December," he said. "It was a big gamble and a close thing, but we were right." William Ellinghaus became a member of the Control Board when the state Legislature established it, and Rohatyn joined it a year later. "Since the New York City crisis had an enormous element of show biz in it—simply because it was New York, and because it became us against them, 'them' being the bad guys in Wash-

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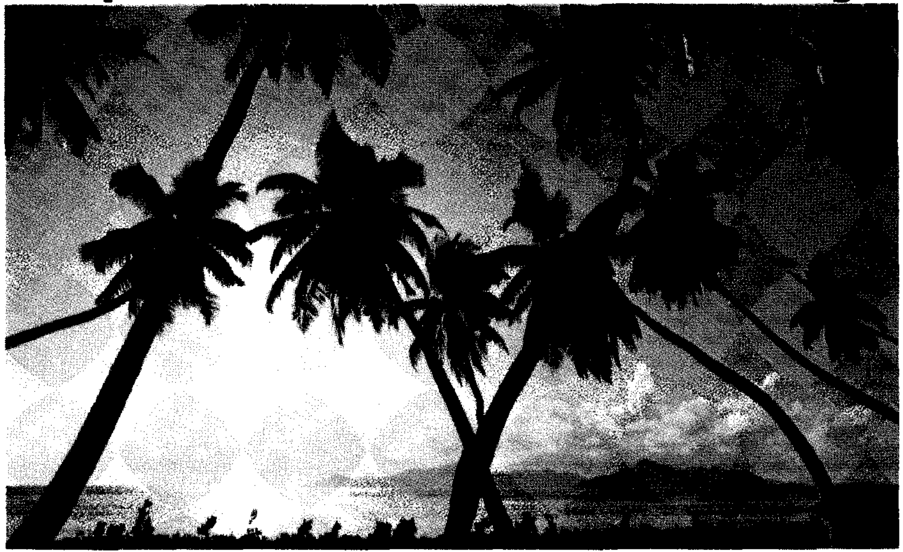

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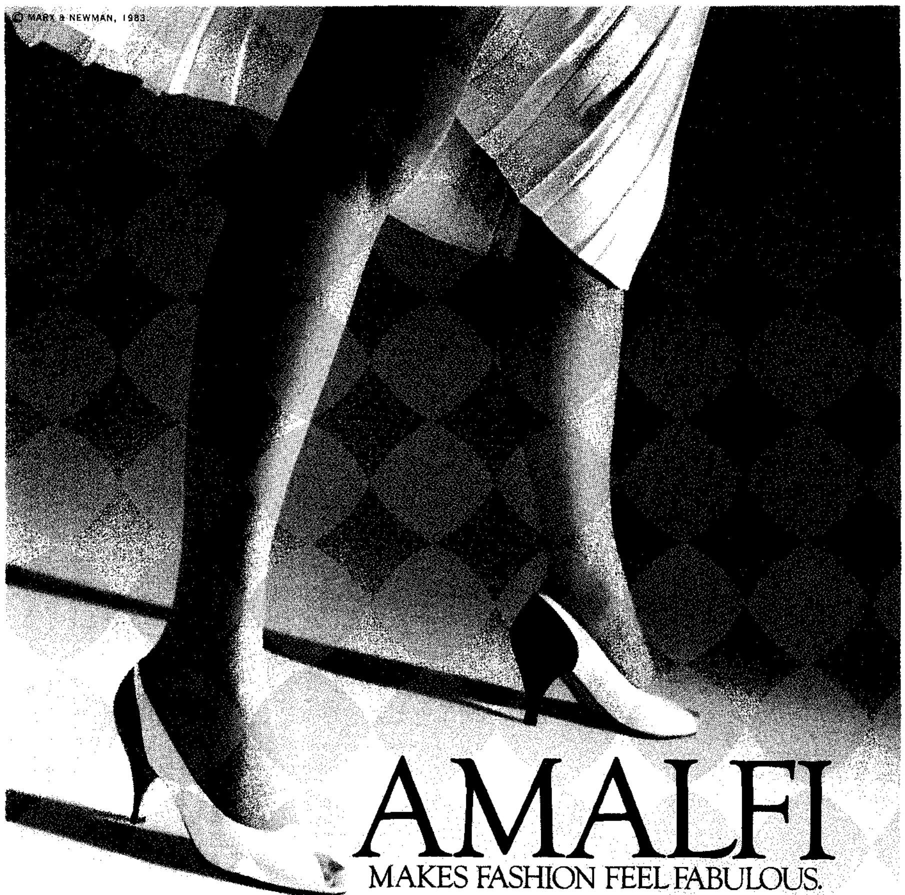

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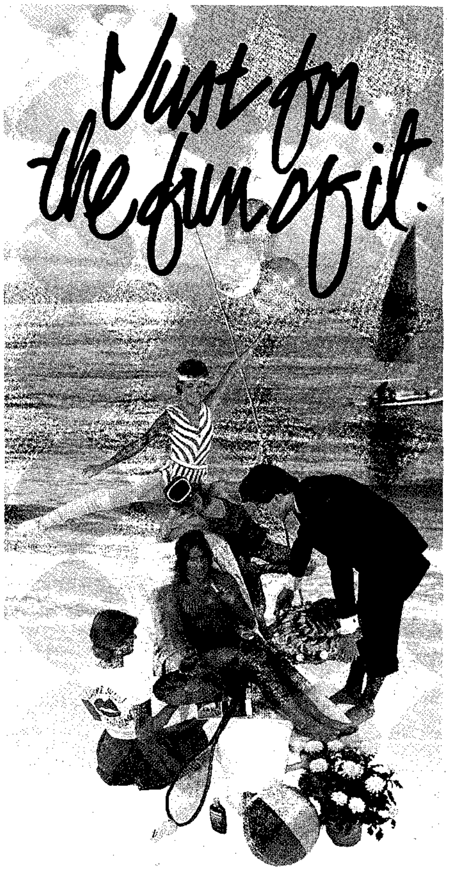
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ington and the rest of the country who hated us and wanted us to go bankrupt, and because it involved all kinds of egos—there was continual pressure for more public exposure," Rohatyn told me. "When I came home at night, there might be messages from eight different reporters—sometimes five from the *Times* alone—working on different aspects of the story. A very interesting thing happened, which was very important to us; namely, the New York daily papers, which had the choice of putting their financial reporters or their political reporters on the story, put their political reporters on it. This meant that they had to be taught about finance, and I was the person they turned to to teach them. I had to make a choice of just saying nothing or of telling them the truth about the way we saw things and letting the chips fall where they might. That is what I chose to do, though going that way held some dangers. People were worried that if we spoke openly about our problems we might bring on the catastrophe we were trying to avoid, and that was a valid concern. Even so, I chose to be quite open with the press—to explain where I thought we were, and where I thought we were going. I think I had credibility in part because people identified me as someone who was not involved in politics. I made a very early decision not to accept a salary or any kind of reimbursement for any of this. I didn't need the money, so that was not a hard decision. But it made a difference that I had the public posture of being a 'volunteer.' The whole notion of saving New York became a very emotional thing for me. In New York, I felt like the wandering Jew come home, and in fighting for its survival I felt I was paying off a debt. I guess that, with all the public exposure, I became a sort of star here. That is very dangerous, very heady stuff. It stays with you. It takes a long time to wear off."

Over the next two years, the city cut its labor force, through layoffs and attrition, by twenty per cent—from three hundred thousand to two hundred and forty thousand; it imposed tuition charges at the City University, for the first time in a hundred and twenty-nine years; it also froze wages. A measure of the success of this effort was that while from 1970 to 1975 the city's expenditures had gone up an aggregate amount of about eighty per cent, from 1975 to 1980 they went up less than ten per cent, which was a

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fifth of the rate of inflation. Simultaneously, tax revenues went up, as a result of a buoyant economy and inflation, and since expenses were cut, a surplus resulted. The state lent the city three-quarters of a billion dollars through MAC, and MAC concurrently raised four billion from other sources; the transit fare was increased by more than forty per cent; and the financial management of the city was improved by hiring people from the private sector—Kenneth Axelson, formerly of the J. C. Penney Company, for example; John C. Burton, of the Securities and Exchange Commission; and James Brigham, from the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company. At the same time, Rohatyn and his co-workers began an ultimately successful campaign in Washington to get not only seasonal loans but also federal guarantees for long-term MAC bonds. (Seasonal loans were meant to deal with the city's cash-flow problems during periods when tax revenues were down, and had to be repaid by the end of every year. Long-term bonds can be used to finance the city's capital-construction projects, and are repaid over the life of the project.) The seasonal loans began in December of 1975, and the guarantees in the summer of 1978. By 1981, with the federal loan guarantees and the sale of MAC bonds to the general public as well as to the banks and the unions, the city had paid off its entire short-term debt. Altogether, a four-and-a-half-billion-dollar package was assembled, to deal with the city's needs up to June of 1982, when the city was supposed to be financing itself by selling bonds in the public market directly. Unfortunately, the present fiscal problems of the city have made this estimate too optimistic. MAC's authority to sell bonds will end either in 1984 or when it has sold ten billion dollars' worth—whichever comes earlier. Rohatyn does not believe that these limits should be increased or extended. He feels that the city has borrowed all it should through MAC and must go the rest of the way on its own. In 1978, after the passage of the federal loan-guarantee legislation, when it had become clear that the city was on the way to financial health, Rohatyn decided to return to private life—a decision that did not hold for long, since his successor as chairman of MAC, George Gould, who had been finance chairman, resigned after five months, and Rohatyn, at Governor Carey's request, resumed the position, which he has held ever since. His term expires on December 31, 1983.

AFTER hearing Rohatyn's account of how New York City was saved from bankruptcy, I asked him how the problems had come about and what lessons they held for the future of the city, for other cities, and for the country as a whole.

"One thing that became apparent to me right at the start, when we were grappling with the immediate problems, was that there was nothing in them that should have come as a surprise," Rohatyn said. "It was obvious not only that the city was near bankruptcy but also that the situation had been inevitable. It wasn't due to corruption, or even to people's attempting to hide the facts—from themselves, at least. A lot of the details were not generally known, because the information systems were not in place, but the broad factual picture was known. And not facing up to the facts was not the fault of the politicians alone. There was, for instance, a sort of incestuous relationship between municipal labor and the local politicians which caused them to dance around like gooney birds instead of having the kind of negotiation in which the labor leaders would accept the minimum they could settle for consistent with the maximum the city could afford. It was never that kind of negotiation. In fact, the municipal labor unions became a political force here as soon as they were recognized, in the late nineteen-fifties, and the contract settlements were always much more than the city could afford. I guess it was naïve of me to think that I was making a discovery when I realized this; in this situation, you do not have the discipline of the marketplace, as a company does. A company has to show at the end of the year, no matter what, that it has more income than expenditures. The settlements between the city and the unions were not subject to that kind of scrutiny. Fringe benefits, for example, were sort of shoved under the rug. The budgets that looked balanced were fudged, because expenditures began to get loaded into the capital budgets. Categories were changed. The banks were always willing to sell notes. Clearly, the financial community must bear some of the blame for providing too much credit to the city on terms that were too lenient. The agencies that rated the merits of the city's bond issues didn't pay much attention. The press didn't pay much attention."

Rohatyn continued, "The philosophy was, Don't tax—borrow. Taxation is painful. Whatever you don't have to do today, do tomorrow, or, preferably, next year, or, preferably, after the next election. A lot of this wasn't really hidden. Albany would pass a law saying that the Mayor could invade the capital budget to pay operating expenses. The revenues were overestimated, and the expenses were deferred. I had never met a municipal official before I got into this. I had never seen a financial statement for a municipality—apart from anything else, because not many such statements exist. So for me it was a discovery that politicians have totally different time horizons from corporate executives. A corporate executive can't evade tomorrow unless he is on the verge of retirement. Politicians always hope that tomorrow will never come, or that, if it comes, it comes after the next election. A corollary to this is that a difficult political decision cannot be made until it is possible to apportion blame among many, many parties. That is why so many things were in a state of collapse here. The transportation system was in a state of collapse because nobody wanted to raise fares

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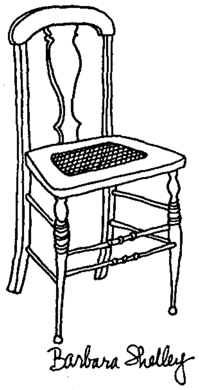
when the time came to raise them. So in order not to raise fares the capital budget was invaded to pay for union settlements that were clearly beyond the capacity of the system. The result was that needed maintenance was always postponed, and the equipment was run-down and obsolete. Nobody wanted to tax and nobody wanted to raise fares and nobody wanted to impose tuition on the City University. Meanwhile, bonds were being sold to people who were being presented with what looked like balanced budgets but in fact had no relationship to reality."

Rohatyn paused, and then went on, "An important thing I learned is that the voters are very grown-up if there is a medium that allows one to communicate intelligently with them and to explain the facts of life. That medium, in my judgment, is the printed word. MAC was credible because the reporters sensed that we weren't playing games with them and because people by and large sensed that we had no axe to grind. I concluded from this that it *is* possible to create a political climate in which political leaders can make decisions that should have been made years earlier, and can make them in a time of crisis without committing political suicide. I have a lot of sympathy with a politician who says, 'Look, I just can't do this, because I am going to get thrown out of office if I do.' It's easy for me to say, 'Go ahead and do it anyway.' But if I were told, for example, that if the merger I was negotiating did not work out I was finished as a partner in my firm I might take a different view of what I was doing. On the other hand, at our urging, Governor Carey in 1975 moved on things that had always been considered impossible politically—freezing wages and imposing tuitions and the rest—and he came off very popular because of it. I began to see a change of attitude even among politicians on the national level. When we first tried to sell MAC bonds outside New York State, the potential bond buyers we met looked at us as if we were crazy. This was not helped by President Ford's speech telling New York, in effect, to drop dead. But, as things went on, it became clear to me and to others, outside New York, that what was happening was not just New York. New York was itself too large an entity to be an aberration. It couldn't be that it almost went bankrupt if the same disease was not highly prevalent in the body politic, the body economic, and the body national."

Rohatyn said that he began to trace the parallels and came to the conclusion that what was happening to New York on a relatively small scale was happening to the entire country on a huge, possibly total, scale—with, of course, the difference that the federal government could keep on printing money. He noted some of the parallels for me. "The loss of employment from New York to other parts of the country is like the loss of employment from the United States to Taiwan," he said. "New York's labor and pension contracts are similar to the country's Social Security system, which is completely out of whack. New York's inability to get productivity out of its employees is like the work-ethic differential that has been created between us and, say, the Germans and the Japanese. Our own local near-bankruptcy can be equated with national bankruptcy, which is what inflation is. The brilliant thing that is called Manhattan and is surrounded by desperate problems in the South Bronx and Bedford-Stuyvesant is like the Sun Belt in relation to regions of the country such as the Northeast and the Middle West, which are in terrible economic trouble."



Rohatyn continued, "It also seems to me that on the national level the same political weaknesses exist that had existed in New York to prevent us from coping with these things early on. But for the country as a whole there is no way to keep the problem from escalating, whereas in New York City we eventually hit a brick wall; namely, the inability to refinance. Also, in New York we could look to larger governmental entities, such as the state government and the federal government, while on the national level there is no such thing—unless one could create a worldwide MAC, with God as its chairman. When I began testifying in Congress and saw how the legislative process worked, I saw that it treated all national problems as if they had no linkage. This is much worse than what we had here, where we were able to create entities in which everyone concerned—the union leaders, the bankers, the Mayor, the Governor, the chairman of MAC,

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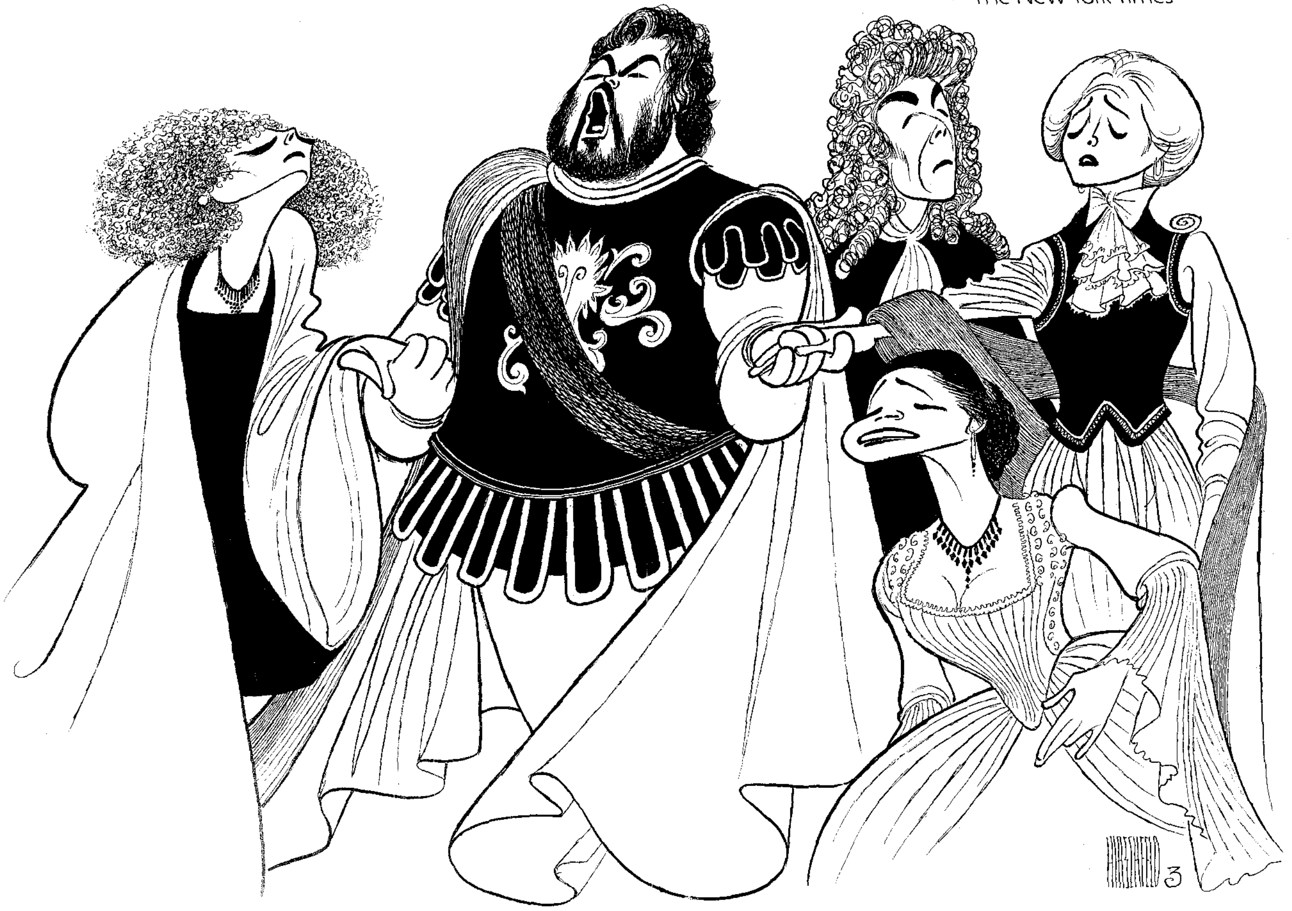

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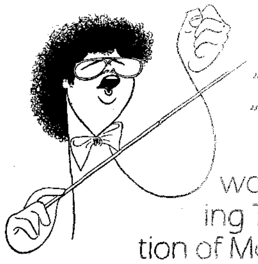

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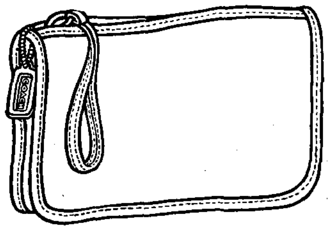

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the members of the Financial Control Board—could sit around a table and look at all the interrelated aspects of the problem. I had greatly admired what Jean Monnet achieved with the European Common Market, and, taking that as a model, I concluded that structures like MAC or the Reconstruction Finance Corporation could be used regionally or nationally, and that something like that might be needed between the federal government and the fifty states. Since the Northeast is such a high importer of energy, I tried to promote the notion of a regional development agency, modelled on the European Coal and Steel Community, that would deal with the common problems of energy. It was to have been the centerpiece of what became known as the Coalition of Northeast Governors, and was to have been called the Energy Corporation of the Northeast. If it had got started, it would have been able to issue bonds backed by the federal government to finance things like the development of new energy sources. Mario Cuomo is interested in the notion of a regional development bank.

"Frankly, I also saw it as an indirect way to generate employment in this area—especially in the inner cities. It seems to me that the issue of race in this country is potentially the biggest problem we are not getting at, and that it is directly tied to the most difficult issue, of hard-core unemployment. We recognize that it is there, but we are not getting at it. It is related to the growing differences among various regions in this country, and the growing differences among classes and income levels, as well as the requirement for greater and greater job skills. As far as inner-city-ghetto unemployment is concerned, the problem comes down to whether you take people to jobs or you bring jobs to people, and it has always seemed to me that the most likely solution is to bring the jobs to the people. Otherwise, one deals with a program of resettlement of a vast portion of our population—people who for both cultural and educational reasons would be reluctant to leave where they are and, even if they were willing, would be accepted only reluctantly wherever they were going. So it's better to bring jobs to people, and these jobs should be primarily private-sector jobs—subsidized, no doubt, in one way or another, by the federal government. They should be tied in to the local school system, because unless there is

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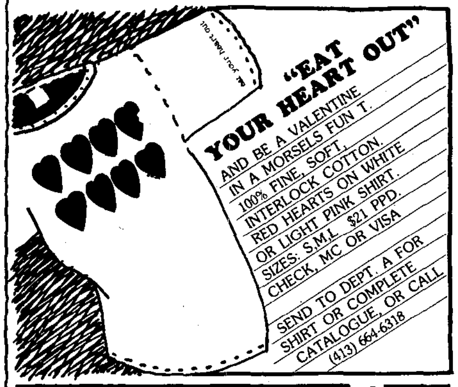

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some way to induce inner-city kids to stay in school one is simply creating a whole layer of the population that is doomed. During the Carter Administration, a bill was introduced—which I lobbied for—to create the energy corporation. Nothing came of it, but something like the corporation it envisioned may eventually be created for the northeastern states."

Speaking of the Reagan Administration, I asked Rohatyn what he thought about supply-side economics and trickle-down theory.

"I was somewhat critical of many of the Democrats in the last congressional election who simply ran against Reagan and Reaganomics without talking about alternatives," Rohatyn said. "I started asking myself what Reaganomics really is. When you begin to think it through, you get some very contradictory answers. You can, if you want, make a case that Reaganomics has been rather Keynesian or, at least, what passes these days for Keynesian, since what Keynes actually said is usually ignored or caricatured. Reagan's idea was that deficits created by tax cuts would be ultimately stimulative. Keynes, as I read him, thought that a surplus should be built up in good times to offset deficits, which are a stimulus in bad times. But in our society this is politically ludicrous. We run up huge deficits in bad times and smaller deficits in good times, since any surplus is simply spent. When the Reagan Administration's stimulus did not come, its people suggested building even greater deficits by moving up next year's tax cut. Keynes, by the way, did not attach sufficient importance to the inflationary potential of running up deficits like this, since he believed that when times were bad wages automatically came down—and, as we have seen, they do not. Of course, he did not live at a time when there were huge social-welfare programs that had to be maintained."

Rohatyn went on, "The stated objectives of Reaganomics—namely, to bring the budget under control, to reduce government spending, to reduce regulation to a reasonable point, to reduce taxes wherever you can afford it—nobody can quarrel with. When Reagan came in, we were headed for an inflationary disaster. At that point, inflation was clearly the No. 1 enemy, and this Administration fought it with measures that I might not have used, but they clearly have brought it down very sharply. But we are paying a price for this which I

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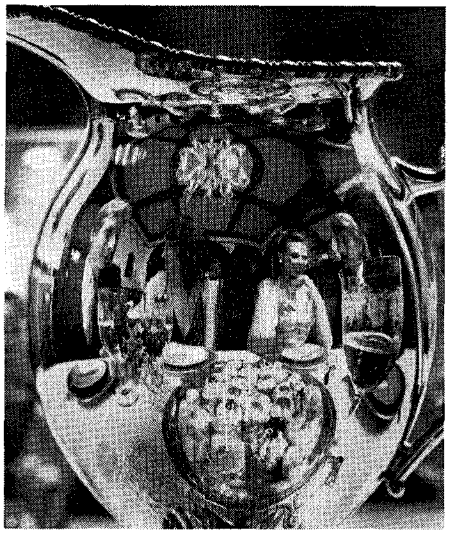

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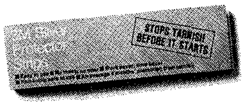

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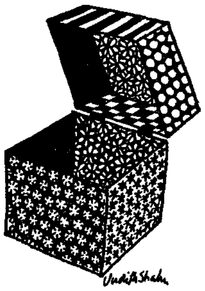
question whether we can afford to pay. In normal economic times, those objectives would be perfectly sustainable. The trouble with the Reagan program is that it is incoherent. The combination of tax cuts and defense-spending increases, together with tight money, created very steep rises in interest rates, which caused a very deep recession with very high unemployment, and now we are looking at higher deficits than when the Reagan people came in.

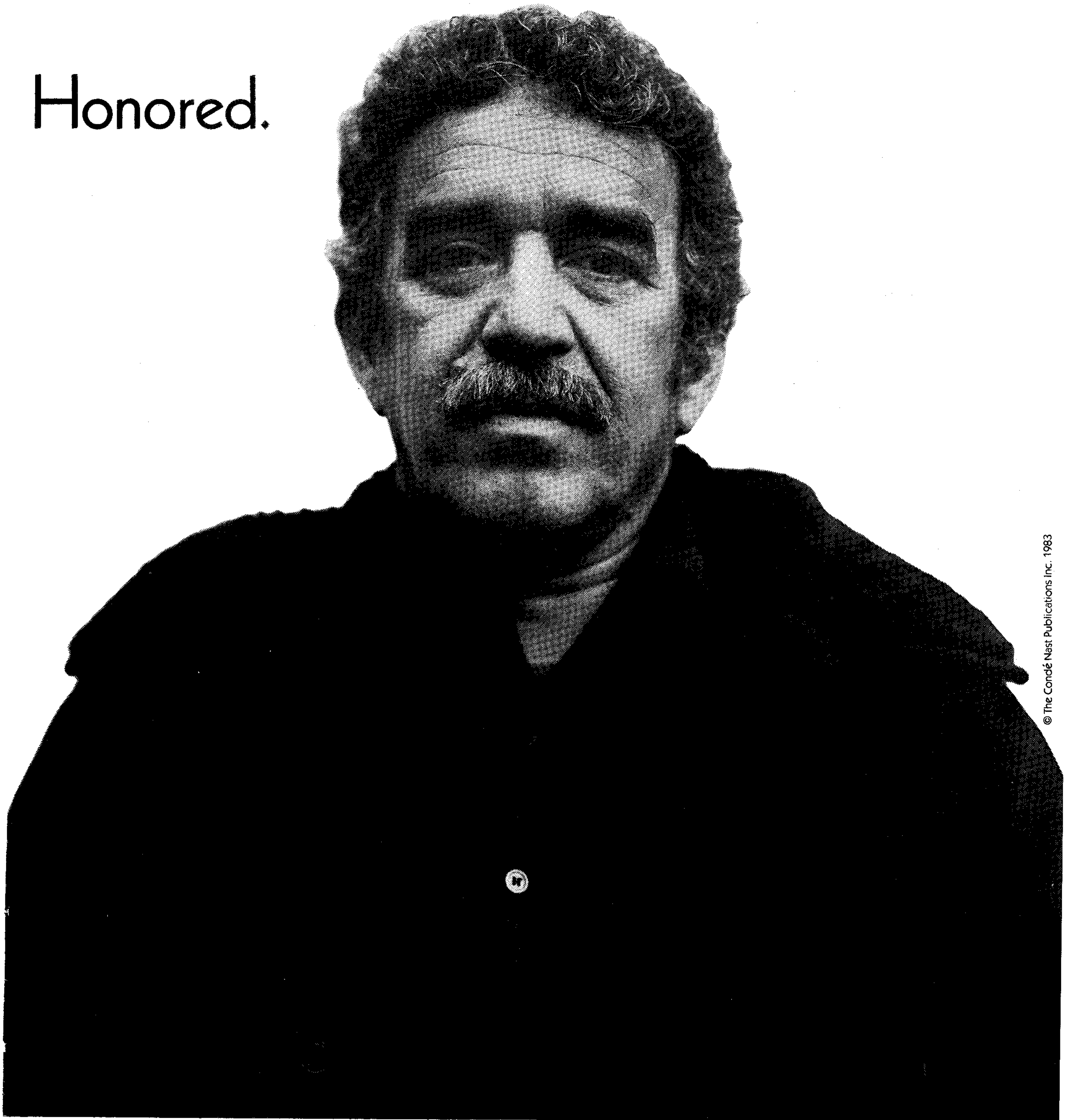
"The other problem with both their budget policy and their tax policy is that they are manifestly unfair. *Some* unfairness is always inevitable when you cut back government spending. It is always the people who are least well off who suffer the most. But the way the budget cuts worked, the way the defense-spending increases are scheduled, and the way the tax cuts worked, it was the people down at the lowest end of the economic ladder who paid the biggest price. The entitlement programs such as Social Security, which go essentially to the middle class and are tied to the cost of living, were not cut back to any significant extent. At the same time, there are these extraordinary levels of defense spending that are going completely unchecked for the moment. I think the notion that we are going to spend something like a trillion six hundred billion dollars—over fifty per cent of the current gross national product—over the next five years for defense is simply staggering. I see no sensible way that we can spend this money. This is both an economic and a moral issue. The moral issue is the absence of a draft. We are, as it stands, letting the children of the minorities and the poor defend the country while the children of the middle class and the well-to-do are exempt. The issue of nuclear weapons is clearly a moral one. On its face, for example, the logic that leads one to build MX missiles, given everything else we have, seems absurd to me."



Rohatyn continued, "The Reagan program increases, not decreases, the great discrepancies in this country. Furthermore, the impact of the Reagan economic program is being very harshly felt in this part of the country—especially in the older cities, which rely heavily on such programs as mass-transit subsidies, urban-development grants, school aid, and food stamps. These same older cities are also tied to older industries, and these industries are bearing the brunt of foreign imports as well as of the recession. The result will be more budgetary pressure on this part of the country, where the quality of life is already eroding to the point where there is an exodus. This pressure will accelerate it. An exodus might be all right if one took out a vertical slice of the population—including all income levels—of, say, Chicago or Detroit and moved it to the Southwest. But the slices are not vertical, they are horizontal—mostly younger taxpayers and retirees. And the people left are the ones who need the most public services and pay the least taxes, while the people who move take their money to places like Arizona. It seems to me that in the long run it is impossible to maintain a democratic society unless you can spread the benefits and burdens of being an American citizen reasonably evenly. The present trend will lead to class warfare—the middle class against the poor—and that is not a tenable solution. This comes back again to the inner cities and the creation of employment.

"One has to be basically for free trade. Free trade on its face and on its merits is clearly the right way to go. Protectionism is a little like stealing. You've got to be against it in the abstract. But if my children were starving would I steal? The answer is I don't know. When you look at the American industries that are decimated by foreign competition, it is very difficult to put yourself in the place of a laid-off steelworker or a laid-off auto worker, or their leadership, and not see the enormous pressures that are coming in terms of certain limited types of protectionism. One of the things that has made the present situation even worse is the strength of the dollar, especially vis-à-vis the Japanese yen, which has been caused not just by commercial movement but mostly by speculative financial transactions. I think there is an area of correction here that might be negotiated fairly rapidly with the Japanese if we want to avoid the protectionist legislation that I think is inevitable if something does not happen. We could have our respective central banks do whatever is necessary to increase the value of the yen with respect to the dollar—by about a

Honored.



Chronicle of a Death Foretold, the new novel by Gabriel García Márquez, winner of the 1982 Nobel Prize in Literature, will appear in its entirety in the first issue of *Vanity Fair*. It will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf. Photograph by Richard Avedon.

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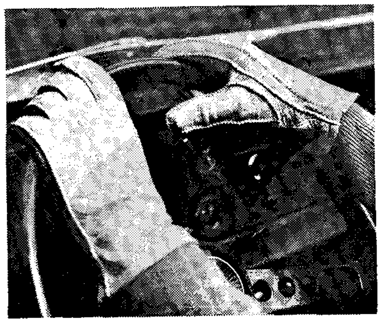

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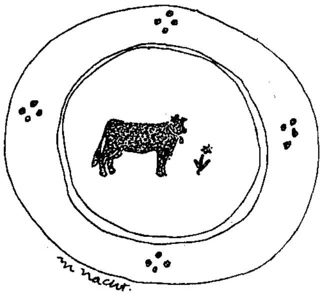
thirty-per-cent swing. There was a time, you may recall, when the Swiss franc went up so high that the Swiss couldn't export anymore. Our problem with the present dollar level is that we can't export. What the Swiss did was to require anyone buying francs for financial purposes to pay interest on the francs kept in Swiss banks. At a minimum, we should consider something like that, because if we don't the whole notion of being able to compete with the Japanese is just fantasy. The other thing about Japanese competition, by the way, was brought home to me in a conversation I had with the physicist I. I. Rabi. He said that we wouldn't be able to compete with the Japanese for the next twenty years, because we didn't have teachers who knew how to teach technology. From what I have been reading, I have come to the conclusion that Japanese productivity seems to have most to do with their primary- and secondary-school systems, and not at all with their quality-control circles or their labor rates. This connects to the notion I've had that as part of an industrial-reconstruction program in this country we create some sort of national industrial-development bank, modelled after the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of the thirties, which would provide capital to hard-hit industries like the automobile industry and the steel industry and to those parts of the country which are hardest hit."

Rohatyn continued, "But as part of that program you really have to deal with some of the inner-city-ghetto problems. Since, in all likelihood, you can't ship the people now living in the ghettos out to Tucson or Phoenix to make microprocessors—for both cultural and educational reasons—you have to bring those jobs into the ghettos. But you also have to tie those jobs almost directly to the educational stream. An R.F.C. could be used not only to finance manufacturing facilities in the inner cities but also to tie the schools directly into the employment stream. I don't know if that can work here. Clearly, the Japanese have a different population mixture and a different population psyche, if you will, but fuelling this is their educational system. We seem to lose sight of that. We keep talking about budget numbers and supply-side economics and monetarism and labor costs, but we have an educational system that does not match our future employment requirements. There are vast portions of our population that will never get the opportunity to even compete for these jobs, because they will always be vocational and educational cripples. Everybody talks about entitlements as something that is terrible, and, before, I talked about the need to cut back on the entitlement programs. Perhaps no one is *entitled* to income programs that always keep up with the rate of inflation, but clearly everybody is entitled to an *opportunity*. That opportunity consists of two things. On the one hand, it consists of the government's providing a framework for an economy that can generate employment. And, on the other hand, the government must provide an educational system and a social framework in which opportunities to compete for that employment can be made available to vast portions of the population. I think that that is why all over the world one government after another—right-wing governments and left-wing governments—has been falling: because they fail at this time and time again."



Rohatyn paused, and then said, "To change the subject slightly, as you know I have been arguing for a long time for a rise in the gasoline tax. I was always told that gasoline-tax increases were not feasible, and now, all of a sudden, I find the President of the United States supporting a five-cent-a-gallon gasoline tax, which he is calling a user's fee. I don't care if he calls it a banana as long as it works. I think what he has done here is terribly important. At least the principle has been established that a gasoline tax is not political suicide. Now the question is how much. I would like to see it much higher than five cents. It is something that could easily finance part of an R.F.C. program. It could help close the budget gap and it could prepare us for the next OPEC oil shock, which I am convinced is going to happen someday. I am delighted to see that a gasoline tax has been passed, but I think it should have come at much higher levels."

Rohatyn went on, "I think that as far as wages are concerned we should go to the Japanese and German mod-

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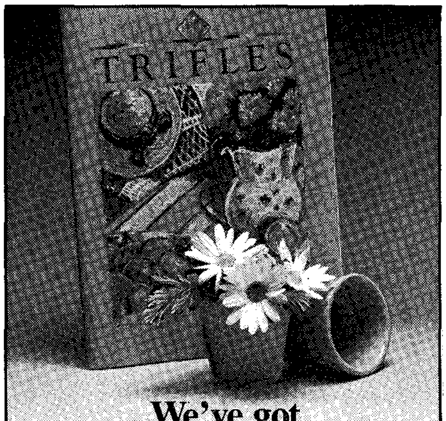

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el. They have an annual labor negotiation resulting in one-year contracts with no cost-of-living escalators—an annual business-labor-government kind of negotiation that sets the parameters of the economy for the main industries and for the main public-sector employment contracts. I'd rather have an annual nuisance than a biannual disaster. If we had had an annual contract at, say, the rate of inflation, we wouldn't have the disaster that is now facing New York City because of its recently negotiated two-year contract at sixteen per cent. Such an annual process has to be institutionalized. Once people get used to the idea of negotiating every year rather than once every two years, the process of the negotiations will be easier. The process will change to accommodate itself to the realities. If the reality is better with a year-to-year contract—which, in effect, becomes an incomes policy, since you can make the wage increases and the benefits much more closely related to the actual productivity and the actual rate of inflation and the actual economic performance—and if, in addition, you put a large share of the compensation package in the form of profit sharing, then, I think, you have a much better situation."

Rohatyn said, "The R.F.C. would be an instrument that could be used both to stimulate and restructure older industries and to rebuild the decrepit infrastructure of many of our older cities. The R.F.C. should also be used to induce foreign manufacturers to locate in this country and create jobs here instead of simply importing into this country. A case in point is the recent purchase by the New York State Metropolitan Transportation Authority of two hundred and seventy-five million dollars' worth of subway cars from the Japanese Kawasaki company, because Japan provided cheap credit. An R.F.C. could have been used to convince the Japanese to build those cars here. It would be an alternative to the strong protectionist movement that is developing in this country. Our economic problems are vastly overshadowed by the rest of the world's economic problems. But we have become prisoners of the world's problems, because our banking system is so involved in overseas credit. Therefore, we have to begin not only to think of our own recovery but also to coördinate our economic policies much more closely with the Western Europeans and the Japanese. We should seriously consider whether we

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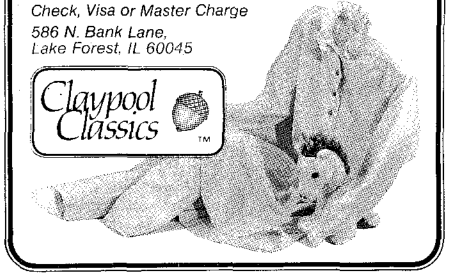

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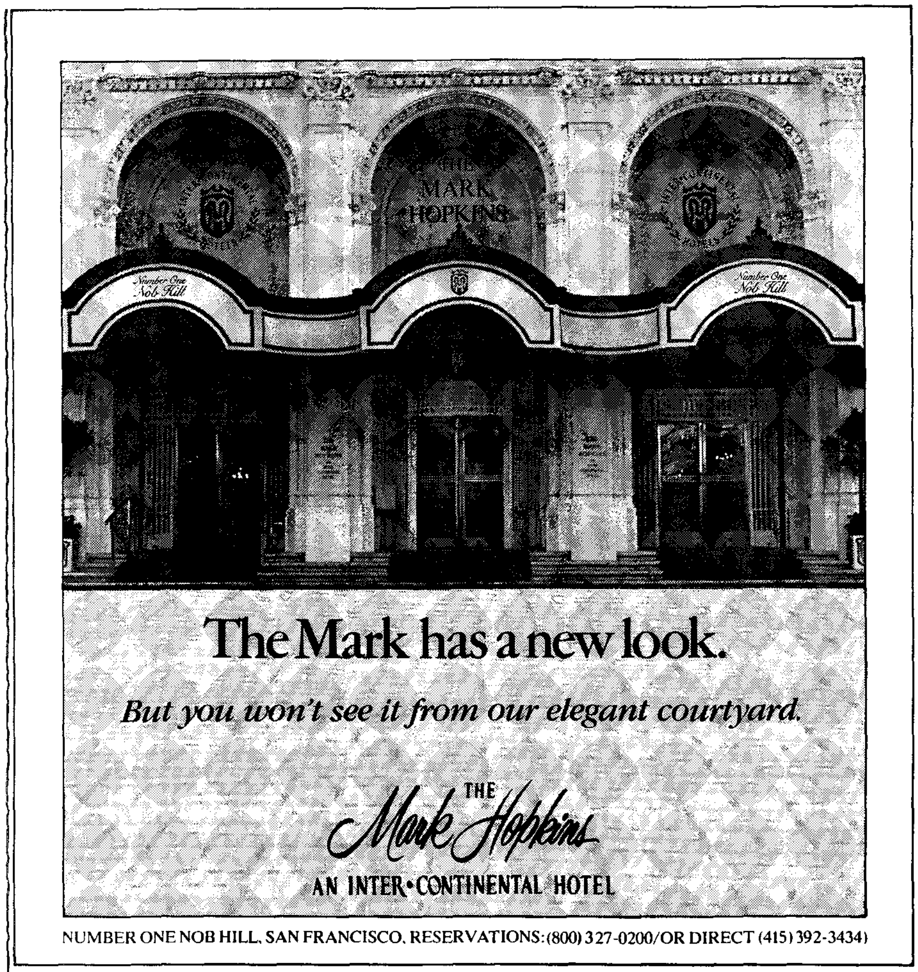
shouldn't re-create something like the Bretton Woods agreements, providing perhaps not for fixed exchange rates but for central-bank intervention within certain bands of exchange rates, like the European monetary system, but enlarged to include the American dollar and the yen. Our economic policies should be coördinated and geared to much higher rates of economic growth than anything that we are currently talking about. We need to pull the rest of the world with us. We have to reliquefy the system in order to permit the Third World countries, which are in desperate trouble, to begin not only to pay down their debts but to have some money left over for development, and to prevent enormous social stress in those countries. At the moment, this country is going in the other direction. We are going protectionist. In terms of foreign exchange, we don't want to intervene. We are very much in a sort of go-it-alone mood. I think that is a terrible mistake. We can't go it alone. If we try to go it alone, we will go to places we won't like, and so will everybody else.

"I keep looking for bargaining structures that would negotiate the revival of our older industries. We now live in a country of, at the very least, non-growing resources—one where some benefits are going to have to be forsaken by certain groups. I don't think that that can happen without bargaining structures. When there is fairly rapid growth, you can legislate that stuff. All you need to do is to be roughly equitable, and if everybody has a share of it people will accommodate. When you don't have growth, and you have to allocate sacrifice, I don't believe that it can be done very easily by legislative action. It has to be negotiated. I think that we are going to learn this fairly soon, unless things improve in a way that I do not anticipate.

"I am convinced that people are prepared to accept difficult economic reality. I think, however, that one of the reasons people have accepted the Reagan cuts so readily is that initially they had no idea of what it meant to them at their level. People are very angry at government spending—on every level. They think they are getting ripped off. They want to cut taxes, and they want to cut government spending, but many of them have only a very vague notion of what happens then. People are just beginning to see what those spending cuts really



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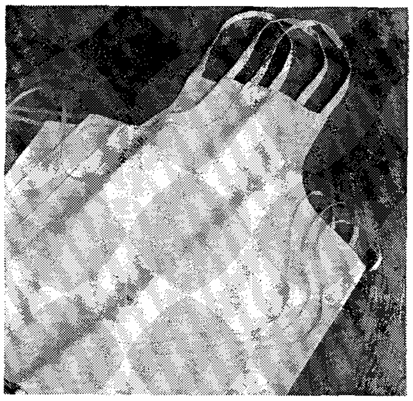

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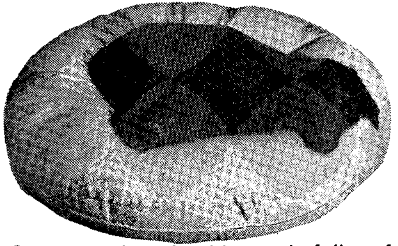

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amount to. It is no longer far away, in Washington. People are now beginning to be really scared of the possibility of a depression, and unemployment begins to seem worse than inflation. Reagan will ultimately be judged on his ability to put people to work.

"On top of everything else, we have a terrible regional problem, which is getting worse and worse, especially now that the decontrol of the price of oil is beginning to throw off enormous amounts of money to the oil-producing states, in addition to the economic benefits of the defense program. Each person who lives in the State of Alaska is going to be given about one thousand dollars in oil royalties. I once said to Governor Carey, 'Let's hire a string of Greyhound buses and take the people out of the South Bronx and send them to Alaska for as long as it takes to establish residency. Like Reno. Let them collect the money and come back.' The State of Texas has received a fifty-per-cent increase in its budgetary revenues from severance taxes on oil and gas. This, along with the inequitable distribution of national wealth, is going to create a dynamic in this country that is going to be very divisive and very dangerous."

Rohatyn concluded, "I tend to look at money as a tool or a weapon. Within the context of an R.F.C., I would use it as a tool to leverage concessions from unions, supplies, banks, managements, legislatures. This would be true for both industrial and urban investments. It could be used as a weapon in our struggle with the Soviet Union. I believe it is completely against our national interest to continue to finance Poland and the other satellites; I believe we should withhold our credits, even at the cost of a Polish bankruptcy, and require the Soviet Union at the very least to share with us in the financing of its satellites. We might then have a more meaningful negotiation with the Soviets on issues like arms reduction, since the leverage, for once, will be on our side. I believe the Soviets will need our help to finance Eastern Europe; we should *not* provide it without a quid pro quo, and we should not negotiate financing issues with Poland or Rumania or any other satellite. We should negotiate only with principals, not agents. Mr. Andropov is the principal, not General Jaruzelski. What I am talking about is clearly almost totally out of step with the current conventional economic and philosophical wisdom. But some serious people seem to be interested in it. They can see that on a micro-scale—if one can call New York a micro-scale—the sort of thing I am talking about really did work. We were able to create a partnership among business, labor, and government—the main forces that have interests—and negotiate agreements that involved sacrifice by all concerned. We saw that people will go along with a great deal if it is explained to them, if it makes sense to them, and if they see some light at the end of the tunnel, and if they feel that other people are contributing in amounts that are fair in relation to their ability to contribute. I am an activist, and I think that if the current economic thinking does not produce results relatively soon there will have to be some alternatives, because we are in a delicate situation. Perhaps some of the alternatives will look something like the New Deal, which did not amount to simply throwing money at programs, or perhaps they will look like something else. The basic issue to me is whether we have a government with a philosophy that will look upon intervention as a philosophical imperative when disparities in this country become too great, or whether the government's philosophy is simply to take its hands off the steering wheel and let the market work its will. In any case, the United States can't be allowed to fail. If it fails, we run the risk of left-wing or right-wing extremism. I have lived under Fascism, and I have seen enough of extremism to last a lifetime. It terrifies me. As I have told my wife and children, there is no place left. I have been a refugee once, and I don't want to become one again. I wouldn't know where to go."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

• •

"I just returned from a vacation in Minnesota!aoe!///!we!saw!qoq!caos!oo!uhe boat ramps, pop cans in the parking!lots- pop cans casuamly tossed at a garbage can," said Al Ferris,!ieae!og!uie!gisi!aoe!game division at the Iowa Conservation Commission. "You don't see that in Iowa."

—*Pascagoula* (*Miss.*) *Mississippi Press.*

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

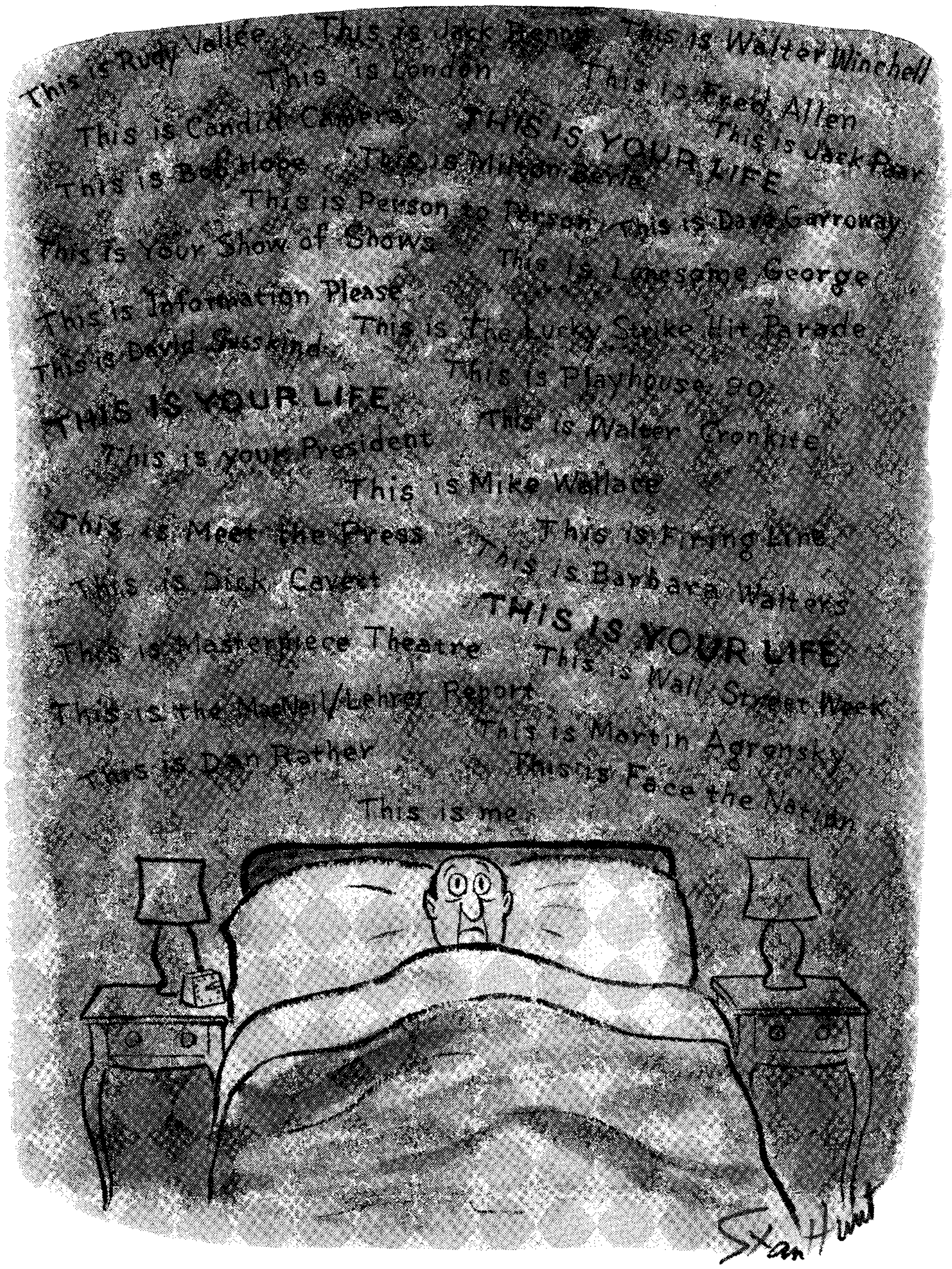
PARIS, JANUARY 11

MME. GONÇALVES, my concierge, had an economic crisis last month. Until then, she had never thought of needing money as having an economic crisis. She thought that there were rich people in the world, like the French who are her neighbors now, and poor people, like the Portuguese peasants who were once her neighbors in the Trás-os-Montes, and travellers of fortune, so to speak, between wealth and poverty. Mme. Gonçalves always thought of herself as one of those travellers. She had a personal economics, if the word applies. She believed that the circumstances of prosperity were given, like geography. In a way, she believed that people like herself merely occupied prosperity—*hôtes de passage*, the French would call them—until stronger or smarter people came along and took it over. She and M. Gonçalves lived in Angola for twenty years and kept a dairy farm and raised two sons there, but afterward, talking about Angola, she would describe a kind of occupation—a squatters' holiday in a sunny and abundant country where cows that would have wasted on the rocky soil of northern Portugal got fat and creamy on rich savanna grass. The war in Angola ruined the Gonçalveses, but Mme. Gonçalves never blamed colonialism or Communism or the Cabinda Gulf Oil Company, the way the newspapers in Luanda did, or the politicians back in Portugal. She said that the war she fled finally, leaving everything behind, happened because the prosperity called Angola was in dispute, like a legacy of a choice pasture or a high-walled *potager*. She believed in wars in Angola and poverty in Portugal, but she did not believe in French economic crises, although she heard about them every night on the news and read about them—*la crise économique!*—every morning in the headlines at the corner kiosk.

Mme. Gonçalves speaks French—that is, she speaks a French-Portuguese patois of her own invention. Eight years ago, when she and M. Gonçalves came to Paris, her French was mainly a collection of little rituals of accommodation. She took the measure of the Frenchman (the butcher, say, or a tenant on our courtyard) and improvised according to her own appraisal and the Frenchman's tolerance. Now that she is fifty-six and a grandmother, she feels entitled to some discomfort in others. There is a kind of negative fluency to Mme. Gonçalves' French lately. She sweeps through any conversation she does not want to have at an inspired level of incomprehensibility and leaves the clerks at the post office and the meter readers from the gas company stuttering helplessly. Her French has nothing at all to do with the French in which economic crises are invoked and grave statements issued from the Élysée.

Mme. Gonçalves always thought of that sort of French as background, a little like the drone of fado on Portuguese radio. It went with the heavy silver forks and platters and the dusty bottles of white Burgundy at important lunches at the retired diplomat's around the corner, where she works as a maid, earning extra money. It was decorative and dispensable, like the camel's-hair overcoat and the deep-red cashmere scarf that François Mitterrand likes to wear when he has his picture taken on a lonely road in the provinces and talks to reporters about "the Patrimony." When it came to proper French, Mme. Gonçalves might have been described as a disciple of the Swiss linguist Ferdinand de Saussure. De Saussure was the founder of modern linguistics. He took a formal, systemic approach to language, and he was not much interested in the word as it relates to its object out there in an empirical world. Neither was Mme. Gonçalves. For Mme. Gonçalves, proper French was a kind of pure and timeless commentary, following its own logic, untroubled and undisciplined by reality. It could be as satisfying as a costume *feuilleton*, as cathartic as a Trás-os-Montes funeral, but it had no power over Mme. Gonçalves—it had nothing to do with polishing the diplomat's silver after lunch and tying it up in plastic bags, or sweeping the courtyard every day, or comparing the prices of vegetables at the Tuesday open market on Boulevard Raspail. It was at the market, on the Tuesday before Christmas, that Mme. Gonçalves discovered she was having an economic crisis. The salt cod she needed for Christmas Eve (the Portuguese always have a Christmas Eve *bacalhao*) was up to fifty-three francs a kilo, and the turkey she needed for Christmas Day was nearly as expensive, and Mme. Gonçalves was short of cash anyway, because not many of the women on our block—women whose clothes she usually hems and tucks—had bought new dresses for the holidays. Mme. Gonçalves took the cod but not the turkey. That night, she announced to all the neighbors she saw that she was having an economic crisis. She described it as something on the order of an act of God or a guerrilla raid in Angola. She did not know what an economic crisis was doing, suddenly, in the life of a respectable concierge with business on the side and five weeks' paid vacation every summer and two grown sons, working hard in Bahia, who had actually flown to Europe in June on a World Cup charter, as if crossing the Atlantic Ocean for soccer games were an old Gonçalves-family practice.

Mme. Gonçalves does not know Pierre Bourdieu. She sometimes passes his office, at the Maison des Sciences de L'Homme, on her way to the Raspail market, and it is likely that over the years she has passed Professor Bourdieu himself, having a sandwich at the café across the street, or even doing some shopping of his own along the Boulevard, but she has no idea that having an economic crisis changed her, as it were, from a Saussurian to a Bourdieuian. Pierre Bourdieu has the chair in sociology at the Collège de France. He is the most eminent as well as the most interesting sociologist in the country. He is concerned with symbolic power. Three years ago, he wrote a remarkable book called "La Distinction," which was really an explication of France's own "culture" of class and status and its symbolic uses, and just this winter he published a collection of essays on a theory of language—"Ce Que Parler Veut Dire"—that in many ways is a reader's guide to Mme. Gonçalves' rhetorical distress. Bourdieu talks about an "economics of linguistic exchange"—a kind of spontaneous science having to do with the relation between what linguists call our grammar and the marketplace, as it were, for that grammar. He says that the language we use represents a kind of capital (something like a Raspail greengrocer's stock or the gold under a rich peasant's mattress) and depends for its authority and its value on a market and on a masterly anticipation of that market. It depends, in other words, on whether anyone is buying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This is the MacNeil/Lehrer Report
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This is Dan Rather
This is Face the Nation
This is me.

what we have to say and the way we say it. Bourdieu would say that people like Mme. Gonçalves, being broke lately, have had to buy the sort of fancy and intimidating *crise économique* that once merely entertained them on television.

Charles de Gaulle, of course, was the great speculator in the rhetoric of a modern France. Bourdieu says that de Gaulle had the right capital. He was military and high-minded and affectingly lugubrious. He could overawe. His *espace*, as the French say, was appropriate to his discourse. It was the space of righteous triumph, of a war against evil fought and won. Bourdieu says that de Gaulle could talk about raising the price of artichokes and make it sound like a proud sacrifice for God and country. He could make his realpolitik sound like grand symbolic gestures, whereas François Mitterrand, who admires de Gaulle and tries hard for Gaullist style, makes grand symbolic gestures and ends up sounding as if he were making crude and cynical politics. Bourdieu likes to compare de Gaulle and Mitterrand. So do the people on my block. Mitterrand's rhetoric has worn them out and made them nervous. They think that rhetoric should soothe reality, not describe it. They miss the kind of economic crisis that de Gaulle used to supply twenty years ago—one that made everybody feel patriotic, and encouraged the French in the uppity xenophobia of wallflowers at a superpowers ball. Mitterrand, sitting at the General's desk and affecting the same gravity, reminds them mostly of unemployment or inflation or the price of cod. There is no market in France for gravity that does not satisfy. Montesquieu called gravity "*le bouclier des sots*"—"the shield of fools." Sacha Guitry, paraphrasing Montesquieu, called it "the happiness of imbeciles." The fact is that in France successful seriousness demands practitioners who contradict themselves by a kind of infectious confidence in the terrible things they have to say. De Gaulle believed that the world would end with him—and France—sitting out the apocalypse. He was a con man on a grand scale, which was why real democrats, like Pierre Mendès-France, could not abide him. Mitterrand seems too uneasy at the game to see it through. His nerves betray him; when a crane that should have been in Latche, fitted out with a television transmission dish relaying his fireside New Year's interview, turned out to be in Nancy, trimming trees, he was so insulted that he fired the chairman of Télédiffusion de France and let the president of the agency resign. His careful gestures—the fine Cifonelli suits, the essays of Montaigne that he keeps open on his lap on the Presidential plane, so that Carlos Fuentes and Gabriel García Márquez and the other writers he likes to take along on trips will know him for an intellectual—betray him, too. When he goes to Burundi or Rwanda and makes a speech about France and Africa and great common cause, the people who run Burundi or Rwanda start fidgeting. They wonder what the French President is up to, what he is apt to take away in trade tomorrow. When he talks about great common cause at home, people conclude that things are much worse than they suspected. Even a Portuguese grandmother from the Trás-os-Montes who thinks that Socialists are really Communists with baptism certificates knows that Socialism is not supposed to mean sacrifice and hardship.

THERE were rumors all last year that Mitterrand was about to replace Pierre Mauroy, his Prime Minister. There were rumors that Michel Rocard, the Minister of Planning, and Jacques Delors, the Finance Minister, were on their way out, too. It is well known that Rocard wants to be President. He tried in 1980, and he is restless now, which is reason enough for Mitterrand—who had hoped to wear him down with a job like Planning, which carries little real authority—to

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remove him. But the real clash between Mitterrand and Rocard, or, for that matter, between Mitterrand and Delors or Mauroy, has to do with style. Mauroy is decent and gruff. He was mayor of Lille for years, but he started out as a teacher in a vocational high school and he inhabits the Matignon like a homemade bran muffin set down by mistake on a silver brioche tray. In many ways, he is the perfect foil for his august employer. He is plainspoken and direct, and laboriously modest. Michel Rocard and Jacques Delors, for their part, are what Parisians would call working intellectuals. The polls here (the French have discovered polls and order them up at the least pretext) show Rocard to be the most popular man in the French government, and Delors not far behind. They are now considered the "conservatives" of the government—which means that they are reasonably reserved in their enthusiasm for the state and its pretenses. Oddly, it also means that in their way they are as plainspoken as Mauroy, and that they have little patience for what they regard as a kind of cathedral Socialism at the Élysée, full of dazzle and mystification and litany.

My neighbor Albert would like Michel Rocard to be the next President. Albert is a young man who runs a boutique around the corner and sells angora sweaters and ruffled disco dresses and corduroy raja trousers to the teen-age girls in the neighborhood. He wears a small gold heart on a chain around his neck and keeps a list of New York steak houses in a drawer underneath the cash register. His great passion is New York. He longs to visit New York and eat a porterhouse steak in a noisy restaurant frequented by important mafiosi and their girlfriends. He knows from the movies that Mafia molls have the kind of blowsy retro look that the schoolgirls on our block admire lately, and that Albert himself admires—though, admittedly, not with grimy running shoes and hand-me-down school satchels. Albert counted on his boutique to get him to New York. He had a New York-style opening when he rented the shop last year. He hung a big poster of Jean Harlow in the window. He passed out Mars bars and frozen Milky Ways and Fauchon popcorn to the neighbors' children. He raffled off an Ed Koch button that said "Let them eat eggrolls." Now, he says, he may have to have a New York closing—something on the order of

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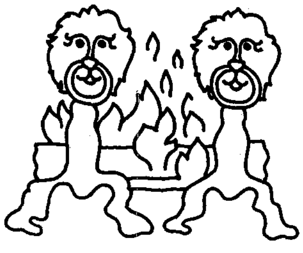

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the crash of 1929. Albert cannot afford his boutique much longer. Business is terrible. He has to pass on a state sales tax of 18.6 per cent on goods and services, as well as a commercial tax on the assessed value of his shop and inventory which has nearly doubled over the past year. He pays sixteen per cent interest on his lease and another sixteen per cent on a loan he took out to open the boutique and keep his stock moving. He says that whatever the propagandists of the Socialist Party claim about "lively credit for lively businessmen" the fact is that all the lively businessmen he knows are in trouble.

Albert was halfway through the École Normale Superieure when he bought his gold locket and told his anxious parents, over in the Sixteenth, that what he really wanted was a boutique of his own. He reads Montaigne, like Mitterrand, although on airplanes he prefers Agatha Christie. He voted for Mitterrand. He thought of Socialism as something *détendu*—something pleasant and uncensorious, which (like proper French for Mme. Gonçalves) left reality alone. What seems to distress him now, as a practically bankrupt purveyor of pale angora sweaters on the Left Bank of Paris, is not French Socialism. He considers himself *gauchiste*. He says he cannot imagine voting for anyone as boring as Jacques Chirac or as tacky as Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. What distresses Albert is a smug and scolding tone to French Socialism under François Mitterrand. He says that the people Mitterrand pampers and promotes are callow, that he himself is going bankrupt for the pleasure of a group of spoiled *fils à papa* like the boys he knew at school. He can list them all. There is Laurent Fabius, the Budget Minister, who stamps his foot and invents taxes in a kind of baby fury, as if he were having a nursery tantrum. (Fabius is the son of a rich man, but he made such a fuss about prosecuting other rich men for taking their money out of the country that now when he tries to eat at an expensive restaurant the customers sometimes bang their forks against their wineglasses until he goes away.) There is Jean-Pierre Chevènement, the Minister of Research and Technology and, possibly, the next Prime Minister, who travels around the country promising a "French Socialist science" and, in the process, terrifies all the scientists. There is Jack Lang, the Minister of Culture, who wants to take "culture" back

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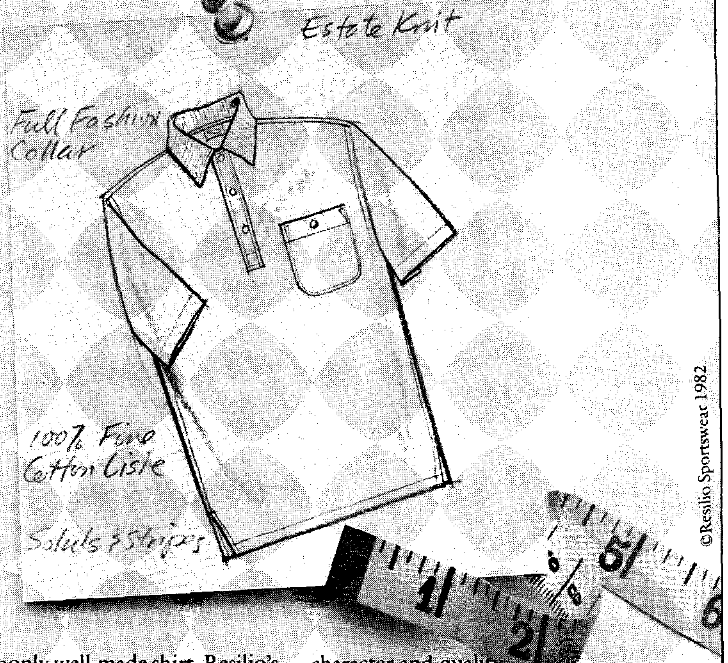

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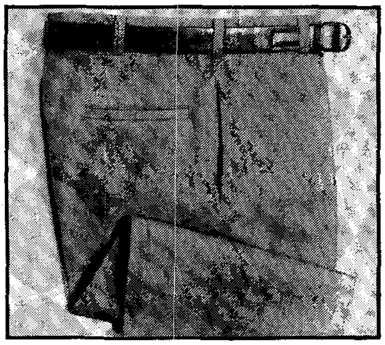

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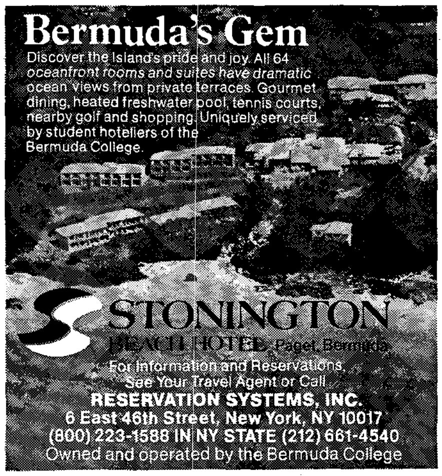

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from the Americans. Polemics like theirs are an unwitting parody of the President's and, in a way, expose him. Mitterrand talks about "France" and "Patrimony" and "National Destiny." Mauroy talks about the real world—money and inflation and unemployment and budget cuts. Then Mitterrand's young ministers go off to the hustings to work the new French bourgeoisie that voted Socialist—young schoolteachers and bureaucrats and engineers, who tend to prefer serious political talk to the home truth that their problems have less to do with a flight of francs to Geneva than with an economy so fluffy and unions so contentious that Mitterrand's nationalizations were an act of mercy, not of Socialism. Those ministers take the Prime Minister's bad news and the President's "France," put them together, and come up with the most alarming rhetoric about French prominence.

Bourdieu says that in a country where husbands have been known to kill their wives over a point of grammatical usage it is not surprising that a President would prefer to change a minister than a style. Mitterrand is obviously more attached to his own eloquence than to a Prime Minister chosen in the course of compromise at a Socialist Party convention. But he has given the polemicists a field day. The dollar has been front-page news in *Le Monde* so often lately that it has got to be a kind of character, abusing the French (who take its fluctuations personally) and sabotaging their best efforts with fanatic single-mindedness. French culture ("the best part of us, the part that is dream," the Minister of Culture says) is another character, a foundling kidnapped by the Americans and crying to be restored to the family. Lang's ministry keeps score of things like how many French books are published in America and how many American books are published in France, and who is losing. Last year, Lang dispatched a man to New York to hustle French fiction, though there was little anyone could do about the fact that not much French fiction these days is worth reading. He dispatched a director to New York to "introduce" French theatre. He talked about a "cultural balance of payments" to be rectified. In the meantime, Jean-Pierre Chevènement was talking about a scientific balance of payments. Chevènement said that the mission of French science was "anti-imperialism." Late in 1981, he went to the National Assembly to present a budget for scientific research, and one of his friends got up and made a speech about how sixty-seven out of every hundred scientific articles in the world were in English and only eight in French, and, by way of a remedy, suggested that scientists "snobbish or pretentious enough to try to make themselves interesting by using English should be severely punished and have all their government support withdrawn." Then Chevènement appointed an anthropologist named Maurice Godelier to produce a report on the state of the social sciences in France, and Godelier took merely eight hundred pages to decide that the social sciences needed a little "direction from the Left" to redress the "ideological repression" they had apparently suffered. Finally, Régis Debray, whom Mitterrand had just sent over to the Quai d'Orsay as a kind of cultural-foreign-policy adviser, got involved. Debray must have decided that Bernard Pivot, the host of "Apostrophes," an immensely popular literary talk show that has been on television here for years, was neither sufficiently Socialist nor sufficiently Francophile in his choice of guests, because he took the occasion of a speech to a group of Quebec writers to start warning people about a Pivot "dictatorship" that had to be "suppressed." Talk like Debray's distracted a lot of those people during a tight Christmas season—though not, of course, Mme. Gonçalves, who had finally bought her French economic crisis on the linguistic exchange and is just beginning to recover.

THE kind of crisis that everybody in France likes is a *fait divers*—one of those gruesome stories about down-home slaughter or sex scandals or disasters which appear discreetly in the back pages of respectable newspapers and on the front pages of all the other papers in the country. The *fait divers* has been a French taste since the first hawker stood on the steps of Notre Dame after Sunday-morning Mass and waved a broadsheet about a monster in the Fontainebleau forest or a maniac in the convent. Literally, a *fait divers* is an odd little event, but to be a true *fait divers* it must be horrible or bizarre or (ideally) both, and it must be something that could have happened around the corner. ("Medea" would have been a *fait divers* if Medea had been, say, a housewife in Angoulême.) The French have a passion for *faits divers*. They are a little like comic books about strange and terrifying neighbors, and people here collect them the way their children collect vintage "Astérix" or "Tintin." By now, they amount to a genre.

The curators of the Musée National des Arts et Traditions Populaires, up in the Neuilly corner of the Bois de Boulogne, have just put together a marvellous exhibit covering three centuries of *faits divers:* eighteenth-century poems and books and woodcuts; illustrated supplements from nineteenth-century tabloids with names like *Journal des Assassins* and *L'Intransigeant Illustré;* old copies of *Canard* and *Le Petit Journal;* posters entitled "The Hideous Crime" or "The Unfortunate Neighbor Dragged to His Death." Together, they are a sentimental education in disaster, and in French taste in disaster. To judge from the exhibit, the French have a weakness for axe murderers, mad servants (Jean Genet's maids were mildness itself compared with Hélène Jégado, the cook who poisoned thirty-seven employers), guillotines, innkeepers with bones in the basement, atrocities by or against nuns, insouciance of any sort (a "new Icarus" covers himself with feathers and flies out the window; a naked gentleman puts on his silk top hat and steps out on an August evening while ladies faint; a curious elephant crashes his way into the Café de la Comédie), and suicides. My favorite suicide is the servant girl who fed herself to the polar bear at the Frankfurt zoo in 1893.

"Le Fait Divers" is the best show in town. It is cheering, over this rhetorical winter, to escape for an hour or two to master poisoners and sinister *hôteliers*. It is cheering, too, to know that the French have survived centuries of speculating on their own superiority. After the Frankfurt polar bear ate the servant, *Le Petit Journal* announced that suicides in France were generally much less complicated: "We do not strive for effect here, the way the Saxon races do."

—JANE KRAMER

◆

THE DOWN EAST LIFE

[*From the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

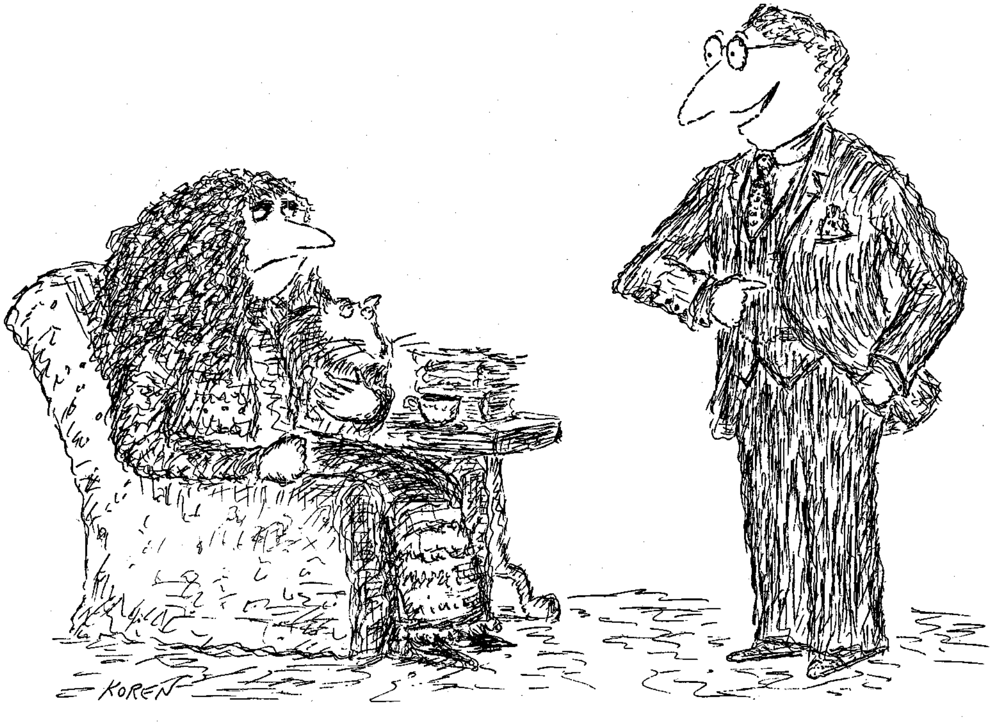
Queen in Babylon

“Semiramide,” Rossini’s thirty-fourth, last, and longest Italian opera, written for La Fenice, Venice, in 1823, when its composer was thirty, is a glittering, impressive monster—an opera apt to inspire conflicting feelings in those who see, hear, or study it. I first encountered it at La Scala twenty years ago, in the production—Joan Sutherland its heroine—that restored the opera to the contemporary stage. Giulietta Simionato was the Arsaces. It was a large, handsome production, with battalions of choristers and supers. (Nicola Benois’s scenery was based on Alessandro Sanquirico’s designs for the Scala première of “Semiramide,” in 1824.) The show lasted five hours; the score was heavily cut, but the two-act opera was divided by three long intermissions. “Semiramide” had been waiting for a soprano with Miss Sutherland’s brilliance, fleetness, power, stamina, and stature. In 1964, she repeated the title role in Los Angeles and in Carnegie Hall, joined both times by Marilyn Horne as Arsaces; around the world other productions and concert performances followed. Miss Sutherland and Miss Horne recorded the opera in 1966, for London Records. (The album is still in print.) The next soprano of note to undertake the title role was Montserrat Caballé; a 1980 Aix-en-Provence production, with Miss Horne as Arsaces and Samuel Ramey as Assur, was highly praised, and launched a new international round of revivals and concert performances. One of them starring the Aix principals was due in Carnegie Hall last week; but Mme. Caballé, after singing the rehearsals, withdrew, and in the event the title role was taken by June Anderson, who has been doing the part at the Rome Opera. Since the Spanish conductor originally billed, Jesús López-Cobos (who had conducted the Aix performance), had also withdrawn and been replaced by Henry Lewis, this was an all-American “Semiramide,” sung in Italian.

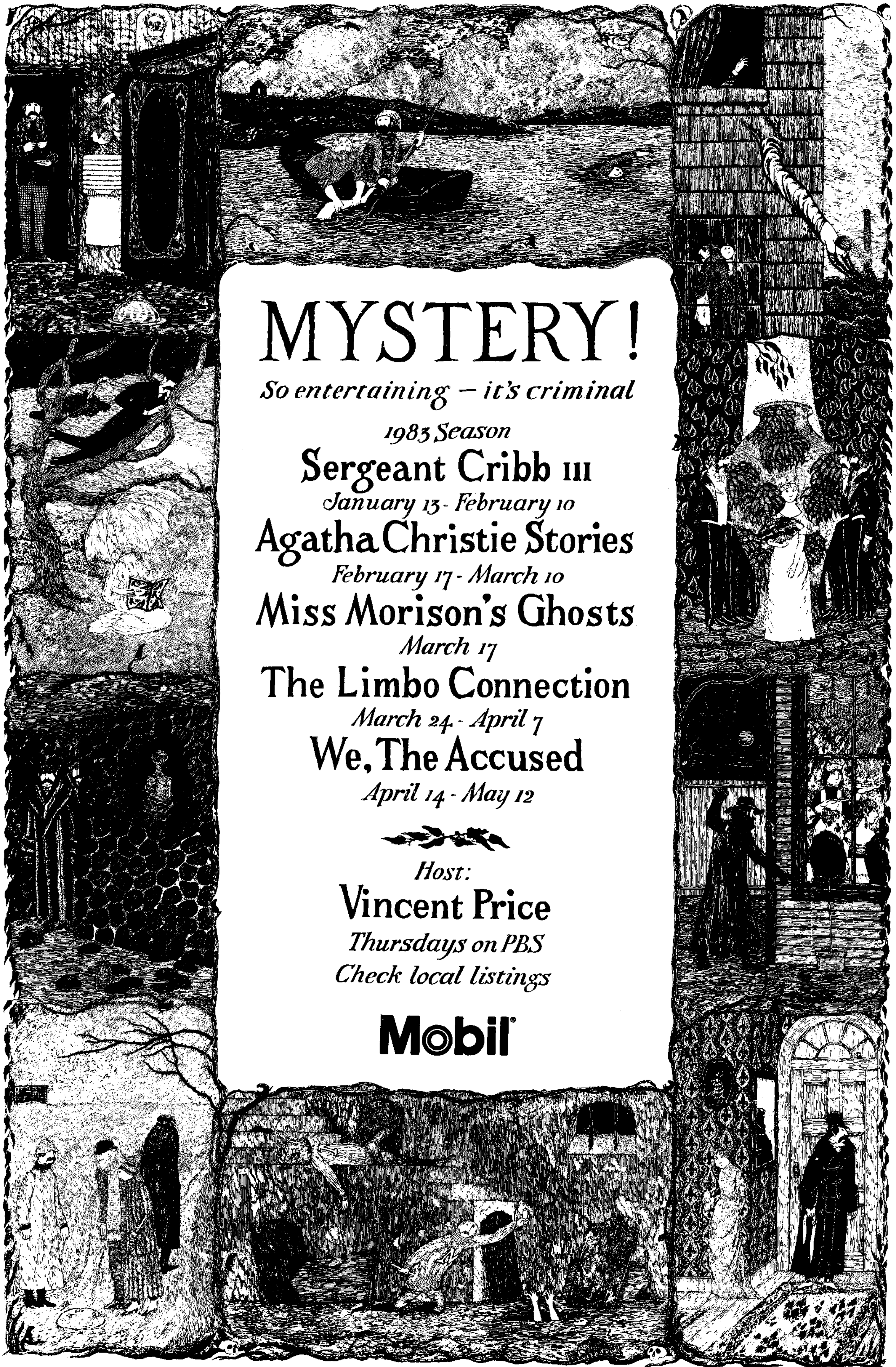
The opera is at once Rossini’s most florid and his most austere composition—strange combination. (I should add that the Victorian music critic Henry Chorley deemed Rossini’s preceding opera, “Zelmira,” even more “gorgeously florid,” especially in its writing for the male voices.) There are several ways of viewing the work. One is as a link between “The Magic Flute” and “Aida.” The allegro theme of its overture may be based on Mozart’s; the solemn priestly musters in which the hero is morally girded for trials ahead recall those of the “Flute.” In the other direction, “Semiramide” seems to leap forward over Donizetti and Bellini (despite the traces it left on “Norma”) and point toward Verdi. Assur’s accents anticipate those of Macbeth and of Rigoletto. Other things adumbrate “Aida”: the very start, with its recitative utterances for the High Priest over imitative string writing; the splendid assembly with successive processional entries, in the vein of the “Aida” triumph; the dedicatory temple scene in which the hero is invested with a *sacro brando;* the subterranean tragic finale. “Semiramide,” like “Aida,” is a large-scale work of consolidation built on a rather formal libretto—masterly and grand, in some ways less adventurous than its predecessors.

Other forces played upon it. In Naples, in 1820, Rossini had revived Spontini’s “Fernand Cortez;” he was familiar with the high heroic French manner. Gluck’s “Iphigénie en Tauride” and Cherubini’s “Lodoiska” were also performed in Naples, with Isabella Colbran their heroine, while Rossini was music director there. In 1822, he had visited and been fêted in Vienna and had heard Weber’s “Der Freischütz” (which left no evident mark on “Semiramide”) and a fair amount of Beethoven, including the “Eroica.” Meyerbeer’s earlier Italian operas may also have been an influence. I don’t know them; but while the librettist Gaetano Rossi was at work with Rossini on “Semiramide” he told the German composer, in a letter, that they had devised for it an “*Introduzione alla Meyerbeer*—an imposing scene of pomp and spectacle.” In 1819, Rossi had reworked Metastasio’s much-set “Semiramide” libretto for Meyerbeer. (In 1824, his and Meyerbeer’s “Crociato in Egitto,” composed for La Fenice, was an evident attempt to outdo his and Rossini’s 1823 opera for that theatre.) “Semiramide” came at a turning point in Rossini’s career. He had resolved to leave Italy and conquer in person that wider world where his works had already carried all before them. He had just married Colbran, the prima donna of his Neapolitan operas, and he now composed for her her most stupendous role.

Rossi based the libretto on Voltaire, not on Metastasio. In the latter, Semiramis, great Ninus’ widow, has donned male attire and, with uncommon success, ruled Babylon, passing herself off as young Ninus, her son—“aided in that imposture [as Metastasio tells in his preface] by the facial resemblance and by the confinement in which Asiatic women lived unseen.” Only in the final scene does



“Me? A psychological mess?”



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The only Semiramis I have seen in the theatre has been Miss Sutherland. I have not heard Mme. Caballé in the part; nor Lella Cuberli or Katia Ricciarelli, two others who have tackled it recently. Miss Sutherland—the recording and later concert perfor-

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mances confirmed it—was brilliant, vigorous, commanding, irresistible; Semiramis has been one of her best roles. Miss Anderson burst on City Opera audiences a few seasons ago as Dame Joan's destined successor and then went into international orbit. In Carnegie Hall, there were murmurs and shouts of disapproval when Mme. Caballé's defection was announced; there were cheers after Miss Anderson had sung. Her voice is most easily described as being like that of a young Sutherland: effortlessly powerful; swift and vivid in attack; capable, too, of spinning long melancholy lines, of swelling or tapering, of lingering hawklike over a final tonic and suddenly pouncing on it dead center. Most American sopranos *d'agilità* in recent years have been "school of Sills," with light voices. By skill and artistry, the best of them have compassed the pathos and passionate despair of Donizetti's Lucia, Bellini's Elvira. Miss Anderson is an acolyte in a grander, more substantial tradition. She has a strong frame, a sound wind, and a large, ductile voice that seems thoroughly secure and healthy. Rossi, in that letter to Meyerbeer, noted that Colbran herself would figure in the *introduzione:* the prima donna of "Semiramide" is first heard as the second voice in a canon-quartet (an unusual procedure, for which Beethoven's Leonore provides the precedent). Miss Anderson sang her line smoothly and sweetly, and launched the subsequent allegro, "Trema il tempio," with spirit. In her aria, the famous "Bel raggio lusinghier," the low notes were weakly formed but the high ones showed her voice's wonderful ability to glow and blossom as it rises. Thus far, her artistry was correct rather than individual. She gave the impression of having learned to pronounce Italian but not yet to command it; without spirited words, singing, however exciting the sounds may be, is not truly alive. Then Arsaces, in the person of Miss Horne, joined Semiramis, and a sense of drama began to fire their recitative exchanges and the subsequent duet. The two ladies, singing without book, worked well together. The two-part cadenzas of their second duet, sweetly tuned and subtly timed, suggested a long stage partnership rather than a team paired for the first time on the day of the performance. Miss Anderson's notes soon filled out through the whole of her wide range, and she ended the evening in triumph.

For close on two decades, Miss Horne has been singing Arsaces, and singing it ever more richly and grandly. In the theatre, I have sometimes been less than stirred by her portrayals. She is no actress; she is often ill-costumed; she strides on, a chunky sound-making device, and delivers—brilliantly. But at this concert "Semiramide" I soon became as uncritical an admirer as any of those fans who maintain Miss Horne can do no wrong. She sings Arsaces' first aria, "Ah, quel giorno," very well; she sings his second, "In sì barbara sciagura," bewitchingly. Almost alone among contemporary artists she has the imagination, wit, and insight to "interpret" Rossini's music as we know the artists of his day used to, and the technical resource to bring off the most daring flights of bravura without any smudging or fudging. Before resolving a sequence, she may pause an instant and leave listeners uncertain in which of three possible octaves the next note will be sounded. Maybe she knows in advance; but we don't, and so the effect is utterly spontaneous. The zestful, exuberant re-creation of the music is apparently determined by how things are going, and how the voice is flowing, at the particular performance. When Miss Horne sings, Rossini's florid writing doesn't sound automatic, and not only because it is embellished and made even more florid; piquant unpredictability enlivens both the musical text and her delivery of it. Moreover, her concert presence is warm and winning. She seems far more attractive, far more dramatic, more of a character, than when in boots and plumed helmet she stomps around and gesticulates on the stage.

Assur, the villain of the piece, is a role taken sometimes by basses, sometimes by baritones. In recent years, Mr. Ramey has made it his own, for he can achieve most of its coloratura. Even in the nineteenth century, Chorley tells us, Assur's mad scene was commonly omitted: the singers could not manage it. Mr. Ramey sang it all, and sang it impressively. There were moments when he produced more sound than he needed to, as if to wow groundlings by volume rather than to delight musicians by finespun line, but all in all it was a majestic performance. Idrenus, the tenor, is incidental to the plot. He does not appear in Voltaire's play; Rossi imported him

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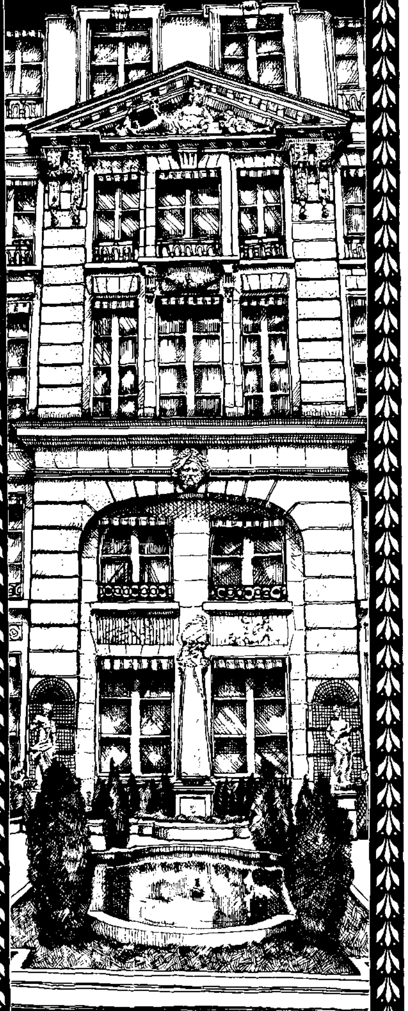

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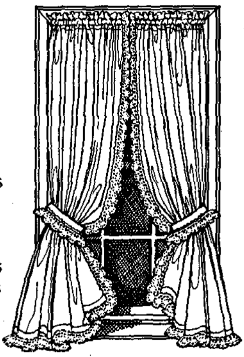

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from Metastasio but altered his function. In Metastasio, he pairs off, in the happy ending, with Semiramis; in the opera, he is an Indian prince, Arsaces' rival for the hand of Princess Azema (a character important in Voltaire but by Rossi reduced to a cipher). In fact, Idrenus could be omitted altogether without affecting the action, but the composer needed a tenor line in the ensembles, and for the tenor he also composed two very difficult arias; John Sinclair, the original Idrenus, must have been a remarkably accomplished singer. At La Scala in 1962, both arias were omitted. One is restored in the recording. I heard both in a London concert performance in 1969, when Anastasios Vrenios cadenced the second from an astonishing high E. In Carnegie Hall, both were sung, by Douglas Ahlstedt. He got through them, but in tones that grew tight and unattractive above the staff; a sustained high C-sharp at the close of the second, however, rang out full and free. Eric Halfvarson was a deplorable Oroes, the High Priest, roaring and bawling in the approximate vicinity of Rossini's notes. Stephanie Friede sang Azema's few phrases in tones darkly lustrous except when she pushed too hard. Walter MacNeil's account of the even smaller role of Mithrates was clear and well judged.

FEW composers have poured out melody with (in Chorley's phrases) "such luxury of beauty," "such delicious abundance," as Rossini did. "Semiramide" contains about four hours of music. Immediately after the Venice première, we are told, it was shortened. When Giuditta Pasta sang Semiramis in Paris, in 1826, the curtain rose at eight-ten and fell at eleven-thirty; so Stendhal reports, and he recommended cutting half an hour more of music. The Carnegie Hall performance, which was lightly abridged, began at seven-thirty and ended at nearly midnight; about three hours and thirty-five minutes of music was heard, and this was surely the fullest account of "Semiramide" in modern times. It was no doubt because the piece had already become so long that Rossini closed it in a brisk, almost perfunctory manner—a few exclamations and a brief chorus, where a grand finale dominated by the dying heroine seems to be needed. Voltaire provided matter for a possible aria ("Mon fils . . . je te pardonne") and cabaletta ("Vivez, régnez heureux").

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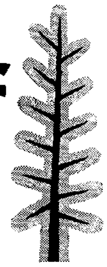

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Rossini later set some of this, in recitative, for Paris, but elsewhere the brisk ending remained standard; in the autograph (which has been published in facsimile by Garland) there is even a paste-over that makes it more abrupt still.

This concert "Semiramide" was strongly cast and textually ample but in some ways did less than a concert performance can to suggest the full scale and splendor of a spectacular grand opera. The Sacred Music Society's concert presentations of Rossini's "Mosè in Egitto," in 1978, and Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato," in 1979, and the Opera Orchestra of New York's concert presentation of Wagner's "Rienzi," last year, had more sweep, more grandeur, and larger forces. They were more theatrical. "Semiramide" was rather modestly accompanied by members of the American Symphony, and the orchestra sounded top-heavy: there was a small covey of double-basses somewhere over on the right—not the solid bass foundation on which the Sacred Music Society performances were built. There was no *banda*—whereas "Il Crociato" had a military band from West Point, forty strong, whose martial snap made a fine contrast with the classical orchestra. The chorus, the Orpheon Chorale, was less than fiery. From a "production" point of view, more could have been done to suggest who was onstage in any scene, who not, and where the scenes began and ended. Since Miss Anderson and Miss Horne were not depending on scores, it seemed a pity that their duets were enacted behind a rampart of unneeded music stands. True, a libretto with translation was provided; the hall was lit just enough for it to be legible, not enough to make glancing between the pages and the platform easy. Finally, Mr. Lewis's conducting seemed to me weak, pallid, and unrhythmical.

—ANDREW PORTER

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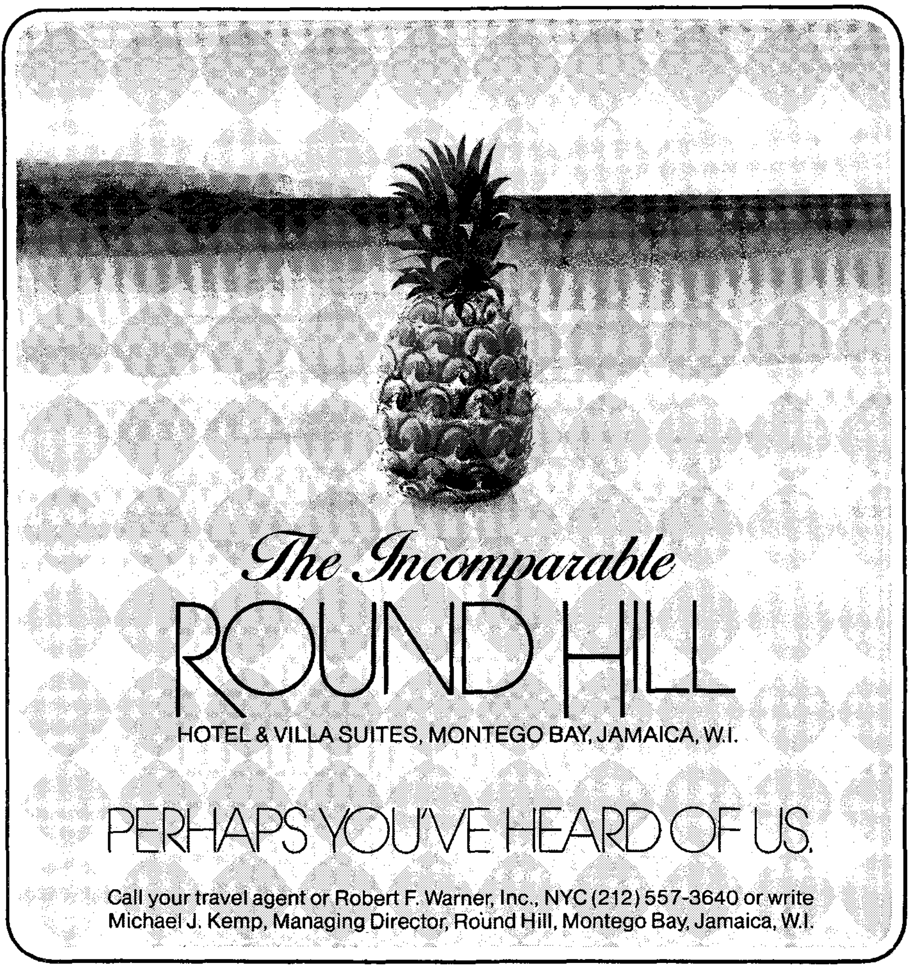

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

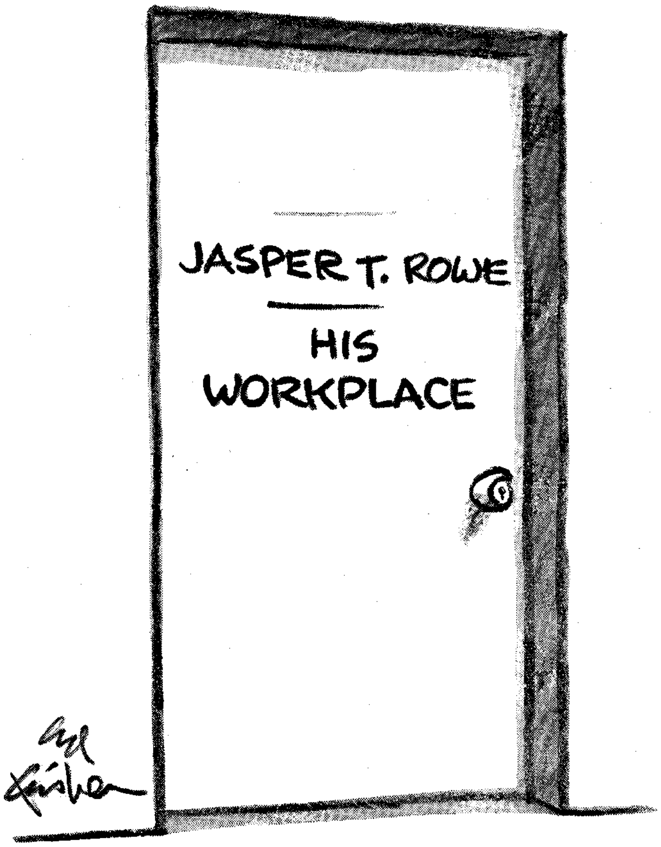
Hopeless

TWENTY years ago, I watched Emmanuèle Riva in “Thérèse Desqueyroux,” the Georges Franju film of the François Mauriac novel, and I felt I knew exactly why Thérèse was attempting to poison her husband. He was a dull lump of a man, and Philippe Noiret played him to perfection. Since then, I have seen Noiret in many roles and have often admired his performances, but whenever he's at the center of a movie my thoughts return to Thérèse and her poison. Dull lumpiness is Noiret's specialty—his métier. He plays tired, apathetic men, and I know no better reason for not going to a movie than that he's the crestfallen, half-asleep star of it. This year, France's official submission for the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film is “Coup de Torchon” (“Clean Slate”), the seventh feature directed by Bertrand Tavernier, and his sixth with Noiret, who is its star. He functions as this director's spokesman and alter ego; Tavernier calls Noiret his “autobiographical actor,” and they have a big, bearlike resemblance to each other. Noiret is the incarnation of Tavernier's spiritual funk. They stand jowl to jowl.

“Coup de Torchon” takes place in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa in 1938, just before the start of the Second World War. Tavernier invents an antic, off-kilter world, indolent and itchy—the world of a domestic farce with jungle rot. Noiret is Cordier, the only officer of the law in the area, but a cuckolded, henpecked weakling, who lets his wife (Stéphane Audran) keep her sulky clod of a lover in the house and pass him off as her brother. Cordier doesn't fight back; he allows himself to be played for a fool, and whenever he can he gets away to see his mistress—Isabelle Huppert, who's married to a brute who beats her. Huppert, who waggles her naked bottom at the camera, is the only really amusing performer in the cast. When her bottom is covered, Cordier, with mangy stubble on his face, has his hand up her skirt. They're figures in a cartoon idyll. Learning that she has become a widow, this spiteful sweetie strips and frolics. And when she has an orgasm it barely ruffles her blank surface; she announces it in a bemused, impartial tone, like a kid spotting an ant in his sandwich. The picture's comic lechery suggests a small fable, and Noiret, with his crafty, hangdog expressions, is a shrewd comedian, especially in the scenes in which he's jeered at by the local pimps and the other brutal white men who exploit the natives. But that's only one dimension of this long, ambitious movie, which has a leaden spirit even in these sequences that aim at sly farce. When Noiret is funny, you can almost feel Tavernier waiting for that to be over so he can move on to heavyweight matters of conscience. And the farce scenes are propelled by ironic tango music, which contributes to the film's funereal atmosphere by alerting you to what's coming. Clearly, the Europeans in this crummy village in the late thirties don't know what we in the audience know about the evils of colonialism, and the film, which is both facetious and sententious, relies on our complacency about our received wisdom.

Based on an American pulp novel, “Pop. 1280,” by the late Jim Thompson (which was set in the American South), the picture is about how the abject, grovelling Cordier, who is sensitive to the suffering of the blacks, proceeds to clean up the area by secretly killing off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a coverup. The script is by Jean Aurenche and the director, who collaborated in 1975 on “The Judge and the Assassin;” this time they have combined the two characters, and piled on the ambiguities. They keep casting doubts on Cordier's motives. When he goes to the nearest large town and we hear the European police administrator in the billiard parlor saying that “niggers have no souls,” we're getting the preparation for Cordier's shooting spree. The administrator follows this declaration by kicking Cordier in the behind. The bad guys who abuse blacks (and women of all races) also abuse Cordier. So he has personal reasons for murder as well as the big moral ones. And one of the varmints that Cordier kills is, conveniently, the husband of his mistress.

Cordier's grizzled face seems so slack and comic and his antagonists are such nasty, awful people that the audience doesn't take his shooting them very seriously; when he dispatches his first victims, two pimps in soiled white suits, there's no shock in the scene. It's a joke, a device in a farce, like Cordier's sanctimonious expression as he furtively cops a feel of his mistress's thigh when they're outdoors in what would be the village square if this village had a square. Tavernier doesn't make his intentions known for quite a stretch, and viewers may accept the twists of plot without realizing how much they're being asked to swallow. In an interview in the *Times*, Tavernier, a former film critic, jokingly described “Coup de Torchon” as “the first African *film noir*.” But this phlegmatic demonstration of what drives a chicken-hearted man to violence is a French academic's idea of a dark thriller. (Can a man who wears baggy pants be a *film-noir* hero?) Cordier doesn't just knock the bad guys off—he thinks about it. A pure, intelligent woman—



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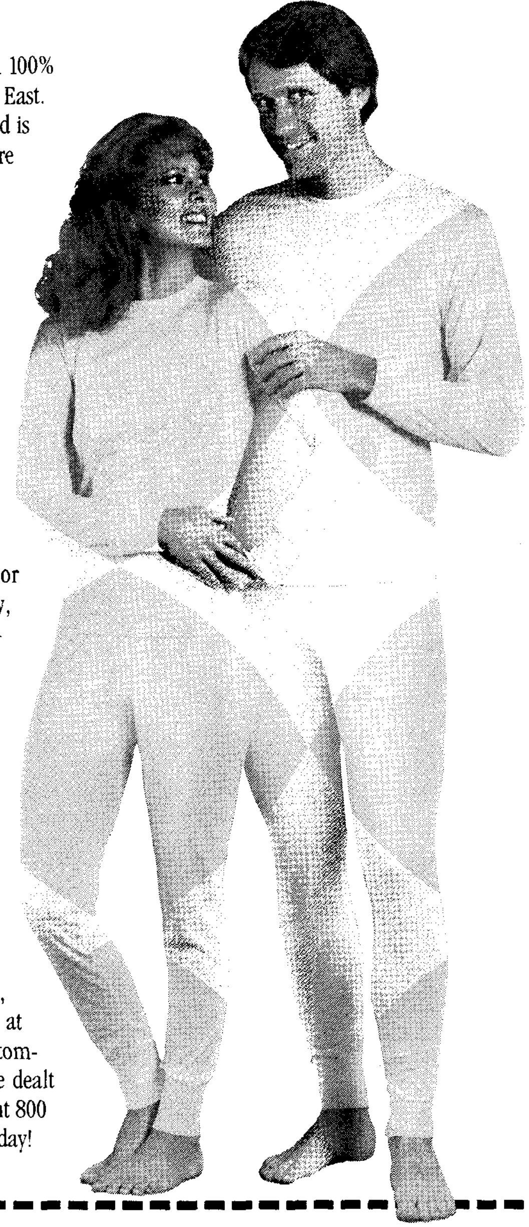

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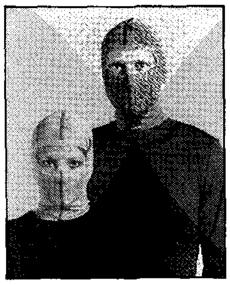

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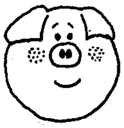

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a new schoolteacher—comes to the village, for the sole purpose, it seems, of allowing him to unburden himself of his rationale for passing judgment and turning executioner. She is made an unwitting accomplice—that's the punishment for her virtue. And the idea is introduced that Cordier has become a killer out of pity. Tavernier doesn't mean that ironically; he doesn't mean self-pity—he means compassion for the victims of injustice and brutality, one of whom just happens to be Cordier himself. (Even his faithless wife and her clod get bumped off.)

The audience may enjoy Cordier's ridding the area of its exploiters, but the film's thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. "Coup de Torchon" means to be astringent—it means to clear away humanist self-deceptions, and it sets out to prove that nothing good can happen. (With Noiret as protagonist, you know that from the start.) And it proves it, of course. When a black man learns that Cordier has killed someone, and realizes that Cordier may kill him, too, to conceal the crime, he pleads for his life. Cordier makes a speech to him about the *merde* of *existence* and then shoots him. An American *film-noir* director would simply have had Cordier pull the trigger (and we might have been horrified); the French pedant gives us his philosophical song and dance, so we'll know that it isn't merely Cordier who's a rotten bastard—the world is rotten, and everything is pointless.

But Cordier, revealing himself to the schoolteacher, also lets us know that he thinks he is Christ returned, and his character changes—he becomes very austere. "Coup de Torchon" is the story of a saintly madman. (Suggested alternate title: "Maybe He *Is* Jesus.") The longer the movie goes on, the worse it gets. First, it's a farce, then it's a "Dirty Harry" for liberals, and then it moves into Christ mythology, and it's so torpid that Isabelle Huppert's flitting about looks like energy. (Even that is denied us when the film, which benefits from her affectlessness, uses it against her and shows her to be a cold little butcher at heart.) For Tavernier, dispiritedness is about the same thing as social concern. He appears to believe that a man of feeling is necessarily a weakling, a Cordier who spends his life getting dumped on while worrying about justice in the abstract. The film indicates that for this man of feeling

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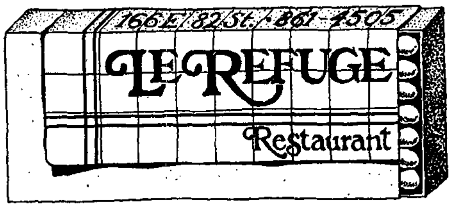

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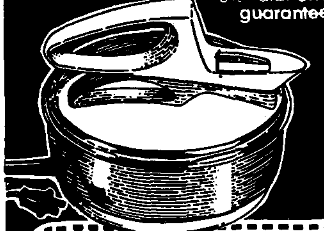
compromise and sloth and rot are inevitable. Tavernier's conscience (it's a disease) leads him to make ponderous announcements that don't seem to relate to Cordier's colonial fleapit. Tavernier's "truths" are grotesque in this setting. He keeps going until he's got so many rationales for killing that you can take your pick. By the end, Cordier is telling us that he just helps people realize their true natures. (Apparently, it was the true nature of the black man to be dead.) And then Tavernier moves on to the real beaut—the same one that Chaplin (to his shame) pulled out of the hat in "Monsieur Verdoux." The war in Europe is just beginning, and Cordier, who is the director's mouthpiece, as Verdoux was Chaplin's, tells us that murder is nothing compared with the horrors of the world.

With this stroke, Tavernier cancels out even the one potentially affecting scene in the movie—Cordier's execution of the black man—in order to lecture us. He may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. "Coup de Torchon" is saying horrible, senseless, inexplicable things, such as that whopper that killing on a small scale is less immoral than killing on a big scale. (Tavernier must mean it, because he said practically the same damn thing at the close of "The Judge and the Assassin.") I have heard Tavernier's films lauded as "the cinema of ideas," but "Coup de Torchon" chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. It's saying that Cordier is crazy and his philosophizing is the rationalizing of a madman. It's also saying something to this effect: if Jesus had come back forty-odd years ago he wouldn't have been able to save the world—he could only have participated in its horrors. Or, to put it at its crudest, he'd have been a paranoid schizophrenic.

"BEST FRIENDS" is a Velveeta comedy, processed like a Neil Simon picture, with banter and gags and an unctuous score. All its smart talk is low-key and listless. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie. The script raises the question: Why is it so much easier for two people to live together harmoniously if they're not married—or, to put it the other way, why does formalizing a living-together relationship often make it tense and nerve-racking, so that both partners feel trapped? Millions of us must have sweated over this question during the past several decades—it's a great subject for a modern comedy of false expectations. But the scriptwriters, Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin, who have raised the issue (and who, according to press accounts, have sweated it out themselves), have nothing but sitcom answers. In the movie, Burt Reynolds asks his L.A. screenwriting partner, Goldie Hawn, to tie the knot, and though she's fearful that it will spoil things between them, he seems so deeply mortified by her reluctance that she agrees. They marry and embark on a wedding trip back East to meet their new in-laws, and it isn't just the marriage that collapses—their personalities decay.

The script probably reads fine, but it plays all wrong. The dialogue is too neatly worked out; there's no way to speak it without making us aware of how clever it is—how flip yet knowing. Nothing in this picture really feels right; you sense the discomfort of honest effort going awry. My guess would be that the director—Norman Jewison—and the stars hoped for a depth that would give the lines poignancy. But the writers, trying for truth, have achieved no more than self-consciousness: the lovers are unreconstructible me-generation types—childish and narcissistic. Neither shows any particular interest in the other's background, or even any instinctive rapport with the other's parents. These lovers have been made so lightweight that there's nothing at stake when they recoil from each other, and there's no tragic, absurdist comedy in their parents' lack of any real bond with them. Goldie Hawn tries to create a giddy, bright woman who suddenly feels overwhelmed by bad luck—sunk. But acting benumbed doesn't do much for the audience, and neither she nor any other performer should ever again be asked to fall asleep by dropping his or her head face forward into a platter of food. I don't think Burt Reynolds is ever in character here; he gives a flabby, mildewed performance. (Maybe it's time for him to start playing mean, grinning sonuvabitch roles—he might get some drive back that way.) What has gone wrong, I think, is that the movie starts escaping its subject as soon as the pair go off on their trip and into a series of comic nightmares. The test of the change in their relationship would have come if they had stayed right where they were.

—PAULINE KAEL



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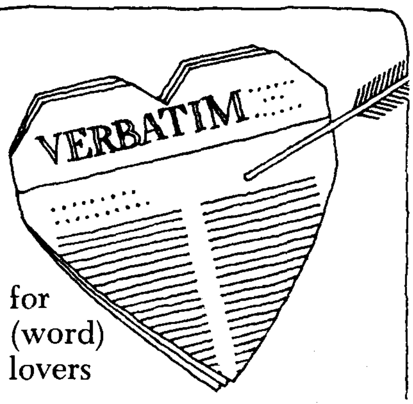

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BOOKS

Six Roses ou Cirrhose?

THERE is a magnificent and deplorable tradition of *de haut en bas* in psychoanalysis. From its earliest days to the present, following the example of the first psychoanalyst, the psychoanalytic movement has exuded an insufferable air of impregnability, which has driven its opponents to extremes of pettishness. "Movement" may no longer be the word for the association of bland suburban practitioners who have come to largely constitute the profession in America since its medicalization, but "arrogance," "complacency," "self-righteousness," "tactlessness," and "condescension" continue to characterize its tone. Freud started it all. He would dismiss all objections to psychoanalysis as the irrational maunderings of weak minds—minds not ready for the threatening theory of sexual drives and the chastening hypothesis of unconscious motivation. "Society makes what is disagreeable into what is untrue," Freud wrote in the "Introductory Lectures" of 1916-17. "It disputes the truths of psychoanalysis with logical and factual arguments; but these arise from emotional sources, and it maintains these objections as prejudices, against every attempt to counter them." Earlier, in the 1909 Clark lectures, he had likened the opponents of psychoanalysis to patients in analysis: "Psychoanalysis is seeking to bring to conscious recognition the things in mental life which are repressed; and everyone who forms a judgment on it is himself a human being who possesses similar repressions and may perhaps be maintaining them with difficulty. They are therefore bound to call up the same resistance in him as in our patients; and that resistance finds it easy to disguise itself as an intellectual rejection. . . ." Freud even went so far as to complain to his patients about his detractors. The poet H. D., in her memoir of her analysis with Freud in 1933-34, "Tribute to Freud," reports that Freud once said to her, "Please, never—I mean, never at any time, in any circumstance—endeavor to defend me if and when you hear abusive remarks made about me and my work. . . . You will do no good to the detractor by mistakenly beginning a logical defense. You will drive the hatred or the fear or the prejudice in deeper. . . . You will do no good to me and my work, for antagonism, once taking hold, cannot be rooted out from above the surface, and it thrives, in a way, on heated argument and digs in deeper." This sort of near-paranoid thinking continues to hold sway among analysts; and the idea of psychoanalysis as a special and innately inviolate discipline, somewhere between medicine and philosophy (as Freud situated it in his paper "A Difficulty in the Path of Psychoanalysis"), continues to have currency in the orthodox establishment. A sort of *cordon sanitaire* surrounds the profession. Those within the pale regard their critics with a dubiety that resembles nothing so much as the Transylvanian attitude toward the undead: What can you expect of such people? They haven't even been analyzed.

During the last two decades, a number of analysts restive under the hermetic tradition of their elders have called for a remodelling of the decrepit mansion of psychoanalysis. They have said, in effect, "Let's stop conducting our clinical and theoretical enterprise as if it were a Greek mystery cult. Let's pull up the shades and see what we have here. Let's put our data on the table, just as everybody else does. Instead of dismissing the objections of our critics, let's meet them. Let's see what else is going on in the twentieth century. And, above all, let's stop treating Freud as if he were the dead Albert and we were the widowed Victoria." One of the most trenchant and influential documents of this movement of middle-aged Turks is a 1973 paper by the late George Klein called "Two Theories or One?" Klein proposes that psychoanalysis rid itself of that most difficult and uncongenial part of Freud's writings known as his metapsychology, which discusses mental phenomena in terms of energies, forces, cathexes, mechanisms, apparatuses, and other analogies drawn from the physical sciences. Not only is the metapsychology an embarrassing hangover from the nineteenth-century positivism to which Freud was helplessly wedded, Klein writes, but it is utterly irrelevant to the clinical encounter. The true core of psychoanalysis is the clinical theory that rules the analytic situation. Roy Schafer's "A New Language for Psychoanalysis," published three years later, pursues the implications for psychoanalysis of the jettisoning of metapsychology, and proposes a new "action language" to replace the old metaphors from physics, chemistry, and biology. Psychoanalysis should be considered "an interpretive discipline, not a natural science," he writes. Analysts, instead of speaking—and, more important, writing—in terms of impersonal forces that cause people to act passively and irresponsibly ("My unconscious made me do it, so don't blame me"), should confine themselves to verbs and adverbs that express the *active* character of unconscious thought ("You finally acted angrily after all this time," instead of "It was an old anger you finally got out") and that restore to the patient responsibility for his intentions and actions which the old mechanistic locutions degradingly robbed him of.

In "Narrative Truth and Historical Truth" (Norton; $19.95), Donald P. Spence, the latest contributor to the genre of psychoanalytic refurbishment, has dared to do something no previous remodeller has done. He has actually ventured into the inner sanctum—the consultation room itself—and disdainfully indicated that all *its* appurtenances are hideously outmoded: they, too, will have to go, just as metapsychology went. Spence's "sympathetic critique of psychoanalysis," as the jacket of his book calls it, makes the notorious hatchet job on psychoanalysis that the neo-Freudophobe Frederick Crews performed in the July, 1980, issue of *Commentary* look like a testimonial for the American Psychoanalytic Association. For here is a *psychoanalyst* saying all the things that the tendentious, irrational, unanalyzed (or unrepentantly analyzed) detractors of psychoanalysis have been saying—that it's not a science, that it has no truth, that it's a lot of made-up stories, that analyst and patient are kidding themselves, that theory and practice have no connection, that there are no "data," that whatever efficacy it has comes from suggestion and manipulation—and saying them with erudition and grace. The picture of the author that emerges from the book is that of the ideally civilized psychoanalyst whom Freud, arguing against the medical requirement, wistfully describes in "The Question of Lay Analysis." There is scarcely a page in "Narrative Truth" without its quotation from or allusion to an advanced novelist, philosopher, literary critic, or art critic. (Marcel Proust, Henry James, Roland Barthes, Michel Foucault, Paul Ricœur, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Harold Rosenberg, E. H. Gombrich, Hannah Arendt, Jonathan Culler, and George Steiner are among them.) If Spence's book does nothing else, it will treat the analytic community to a tantalizing sampling of some of the dominant intellectual perspectives of our time—the structuralist one in particular. Whether the book will also succeed in shaking up psychoanalytic orthodoxy, causing analysts to trade their dog-eared Freud, Abraham, Fenichel, Hartmann, Kris, Loewenstein, Arlow, and Brenner cards for the crisp new ones of the de Saussure, Jakobson, Derrida, Barthes, Lacan, Todorov, and Kristeva roster remains to be seen.

SPENCE'S argument goes like this. There are two kinds of truth: narrative truth and historical truth, the first being the truth of literary art and the second the truth of actuality, of what *really* happened. Psychoanalysis is supposed to deal in historical truth, in accordance with Freud's metaphor of the analyst as archeologist unearthing the traumatic events of the patient's past, but, Spence says, it actually deals largely, if unwittingly, in narrative truth. Patient and analyst, naïvely assuming that they are recovering the truth of the patient's past, are in fact merely concocting a story about him that hangs together and makes the kind of aesthetic sense that literary narratives do. The long shadow of Freud's case histories (which "possess an important literary quality that can best be defined as a masterful control of style and content," according to Spence) hovers over the analytic encounter and heavily influences the analytic dialogue. "If our goal is to discover the underlying thread of the patient's story and eventually to be in a position to match Freud's examples of narrative persuasion, we necessarily will listen with an ear tuned to sequence, coherence, and transformation," Spence writes. He goes on, "The narrative tradition has also had a significant influence on our patients. Some may even feel that they are competing with Freud's more famous cases and have fantasies of seeing their own history in published form; as a result, their effort to associate freely may always be tinged with an effort to show their best narrative voice and thus ensure their place among the clinical immortals." In Spence's view, the covert collaboration of would-be Freuds and their would-be Doras and Wolf Men succeeds *in spite of* the free-association rule and its complementary injunction to the analyst to listen with "evenly suspended attention."

The classical formulation of free association (the "fundamental rule" of analysis) was set down by Freud in 1913 in his paper "On Beginning the Treatment." Addressing a hypothetical patient, he said:

> What you tell me must differ in one respect from an ordinary conversation. Ordinarily, you rightly try to keep a connecting thread running through your remarks, and you exclude any intrusive ideas that may occur to you and any side-issues, so as not to wander too far from the point. But in this case you must proceed differently. You will notice that as you relate things, various thoughts will occur to you which you would like to put aside, on the ground of certain criticisms and objections. You will be tempted to say to yourself that this or that is irrelevant here, or is quite unimportant, or nonsensical, so there is no need to say it. You must never give in to these criticisms, but must say it in spite of them—indeed, you must say it precisely *because* you feel an aversion to doing so. . . . Act as though, for instance, you were a traveller sitting next to the window of a railway carriage and describing to someone inside the carriage the changing views which you see outside.

"Evenly suspended attention" was described thus in an article that Freud wrote for a German encyclopedia in 1923:

> The attitude that the analytic physician could most advantageously adopt was to surrender himself to his own unconscious mental activity, in a state of *evenly suspended attention*, to avoid as far as possible reflection and the construction of conscious expectations, not to try to fix anything that he heard particularly in his memory, and by these means to catch the drift of the patient's unconscious with his own unconscious.

Spence maintains that the complementary relationship of free association and evenly suspended attention is a myth, arguing that the two are in-

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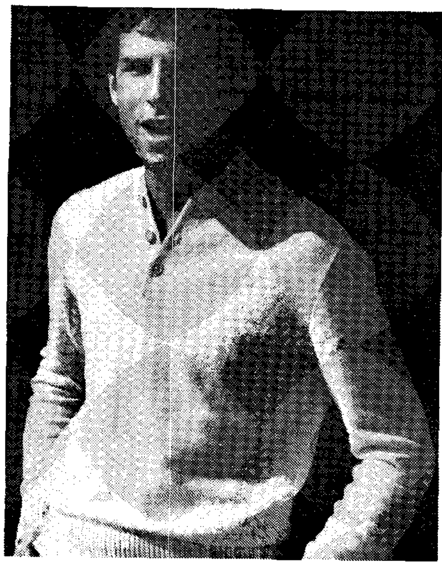

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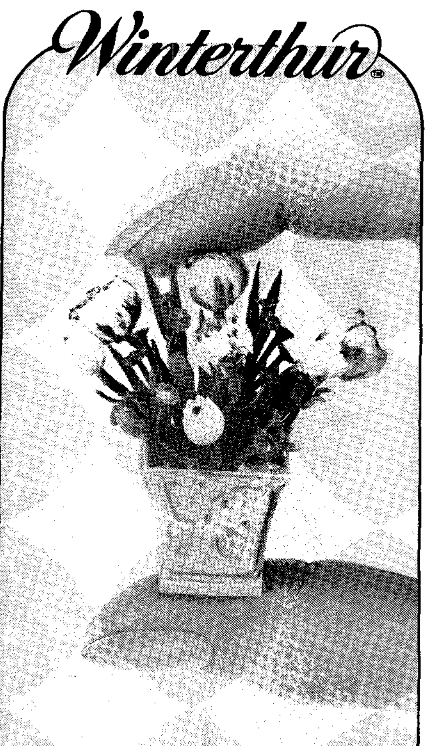
compatible. He likens the listening analyst and the speaking patient to the reader and the writer of a text. How the analyst "reads" the patient's utterances will depend on how well or badly "written" they are. When the patient is obeying the fundamental rule and talking in a fragmented, disconnected, inchoate manner, Spence says, the analyst cannot listen in the laid-back way of Freud's instruction. He can't let his mind drift, he can't surrender himself to his unconscious; he has to *work* to make sense of what he hears, since "a truly free and spontaneous piece of association corresponds to a hasty piece of writing and can only be understood by active and constructive listening." Only when the patient is disobeying the fundamental rule—is attending to the connecting thread of his thoughts and is artfully ordering what he says for the benefit of the listener—can the analyst afford to listen with the passive enjoyment experienced by the reader of a great work of literature. When the patient *narrates*, the analyst listens with free-floating attention; when the patient free-associates, the analyst must listen actively. (Spence divides literature into works that can be read with "a minimum of effort and struggle," because they are "well crafted," and those that have to be worked at, because they are "badly crafted"—a somewhat odd view of literature for a fancier of structuralist obscurantism.)

According to Spence, the pressure on the patient to narrate rather than to free-associate is great, since he is always struggling with "the conflict between what is true and what is describable." The true memory or dream or thought is often so unformed and murky and inchoate that it cannot be expressed except by resort to narrative description, which somehow falsifies it. For it is in the very nature of speech to form, rather than to express, thought. "The thought is in the mouth," as Tristan Tzara once absently, unforgettably put it. Spence, drawing on Merleau-Ponty's similar observation that "to speak is not to put a word under each thought," challenges Freud's analogy of the passenger on the train. "Speech is an active task that, as Merleau-Ponty is fond of pointing out, never quite succeeds," he writes, adding "Much more than simply reporting on what is 'outside the window,' speech may be necessary for the speaker to know what he thinks. . . . The mind is often empty of words until the patient makes an effort



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to find them. Silence, in this view, is therefore not a resistance but the baseline condition; to be a truthful reporter, putting a strict meaning on *truthful*, the patient might not speak at all." Thus, the obdurately silent patient who truculently replies "Nothing" to the analyst's "Tell me what comes to mind" is a person of preternatural truthfulness—an epistemologist, a Cordelia. The typical patient, however, is a Regan or Goneril, for he is only too willing to betray truth as he glibly fills the analyst's ear with what he thinks the analyst wants to hear. "Under the press of a strong transference—either positive or negative—what the patient is saying about the past must be translated into what he is demanding of the present," Spence writes. He continues, "If he needs to be pitied, for example, he might exaggerate the misery of his childhood; if he wants to be praised for being an exceptional analytic patient, he might generate a crystal-clear memory of an infantile event. These reports have nothing much to do with the past as experienced or with other reports of the same event at different times in the analysis. Rather, they are tokens in a conversational exchange designed to win some kind of response from the analyst. As in any bargaining session, truth takes the back seat; to treat these reports as faithful accounts of some earlier time is to overemphasize the historical side of the analytic process and to underplay its conversational overtones."

While the patient is evading historical truth in these and other ways, the analyst is contributing his share to what Spence calls the "mischief" of the analytic encounter. For as the analyst listens to the patient's incoherent wanderings, as he "reads" the ill-written text of his associations (there are times, evidently, when the patient *does* obey the fundamental rule, though Spence's argument for the inherent difficulty, if not impossibility, of free association is so compelling, is nailed down so firmly from so many perspectives, that one wonders how this eventuality can ever occur), he silently imposes assumptions, notions, preconceptions, memories, theories, and even wishes of his own on the material in order to make sense of it. These "unwitting interpretations" are often unjustified, irrelevant, and even outright false—based on the mishearing of a word, for example. In normal conversation, such misapprehensions would be corrected on the spot, but in

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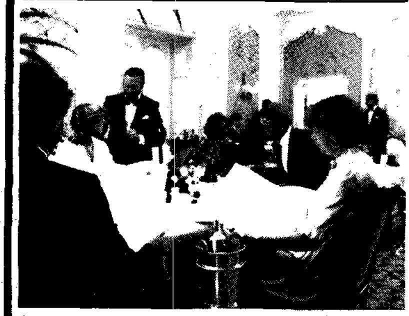

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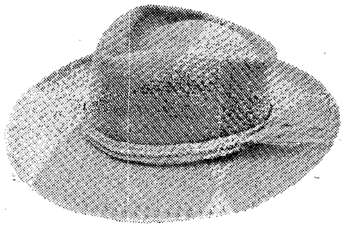

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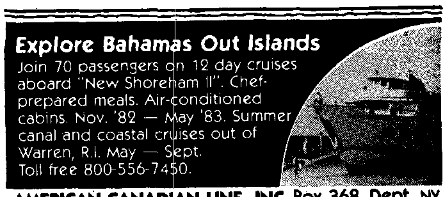

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analysis, where they are unspoken, they may remain uncorrected forever, eventually forming the basis of unwarranted formal interpretations. But the formal interpretation itself is in any case almost bound to be nonveridical. For if the analyst escapes the snare of unwitting interpretation it is only to fall into the trap of the meretricious pattern match. Like the patient, the analyst, caught in the conflict between what is true and what can be described, opts for the describable. Inevitably, Spence writes, "in making a formal interpretation we exchange one kind of truth—historical truth—for the truth of being coherent and sayable —narrative truth." In other words, if you can say it you are not being truthful, since the truth is unsayable, like the word for God.

In the closing chapters of the book, after trashing the scientific credibility of psychoanalysis and, *en passant*, pointing out the necessarily spurious character of analytic theorizing and the ineptitude of analytic writing in general, Spence surprisingly *defends* the status quo of analytic practice. Instead of dismissing psychoanalysis as a pseudo-science and predicting, as Crews did, that it will "fade away just as mesmerism and phrenology did," Spence holds it up as a kind of marvellous, high-class entertainment that not only gives the patient an unforgettable aesthetic experience for his money but has therapeutic value for him as well. The analyst's interpretations are "artistic creations" that invest the untidy bits and pieces of the patient's life with the form and structure of art; further, they are "pragmatic statements" that influence the future course of his life. As an example of a pragmatic statement, Spence cites a politician's claim that he is going to win next Tuesday's election: "He makes the statement not because he *knows* the outcome but because he wishes to *influence* the outcome. If he says he will win, he may persuade the voters still in doubt." In the same way, the most off-the-wall of the analyst's interpretations may become true simply by having been stated with conviction. To illustrate "interpretation as an aesthetic creation," Spence cites a dream interpretation by the French analyst Serge Viderman, reported in a 1979 paper entitled "The Analytic Space." The patient dreamed of being in a garden with his father, and of offering him a bouquet of six roses. Viderman, recalling that the patient's father had died of alcoholism, delivered his interpretation in the form of a question: "*Six roses ou cirrhose?*" Now, it can be objected—and many, probably most, analysts would so object —that Spence has got things by the wrong handle here. Surely it wasn't Viderman who was the creator of the brilliant play on words; it was the patient. The analyst had merely "got" the pun that the patient's unconscious, doing its While-U-Sleep dreamwork, had wittily made. He had acted merely as an interpreter—a decoder, if you will—of a message from the unconscious; he wasn't its author. Similarly, Spence's above-mentioned discussion of transference as an obstacle in the way of the true report of the patient's life story will cause analyst readers to shake their heads in disbelief at what they are hearing from a colleague, since in the psychoanalytic view the transference *is* the life story. As Freud first pointed out in his paper of 1914 called "Remembering, Repeating, and Working Through," and as analysts have since regularly observed, the patient does not have to remember what he has forgotten and repressed, because he acts it out in the transference: "The patient does not *remember* anything of what he has forgotten and repressed; he *acts* it out, without, of course, knowing that he is repeating it. For instance, the patient does not say that he remembers he used to be defiant and critical toward his parents' authority; instead, he behaves in that way to the doctor." When Spence writes, "What the patient is saying about the past must be translated into what he is demanding of the present," he is committing a psychoanalytic solecism. For what the patient is demanding of the present—that is, of the analyst—constitutes the most authoritative statement about the past that the patient can make. To complain (as Spence does) about the deterioration of the "truth value" of what a patient says when, in the grip of transference, he tries "to win some kind of response from the analyst" is simply to miss the point of the concept of transference.

Elsewhere, writing of the misunderstandings that may occur between an analyst and a patient who have selected different "genres" in which to perform their respective roles, Spence cites the hypothetical case of a patient who "remembers incessantly, and with unbelievable detail, remarkable scenes from early childhood." He goes on:

> Suppose the memories are, in fact, true. But suppose, in addition, that the analyst makes the assumption that memories of

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this kind suggest the failure of early repressive defenses; he therefore chooses not to respond. The patient, feeling slighted and perhaps misunderstood, tries to better his position by increasing the number of memories and perhaps adding details that he knows are false but that he hopes will elicit a more favorable response. The analyst, for his part, hears the change as proof of his early diagnostic impression and decides to test the issue by querying the patient at length about one of the fabricated memories. When it turns out that the fabrications were consciously supplied by the patient, the analyst becomes even more convinced that the patient is untreatable and decides to cut short the analysis.

The impasse just described is not the typical kind of countertransference complication caused by the acting out of unanalyzed impulses; rather, the analyst believes he is behaving properly by not giving too much reassurance too soon. But the meaning of this forbearance is perceived differently by the patient, and by his determination to win more approval, he ends up by losing the analyst's trust.

Here again, one feels that one is being served up a peculiar version of psychoanalysis. Since when do analysts penalize their patients for lying by cutting short their analyses? On the contrary, lies are of the deepest interest to analysts. They are like dreams: they mean something, they lead somewhere. That a patient would lose his analyst's trust is an absurdity, since he never had his analyst's trust to begin with, if the analyst was doing his job. Mistrust is the analyst's stock in trade, an attitude from which he must never relent. For by not taking at face value anything the patient says or does—even his lies, which are examined for their underlying "truth"—the analyst is able to wrest him from his habitual ways of thinking and impel him into the unfamiliar mode of psychoanalytic thought. This mode of thought, which was Freud's essential contribution to the history of ideas, cuts through all the conventional discourses on truth and deals with a special variety of truth, which is neither the truth of what happened in the past (historical truth) nor the truth of what might have happened (narrative truth) but the truth of what the present betrays about the past (psychoanalytic truth). The present ("the here and now" of the analytic encounter, as the analyst Merton Gill likes to call it) is the true focus of psychoanalysis—not (as is popularly assumed and as Spence assumes) the past. The patient's task is not to strain to remember what happened in his childhood and then tell his story in a way that will both render justice to reality and make sense to the analyst. For it isn't the story he tries to tell but the story he tells *in spite of himself* that the analyst listens for. The analyst is only minimally interested in the story the patient is trying to tell him. What he is really after is the story behind the story—the story that the patient is not telling him—and this he can infer only from the patient's behavior toward him (transference) and from his manner of disobeying the fundamental rule of free association (resistance). To compare the "work" of free association with that of writing is to misunderstand the purpose and the rationale of free association. Although it often seems hard going to the patient, free association is actually no work at all; what work is done in the analysis is done by the analyst, and whether the analysis succeeds or founders depends on his interpretive skills, coupled with the susceptibility of the patient's problems to analytic therapy. No narrative skills such as Spence demands are required of the patient. All he has to do is lie there and talk—or not talk. Everything he says and does, or doesn't say and doesn't do, expresses something true about him. He can't help but betray himself. This is the essence of the clinical theory of psychoanalysis; this is what Freud discovered after abandoning the hypnotic method and its successor, the urging method, and introducing the laissez-faire technique of analysis proper. That the fundamental rule is impossible for the patient to carry out to the letter—or even to carry out at all in some cases—was hardly Spence's discovery. No sooner had Freud established the rule (to, as he thought, facilitate the flow of reminiscence) than he had to face the fact that not a single patient obeyed it. He faced this revelation with characteristic equanimity. He had already noted in the patients on whom he was visiting his urging technique that they always experienced difficulty in remembering the distressing events that had evidently precipitated their hysterical symptoms. From these difficulties Freud inferred a force, which he called "the resistance," that was keeping these mortifying memories out of consciousness and was clearly another face of the force that had *put* them out of consciousness in the first place. ("The resistance" is a key target of Schafer's attack on the reified, anthropomorphic, spatial language of metapsychology. In action language, one may say only that a patient resists. But resists against

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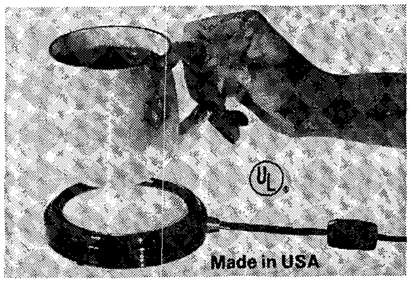

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what? Schafer explores the question in a dense, complex chapter of "A New Language" entitled "The Idea of Resistance.") Now Freud began to consider the possibility that the resistance itself might be at least as worthy of analytic scrutiny as the material it was warding off. Although all patients resisted, no two patients resisted alike. Each had a characteristic mode of evasion, marked by a kind of timeless implacability. The patients' silences, recalcitrances, obduracies, forgettings, lies, inarticulatenesses, circumlocutions, intellectualizations, and rationalizations were like fossils of behavior from an earlier time. Freud dated the origin of these "defense mechanisms" in the Oedipal period, between the ages of three and six; many subsequent analysts have set them farther back—some as far back as the first months of life. But there is agreement that "analysis of the resistance" coupled with (and merging into) "analysis of the transference" constitutes the basis of psychoanalytic therapy. Novice psychoanalysts learn to handle these double-edged power tools of the trade by applying them gingerly to practice patients; they do not, as Spence suggests, go to Freud's case histories for instruction. In fact, these case histories have probably done more to discredit psychoanalysis than any other single aspect of the profession. They give the lay reader an entirely false impression of what analysis is like, and they confirm, in the most numbing detail, the view held by many people—among them some of the great writers of our time, such as Robert Graves and Vladimir Nabokov—that Freud was some sort of disgusting-minded sex maniac. (Freud himself nervously prefaced his account of the Wolf Man case with the warning that "analyses such as this are not published in order to produce conviction in the minds of those whose attitude has hitherto been recusant and skeptical. The intention is only to bring forward some new facts for investigators who have already been convinced by their own clinical experiences.") Spence holds up a piece of fudging that Freud did in the Wolf Man case—where a supposition that a patient once micturated on the floor becomes, a few pages later, an assertion that he definitely did so—as an example of the specious "narrative closure" that analysts are prone to impose on the patients' utterances. But Freud's case histories are full of this sort of thing—in fact, they *are* this sort of

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thing. Of all Freud's writings, they are the most dated and quaint, the most vulnerable, the least instructive, certainly the least literary. Have the people who exclaim over the "novelistic" quality of Freud's case histories actually read them? And do patients actually exist who (as Spence writes) secretly aspire to seeing their case written up in the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*? If they do, analysis can't help them.

PEOPLE go into analysis because they are in pain. Analysis proposes to relieve mental pain by the homeopathic method of applying more of the same; analysis is itself a painful emotional experience. Nowhere in Spence's book is there any account of the emotion inherent in analysis. In his version of analysis—the calm collaborative effort of patient and analyst to transform the unkempt *fabula* of actuality into the orderly *sjužet* of narrative art—emotion has no place. But emotion is the center of analysis. It is the fulcrum of the patient's "conversion" to the psychoanalytic view of reality and to its basic doctrine that life is lived on two levels of thought and act: one in our awareness and the other only inferable, from dreams, slips of the tongue, and inexplicable behavior. It is from the strength of the feelings aroused in the patient by the analyst—a person about whom the patient knows next to nothing, who hardly ever speaks, who wants nothing for himself from the encounter, who hands him a bill every month—that the patient gains a conviction of the insistence with which the past intrudes on the present. It is in the way he makes himself at home, as it were, in the totally alien environment of the analyst's consultation room, treating the analyst as if he were some sort of close, difficult relative, friend, or lover rather than the innocuous, well-meaning stranger he is, that the patient receives a shocking recognition of himself as someone who behaves and feels not in accordance with the claims of outer, material reality but with the demands of inner, psychic reality. Of course, not every analysis engenders such convictions and recognitions. There are inept analysts; there are horrendous analysts; there are unfortunate combinations of analyst and patient; there are patients for whom analysis is the wrong therapy. But when analysis works, it makes an indelible impression on the patient. It has been said that devotees of analysis are like members of a religious sect—people bound together by a mysterious experience yielding esoteric knowledge that no one outside the sect is privy to. There is truth in this description. The person who has spent several years (or maybe just several weeks) participating in the bizarre relationship of analysis, which is unlike any relationship in life (or even in art, with the possible exception of Marcel and Albertine), *does* possess a form of esoteric knowledge. To this extent, some of the "if you unbelievers only *knew*" attitude of analysts is justified. Spence himself uses the term "believing analysts" about himself and his colleagues. Only, he doesn't believe the same things they do.

His view of the analyst's interpretations as "artistic creations" imposed on the messy, meaningless contents of the patient's mind can be maintained only in contradistinction to the most fundamental assumption of psychoanalysis—that of psychic determinism, which invests the most random-seeming of our actions, the most incomprehensible of our symptoms, the most inchoate of our dreams with the coherence and elegance of art. "The psychoanalytic view transforms all men into poets—incurable symbolists, betraying unknown secrets with every word," Philip Rieff writes in "Freud: The Mind of the Moralist." The Spence view returns man to his prepsychoanalytic condition of psychic chaos, and divests analytic therapy of its raison d'être. Far from presenting the patient with a well-made story, analysis seeks to destroy the story that the patient has for a long time believed to be the story of his life. Like a police investigator bent on breaking down the alibi of an obdurate suspect, the analyst doggedly whittles away at the patient's story through evidence that the patient unwittingly provides. Nor does analysis replace the old story with a new one. It emboldens the patient to live without a story. It permits him to see that his life is at once more disorderly and risky and interesting and free than he had dared to imagine. Our lives are not like novels. In postulating the pleasure and reality principles, Freud was expressing his rueful sense of the difference between life and art. Psychoanalysis seeks to acquaint us with and free us from the tyranny of the artist within us, who insists on an impossible order, who schemes and arranges to make things come out right, who commits us to a foolish, sometimes even dangerous adherence

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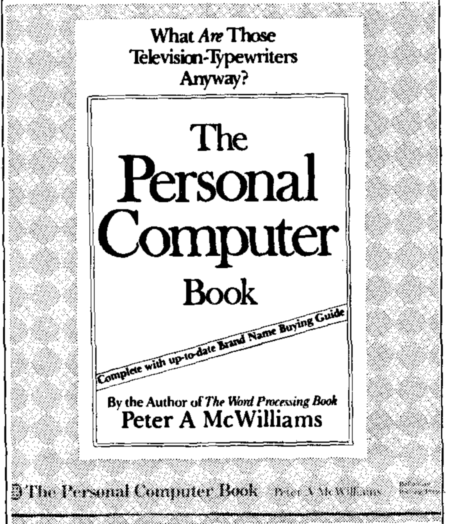
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to *l'art pour l'art*. That it never completely (or perhaps even noticeably) does so is a reflection less on the insufficiency of analysis than on the obduracy of human nature.

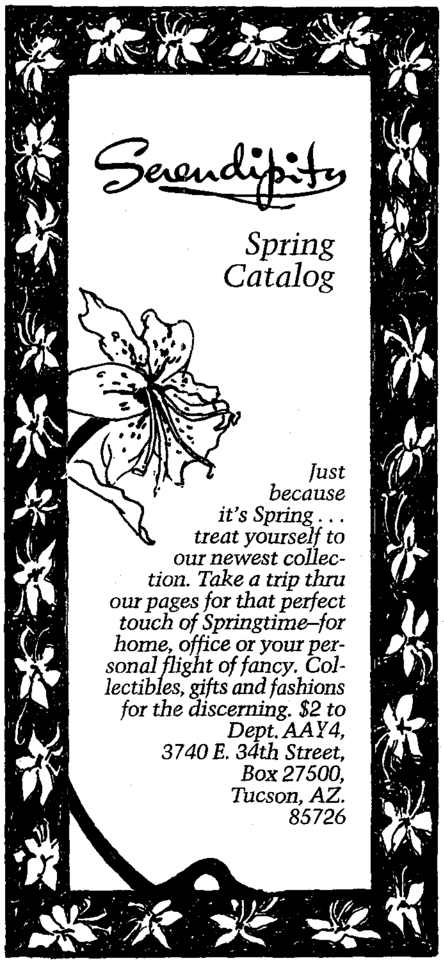
In his intemperate paper "On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement" (1914), written to put the secessionists Jung and Adler in their place, Freud once again equated those resistant to "the unwelcome truths of analysis" with patients in analysis. "One may have succeeded in laboriously bringing a patient to grasp some parts of analytic knowledge and to handle them like possessions of his own, and yet one may see him, under the domination of the very next resistance, throw all he has learned to the winds and stand on the defensive, as he did in the days when he was a carefree beginner," Freud wrote, and added, "I had to learn that the very same thing can happen with psychoanalysts as with patients in analysis." But there are patients and patients. Spence is not a Jung or an Adler. He is no revisionist; he is not out to found his own school of psychoanalysis; he offers no new system or terminology. Rather, he is like one of a special group of "good patients" whom the analyst Martin Stein recently described in his 1981 paper "The Unobjectionable Part of the Transference" (*Journal* of the American Psychoanalytic Association): patients who are "likable, attractive people, cultivated and often gifted . . . highly rational, demonstrating excellent judgment about most matters . . . coöperative, interesting, and very adept at the analytic process"—and, of course, as Stein is quick to add, just as desperately and aggressively resistant, in their charming way, as their more floridly and disagreeably resistant fellow-patients. At the core of Spence's likable, attractive, cultivated, and professedly pro-psychoanalytic book lies a profound antipathy to psychoanalytic thought. All the vigor of his argument and all the grace of his writing cannot obscure (let alone resolve) this paradox.

—JANET MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAIR LAND, FAIR LAND, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin; $14.95). Another chronological segment in the series of celebrations of the sturdy wanderers of the mountain West which began with "The Big Sky" (1947) and con-



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tinued with "The Way West" (1949), which won the Pulitzer Prize, and "These Thousand Hills" (1956). Chronologically, it follows "The Way West," covering the period 1845-70, and precedes "These Thousand Hills." Its hero is the familiar onetime mountain man Dick Summers; it brings him back from Oregon to the Montana country he loves, and sees him to his grave, the victim of a trigger-happy cavalry trooper. The tone is nostalgic, elegiac—the old open West has gone to the landgrabber—and the events, although rooted as always in Mr. Guthrie's deep understanding of the period, seem a little worn and more than a little sentimental.

THE PAINTED LADY, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Lee Fahnestock (Dutton; $15.95). A turgid novel about ten scheming passengers (plus their laconic captain and his fawning purser) on a ten-day luxury cruise that features an Italian diva and a German pianist, who give recitals that are thematically linked to the ports of call and to the dinner menu. Here are the makings of an unsinkable farce—the eight paying passengers consist of a couple of rich and quarrelsome couples; a movie producer and a starlet; an Australian "art appraiser" (read "swindler"); and an orphaned gigolo—but, for all the cabin-hopping and poolside sniping, the plot just turns in place, fuelled only by the author's misanthropy, and the reader soon yearns for port, almost five hundred pages away.

GENERAL

MEMOIRS, by Petro G. Grigorenko, translated from the Russian by Thomas P. Whitney (Norton; $19.95). The autobiography of a capable and courageous Soviet general who became a leader of dissent. After being committed to Russian political prisons, he was exiled; he has lived in this country since 1977. Grigorenko is a unique source of historical information, offering firsthand experience of the Russian Revolution and Civil War in the Ukraine, where he was born in 1907; of the undeclared border war with Japan in 1939, and the Second World War in Europe; and of techniques of dissent, such as disseminating *samizdat* and outwitting surveillance. He traces his philosophical passage from uncritical Stalinism to belief in Leninism and on through a rejection of Marxism to a return to religion. Though he is impassioned, Grigorenko is fair. He first found himself in political difficulties after he remarked to a fellow-officer that Russia had botched the defense against the German attack in June, 1941; the officer reported him to the Communist Party, which rebuked him for an implied criticism of Stalin. Nonetheless, Grigorenko's professional assessment is that, after an initial panic, Stalin became a superb war leader. Grigorenko is certain of Stalin's wickedness but believes that it is a mistake to follow Khrushchev and Brezhnev (whom he considers comparative nonentities) in belittling Stalin's abilities. One of these, unfamiliar to most readers, was the ability to charm. Grigorenko's descriptions of Stalin the beguiler not only are convincing but help account for his persuasiveness to Old Bolsheviks and foreign visitors during the years he constructed his tyranny.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE: 27 B.C.–A.D. 476, by Chester G. Starr (Oxford; $17.95). The question, as Mr. Starr, Bentley Professor of History at the University of Michigan, observes, is not why Rome declined and fell but why it survived so long. Indeed, his book is subtitled "A Study in Survival." One of the reasons the Empire survived, he suggests, is incorporated in Adam Smith's appraisal: "There is a lot of ruin in a country." There was an abundance of ruin to be sustained in Rome; Mr. Starr cites such sources as the decline of cities, the rise in taxes, the constant increase in military expenditure (always justified by "defense"), steadily mounting inflation, stagnant or declining production, and the increasing polarization of poverty and wealth. His depiction and discussion of the economic and political strengths that so long resisted depletion are comprehensive and compelling. He writes clearly (almost aphoristically) and carefully, and his familiarity with his subject is so considerable that he completes his tasks in fewer than two hundred pages. Maps and illustrations.

TOP OF THE CITY, by Laura Rosen, with a foreword by Brendan Gill (Thames & Hudson; $24.95). A photographic essay recording the architectural heights of Manhattan. Miss Rosen's pictures show us the decorative variety and sculptural

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To the Is-Land, by Janet Frame (Braziller; $10.95). "There was still the question of a disability—Coleridge and Francis Thompson and Edgar Allan Poe had their addiction to opium, Pope his lameness, Cowper his depression, John Clare his insanity, the Brontës their tuberculosis as well as the disablement of their life about them . . . Well, my sister had died, and the cats had died, and my brother had epilepsy, but for all that . . . I and my life, I felt, were excessively ordinary." This confession, toward the end of this first volume of the New Zealand novelist's autobiography (a dedication promises at least a second), follows an account of the day (toward the end of her high-school career) she was told that she had "*imagination*." It is a fact that has not escaped the reader, who has had the pleasure of watching her puzzle out the relation of words to the world. (The title alludes to one such problem, of pronunciation.) Janet Frame's parents were poor, but her childhood was not bleak. Her father, a railway man, lulled his children to sleep by playing his bagpipes, and he always found (after some grumbling) the money for books and sheet music; her mother "had only to say of any commonplace object, 'Look, kiddies, a stone,' to fill that stone with a wonder as if it were a holy object;" and she herself knew that the twice-daily chore of hiking up a hill to milk Scrapers, the cow, was also a good time, worth remembering: "I'd stare down at the familiar kingdom by the sea, listening to the waves crashing over the breakwater, seeing again Cape Wanbrow with its dark mass of pines and the ramble of buildings. . . . As I looked out at Oamaru, I'd compose a poem to write in my notebook later."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Very Good Hater: A Tale of Revenge, by Reginald Hill (Foul Play/Countryman; $12.95). On the dust jacket, a Nazi officer freezes,

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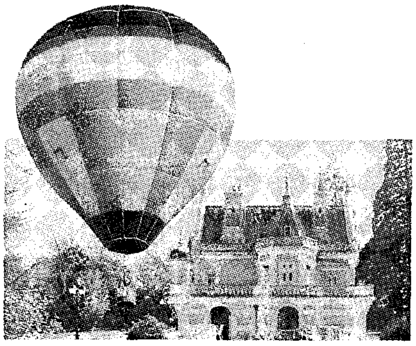

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silhouetted against the white glare of a searchlight. Chapter 1 explains why: two Englishmen—a cunning businessman (and expert seducer) and a cautious businessman (and aspiring M.P.)—in London in 1963 for their regimental reunion may have spotted the Sturmbannführer who executed all their fellow-prisoners in a captured Normandy village about twenty years before. They decide that some amateur undercover work is in order (they divide up the territory, and agree to exchange progress reports), but before they can hand the case over to the proper authorities it takes an unexpected turn, and the politician (through whose eyes the reader watches) finds himself thinking quickly—and sometimes simultaneously—like a detective, a burglar, and a murderer. Six years later, much wiser and much warier, he is still plotting revenge. A first-rate British import (it appeared in London in 1974), it defies all the formulas. The title is taken from Johnson: "Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a whig: he was a very good hater."

SKELETON IN SEARCH OF A CLOSET, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $11.95). "I want the murders I read about to be nice, quiet, orderly things, with motives one can understand," the narrator's widowed mother-in-law, Henrietta, declares in defense of one of her five stepchildren—the narrator's husband, who is a writer of old-fashioned mysteries. This mystery is set in and around Henrietta's thatched house in a peaceful English village on and after her eightieth birthday. The cast of characters is only slightly longer than the list of suspects, and the crimes they are suspected of committing include arson, forgery, and extortion, not to mention murder. A pair of detectives drop by once or twice, but they let the family point fingers and sift through alibis. By the end, most of the siblings are on their way to the police station, and the family skeleton no longer needs a closet. Henrietta would like E. X. Ferrars.

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[*From the Spokane Spokesman-Review*]

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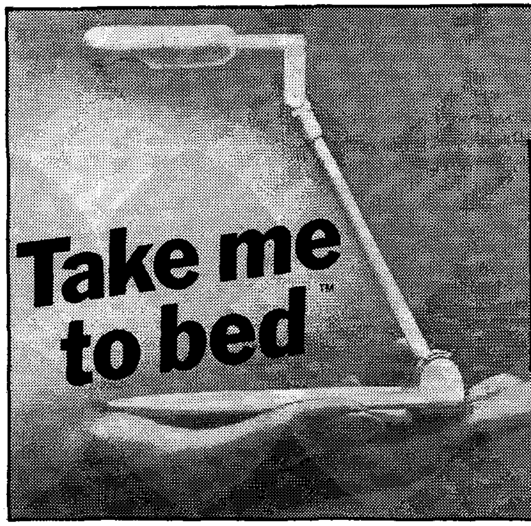

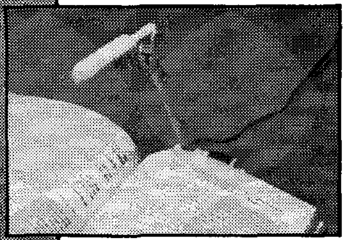

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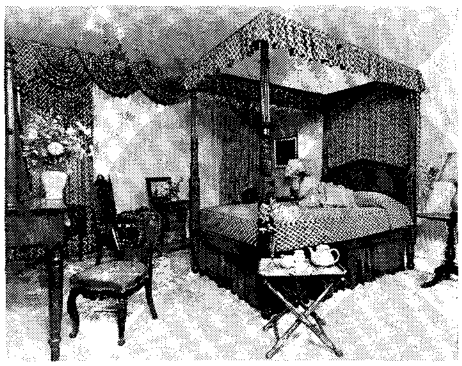

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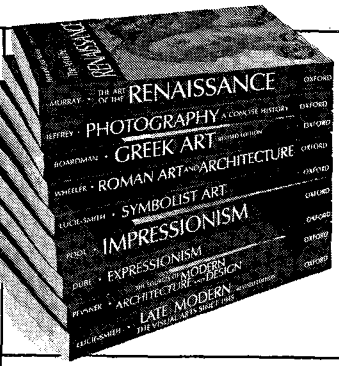

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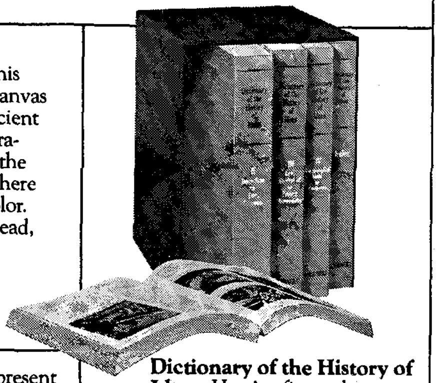

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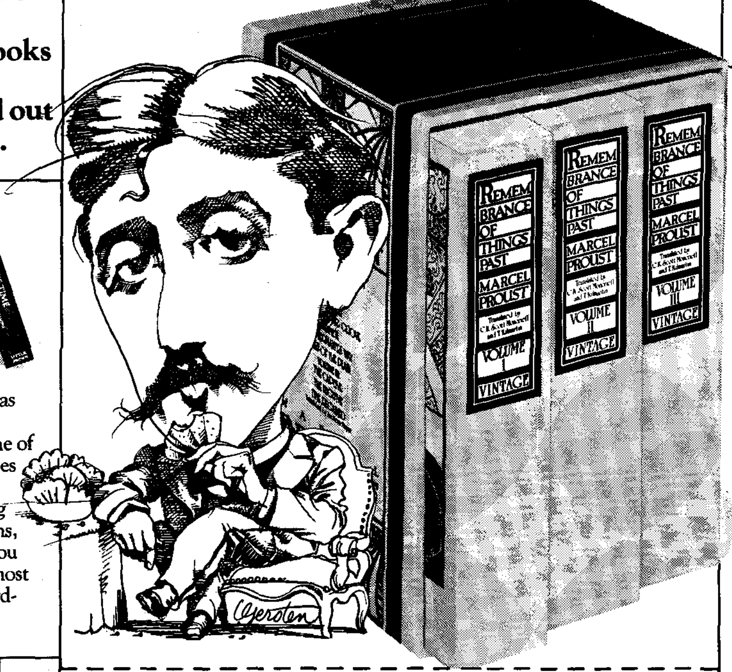

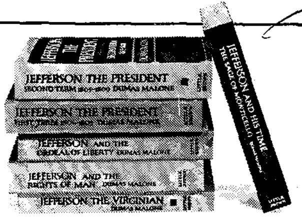

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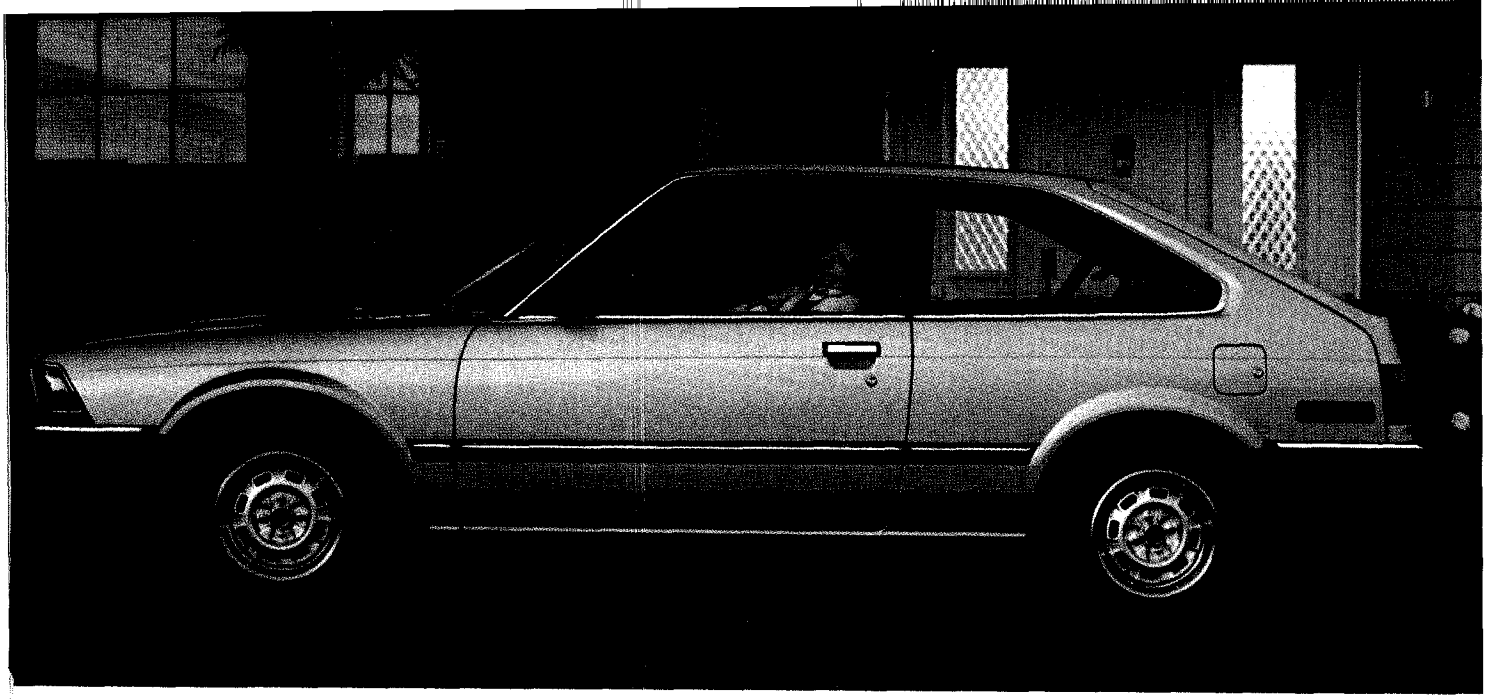

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